Collier's

TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 30, 1944

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

F-TOW
ROCKFORD MORNING STAR
YANKS CAPTURE JAP AIRDROME
TAYLORVILLE WINS 51 TO 30
Link Local Taverns To Liquor Ring
WMC CHIEFS TO ATTEND START OF EXPOSITION
Regional And State Directors To Be Present Monday
Youth Is Freed In Petting Party Torch Death Of Girl
AGENCY COUNCIL NAMES OFFICERS
Bomb Two Jap Bases Near Truk
WIN LORENGAU AIRSTRIP WITH 2-PRONGED PUSH
HOPE FOR ROUT FADES
LAND AIRBORNE UNIT IN BURMA

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROY PINNEY

AFTER GERMANY'S SURRENDER

We Must Pay a Price to Avoid A

By QUENTIN REYNOL

ept. 30, '44

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IGIDAIRE
IT'S DEPENDABLE

"Now when dependability is so important I'm glad we have Frigidaire Water Coolers"

Food Fights for Freedom!
Better Lunches for War Workers Help Make a Stronger America

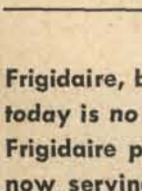
Frigidaire, busy with war production . . . today is no less proud of the millions of Frigidaire products, made in peacetime, now serving their users so well, so dependably, in so many helpful ways.

Today, more than ever, many plant owners and office managers are finding that their decision to install Frigidaire Water Coolers is paying extra dividends in worker morale and efficiency.

With so many plants going full speed on war work, with more people employed, with everyone working harder, this equipment is carrying a heavier load than ever before. Yet, despite the fact that more and more workers call upon nearby Frigidaire Water Coolers for refreshment, these products are delivering a faithful service, day in, day out . . . clear proof of Frigidaire's built-in dependability.

To continue to make Frigidaire products America's first choice is our goal for the future. The fulfillment of our plans must await Victory. But one thing is certain: *there will be more and better Frigidaire products for more people—and in their making, more jobs for more men.*

FREE! NEW BOOKLET for all users of commercial refrigeration equipment

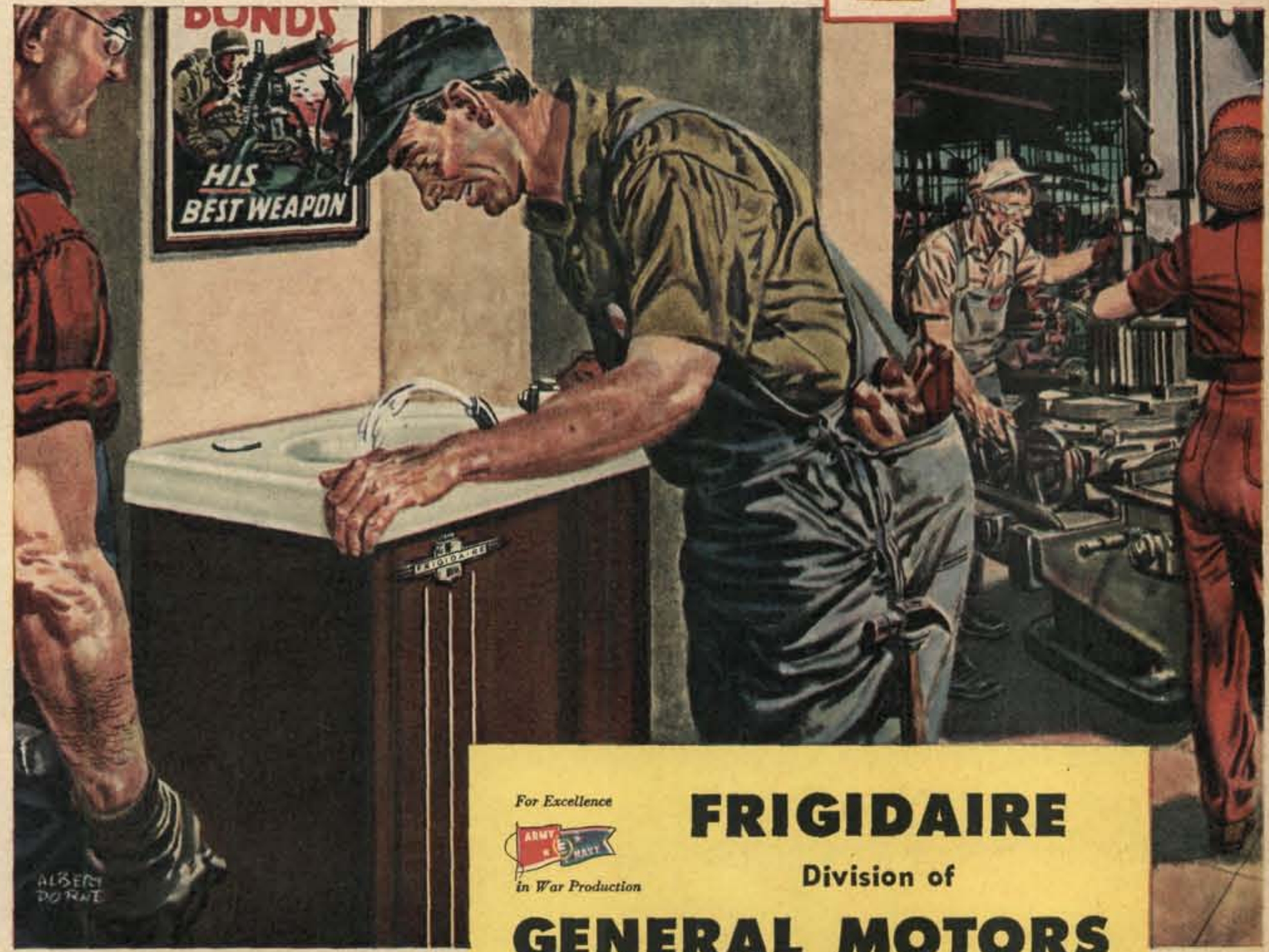


CONSERVATION TIPS tells things you can do to make your refrigeration or air conditioning equipment serve better, last longer. Get your free copy from any local Frigidaire commercial dealer. Find his name and address under REFRIGERATION EQUIPMENT—COMMERCIAL in your classified telephone directory. Or write FRIGIDAIRE, 231 Taylor Street, Dayton 1, Ohio, today. In Canada, address 92 Commercial Road, Leaside 12, Ontario.

Listen to

GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR . . .

Every Sunday Afternoon, NBC Network



Working together as a team, the Frigidaire factory and a nationwide organization of dealers and servicemen are safeguarding the dependability of these Electric Water Coolers and all other Frigidaire products, under today's difficult wartime conditions.

For Excellence
ARMY NAVY
in War Production

FRIGIDAIRE
Division of
GENERAL MOTORS

Peacetime builders of

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS • RANGES • WATER HEATERS
HOME FREEZERS • ICE CREAM CABINETS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS
BEVERAGE, MILK, AND WATER COOLERS

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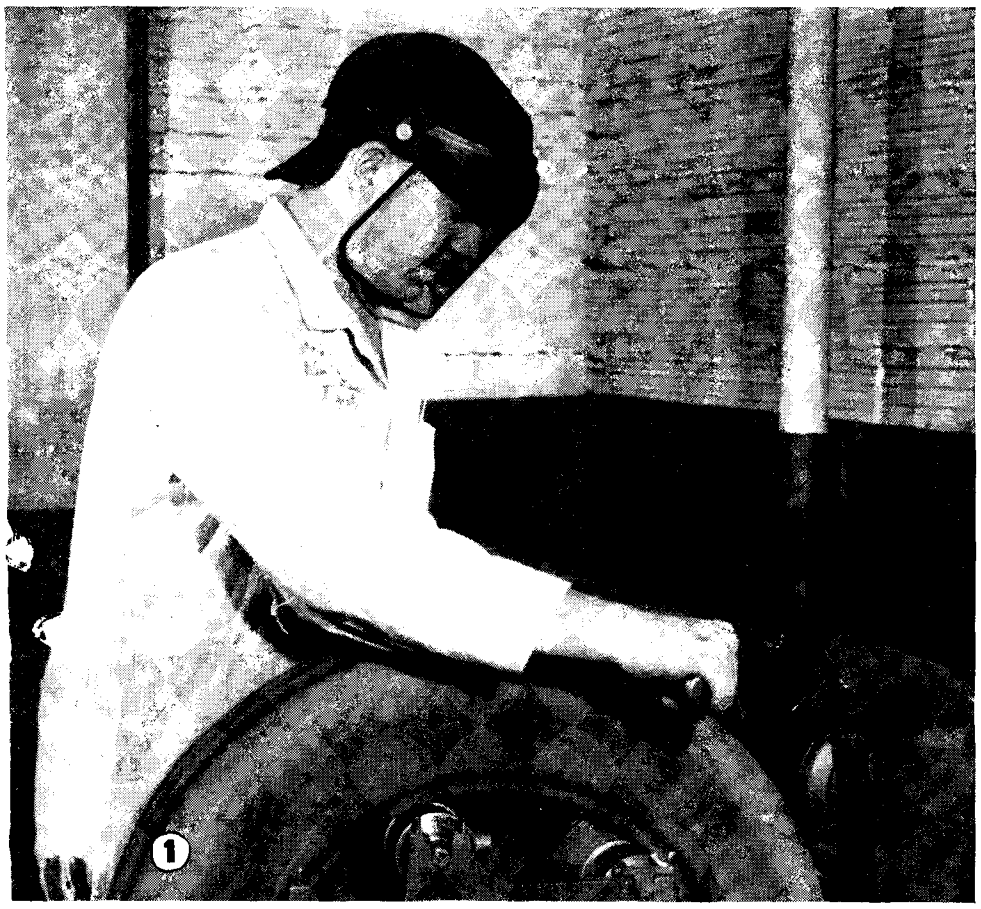

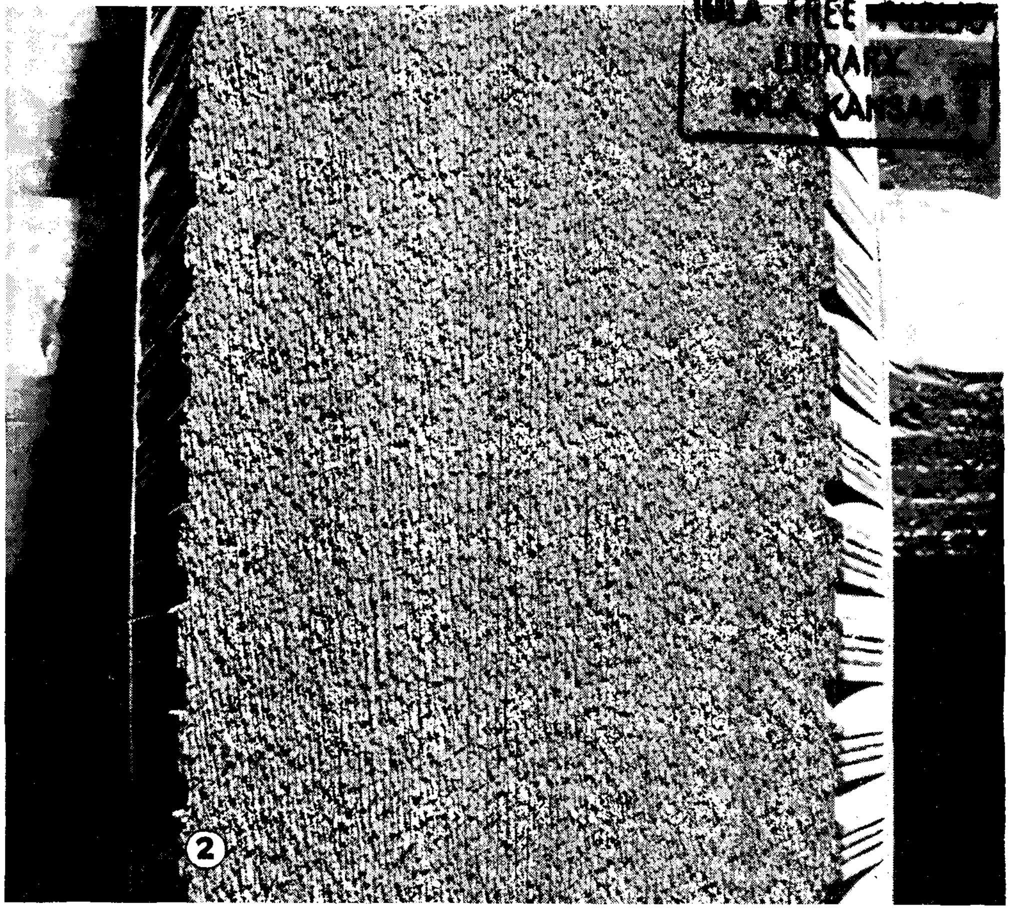

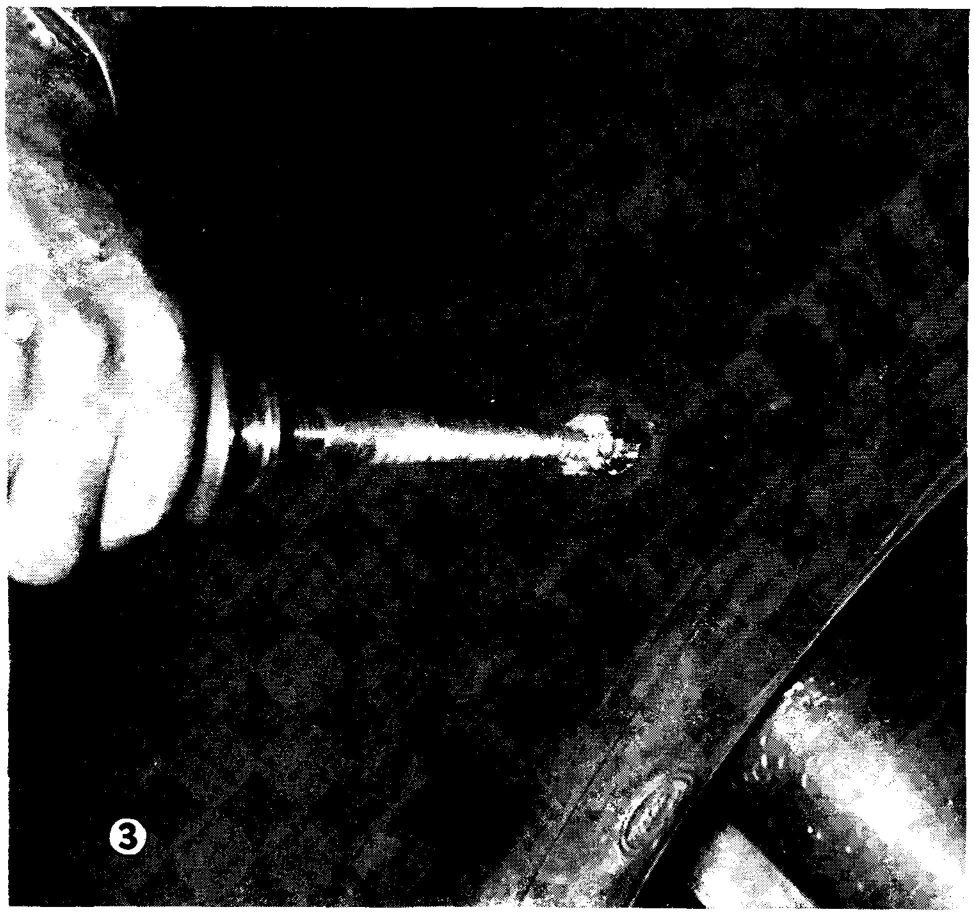

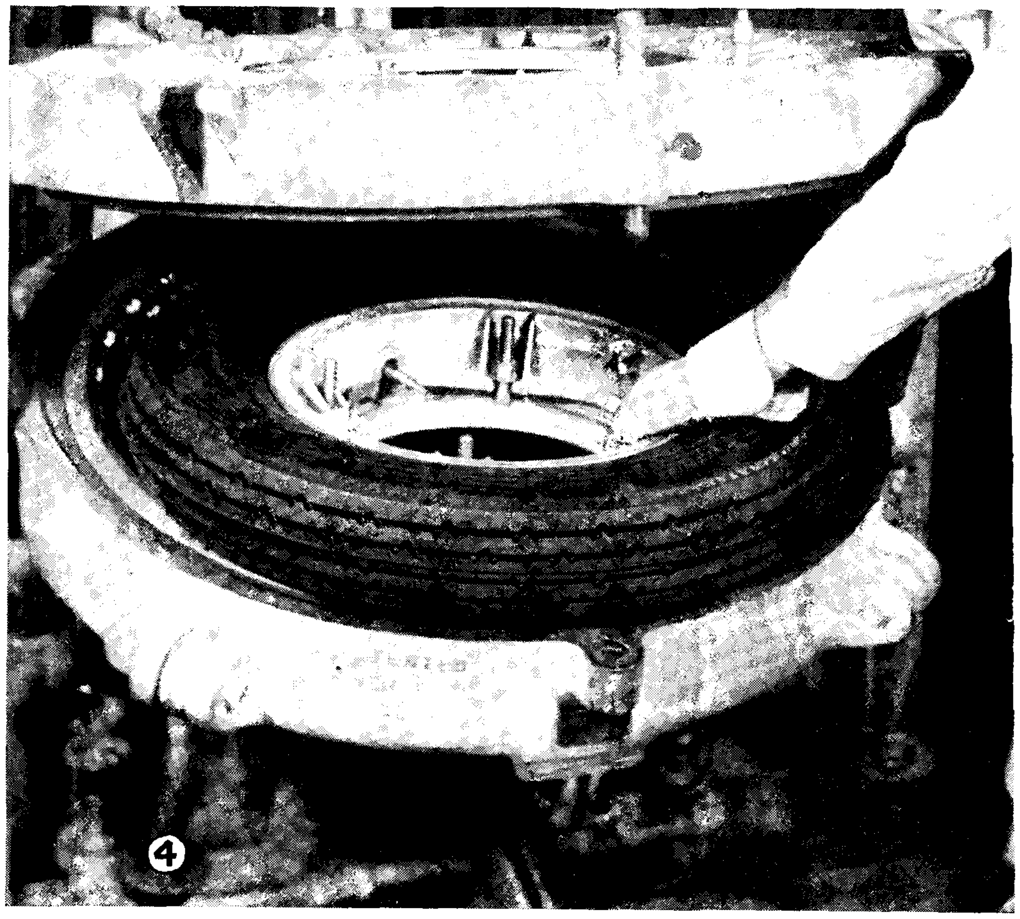

Scratch a tire's face to give it extra miles

Life begins at 40,000 miles for many tires that might once have gone to the scrap pile.

THE MASKED man (above) is scratching the tread off a tire. He wears the mask so it won't scratch him back.

When he gets through this scratching, or buffing, the tire's face will look like the next picture (2), frazzled and treadless.

But—like any successful operation—it means years of new life for the patient. And these B. F. Goodrich recapping operations *are* successful, often giving a tire as many thousands of new miles as it had run before.

One of the reasons is that B. F. Goodrich recapping is supervised from the factory. Traveling experts make sure that recappers know every single step perfectly and use only approved materials. Among other things, the recapper must be expert at repairs—such as the one being made in the third picture. The repairs are made before the tire is recapped.

When the new tread is on, the tire goes into the mold for "baking." When it comes out (picture 4), the recapper knows that it will give mileage and service worthy of the name B. F. Goodrich.

If you are an "A" driver, recapping is the only way you may be able to get a "new" tire for many months. This is true for many "B" and "C" drivers, too.

So it's just as important that this "new" tire be right as it ever was. That's why B. F. Goodrich uses the same synthetic rubber in recapping that has already rolled up 4 billion miles for the all-synthetic B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns.

Help your country and help yourself, by getting your tires recapped in time. If a tire is *too* worn it cannot be recapped—so don't wait until too late. Have your B. F. Goodrich man check your tires now. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture
OF THE MONTH

King Vidor's Production

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
starring

BRIAN DONLEVY

with

ANN RICHARDS · WALTER ABEL
JOHN QUALEN · HORACE McNALLY

Photographed in Technicolor

Screen Play by *Herbert Dalmas & Wm. Ludwig*
Produced and Directed by . . . . *King Vidor*

The first showing of "An American Romance", the picture which M-G-M has produced with such time and care, has been set for Columbus Day which, as you historians will recall, is October 12th. This is a fitting day for a picture which might be described as the rediscovery of America, for it should make all of us conscious of the greatest contribution a nation can make to its citizens—opportunity.

"An American Romance" is a romance in all senses of the word. It is romantic in the human love sense and romantic in the sense of the high adventure inherent in any American life that, caught in the rapids of frustration, courageously breasts the stream and wins through to the clear waters of success. Such a character is Steve Dangos, who came to this country and had all the love and adventure to which any life is entitled.

It is a great picture done in perfect Technicolor and King Vidor who directed it may well be proud. Indeed, King has a lot to be proud of. It was he who made the first important M-G-M picture back in 1924, "The Big Parade", and now that the anniversary of this great screen organization is with us, it is gratifying that it is the King himself who has underlined his own success.

There have been a few advance screenings of the film. Brian Donlevy, the star, who deserves all accolades, himself toured parts of America and screened his picture for his selected guests, persons of influence in American life. Never has there been such enthusiasm. Never such absorbing interest in a shadow display. The answer may be found in the story that is told, the way it is told and what it has to say to all of us.

"An American Romance" is a great event. Columbus Day it will be shown in some places, shortly thereafter in others, eventually in every corner of the globe.

Collier's

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HENRY L. JACKSON Wearables
ALLEN MARPLE Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE Fiction

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN · Art Director

Any Week

MR. R. HAVELOCK-BAILIE of Marathon, Texas, reports having found a fellow who told him: "Yes, I have whisky for sale. It is very poor stuff and it will cost you ten dollars, which is entirely too much. But business is good, so who am I to complain?"

AND while we're on the subject, here's a sorry report from Crenshaw County, Alabama. When Sergeant Carl B. Jones left Crenshaw to fight for liberty, the county was wet. A citizen could take a drink legally, having no truck whatever with criminals. Sergeant Jones saw twenty-three months of duty in the Southwest Pacific, fourteen of them in New Guinea. When he returned to Crenshaw after nine months in hospitals, the county was dry. Sergeant Jones tells us what we know without being told—that the place is crawling with bootleggers, that poison is being sold in bottles bearing the labels of legitimate stuff, that he and the other veterans of Crenshaw wanting a drink must be accessories to crime. "I don't think this is fair," writes he. "Neither do the rest of the servicemen." And neither, oddly enough, do we.

SEVERAL recent events and portents have agitated our customers. That newspaper dispatch from France about Collier's correspondent, Ernest Hemingway, capturing six Nazi Panzer soldiers, inspired some of you to exceedingly corny stuff ("They were hiding in Ernest's whiskers," for horrible example). And the news from Washington that within a year after the war's end, two million federal employees will have been fired brings several defiant jeers. A couple of them want to bet us heavy odds that nobody's going to be fired. A couple more want to bet that the public pay roll will be much bigger a year after the war. "Which war do you mean," demands Mr. Jeff Tarramine of Washington, D. C., "this little war with the Axis or the real fighting that will start after Germany and Japan are licked?"

ALSO, Mr. Joe Colihan of Excelsior Park, Minnesota, went to a ball game. To the same game went two other citizens but they, unlike Mr. Colihan, were drunk. They were standing in the aisle, their backs to the game, arguing. The umpire yelled, "Strike," and one of the lads turned slowly, raised his finger and cried, "Li'l too closh, Umpire, li'l too closh. I'll thank you to watch 'em li'l closher." His pal said, "Wass matter with you? You din see it." The first said, "You see our brave boys capture Cherbourg, didja? See 'em do it, didja?" His friend admitted that he hadn't. "Okay, wasn't it?" demanded the first. The other admitted it was okay. Whereupon the first drench said, "Well, then, shut up. What were we talking about?"

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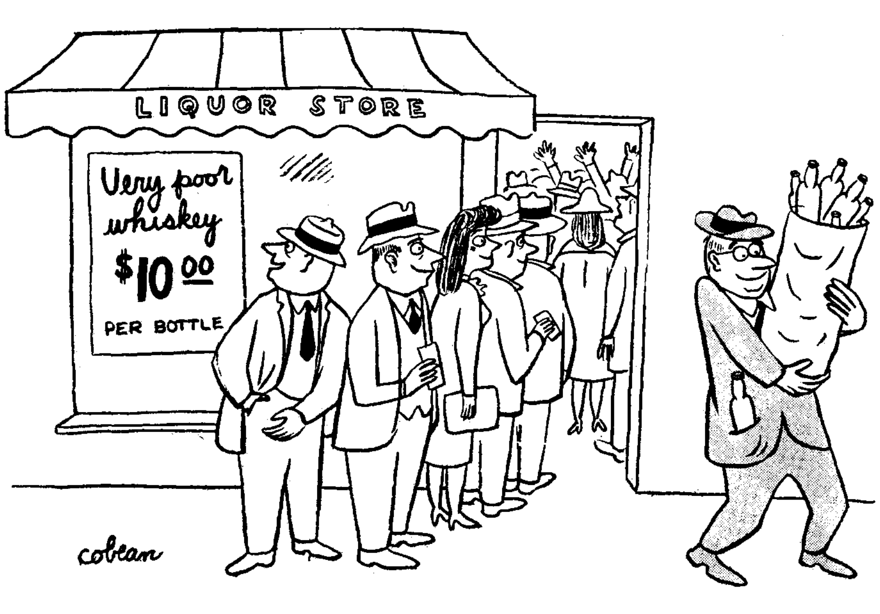

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COVER ROY PINNE

"But, Doctor, can't you get here sooner?"

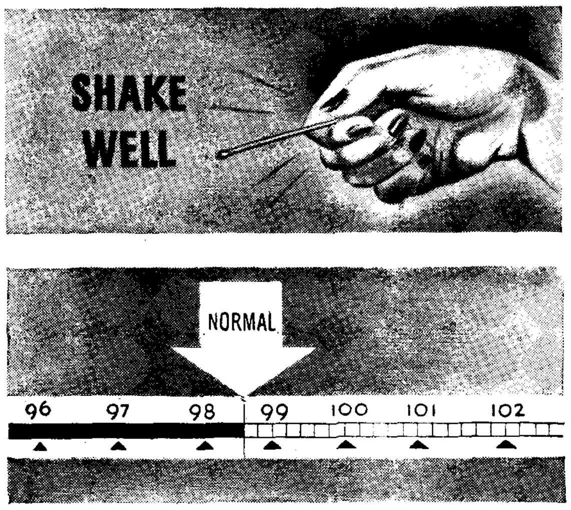
Do you know what to do for illness or accident before the doctor comes?

It's mighty important these days. Doctors are busier than ever and often can't come the minute they are needed.

So it's up to you to know elementary first aid and the most common signs of disease.

Most of all, of course, you can help yourself—and your doctor—by keeping well. And if any unusual or persistent condition develops, consult your doctor *early*. You will save your time and his.

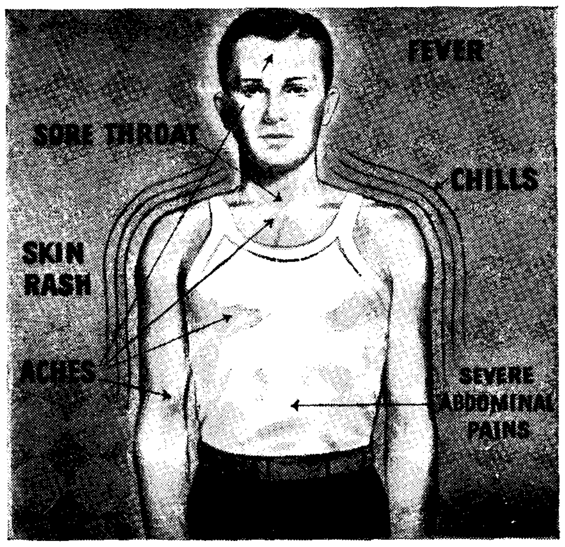
Meanwhile, check up on the important points below.


SHAKE WELL
NORMAL
96
97
98
99
100
101
102

1. Can you take a temperature?

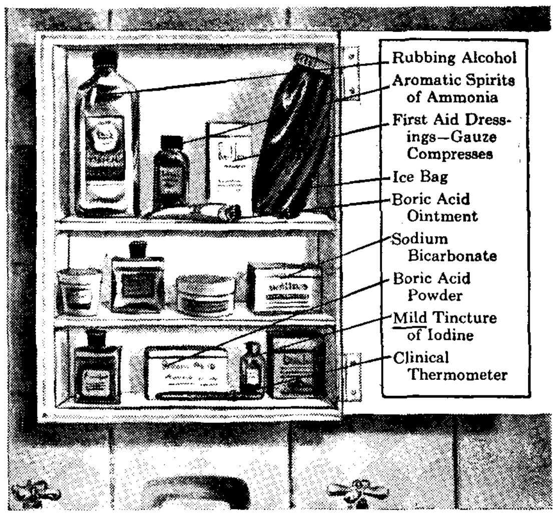
Fever thermometers are easy enough to use. The mercury should be well shaken down. Leave thermometer under tongue at least three minutes.

Normal is 98.6°. Any person with a temperature much above this level probably needs medical attention and should go to bed.


FEVER
SORE THROAT
CHILLS
SKIN RASH
ACHES
SEVERE ABDOMINAL PAINS

2. What are common danger signs?

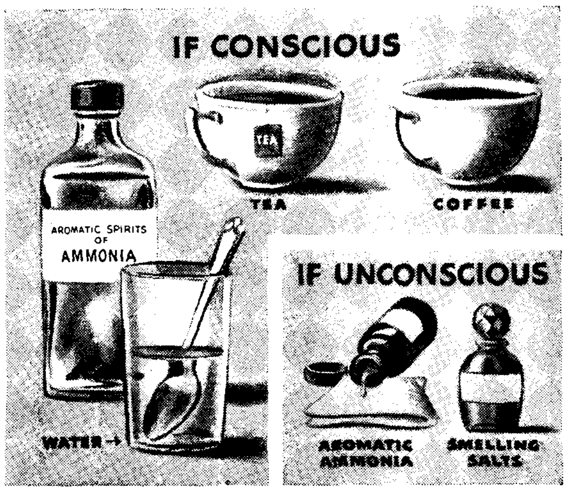
Sore throat . . . skin rash . . . chills, fever and aching . . . persistent or severe abdominal pain are often signals that precede a real illness. If one or more of these symptoms are present, it's best to consult a doctor.


Rubbing Alcohol
Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia
First Aid Dressings—Gauze Compresses
Ice Bag
Boric Acid Ointment
Sodium Bicarbonate
Boric Acid Powder
Mild Tincture of Iodine
Clinical Thermometer

3. Do you really know first aid?

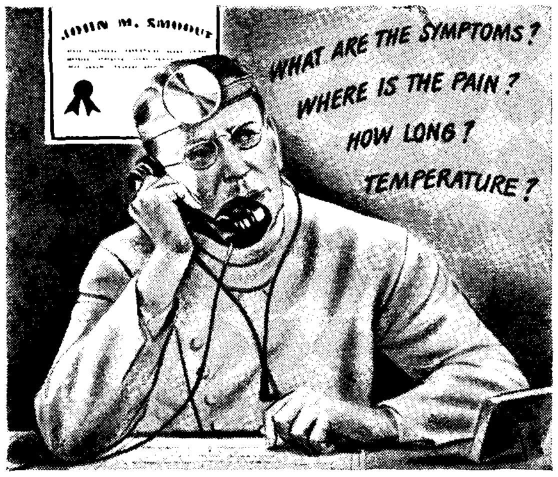
That first aid course you once took won't do you much good in an emergency unless you *still* know it. Why not brush up on the Red Cross First Aid Manual? Metropolitan's booklet, "First Aid," is helpful, too.

Don't neglect your medicine cabinet. It's good to check regularly to see that it's fully equipped.


IF CONSCIOUS
TEA
COFFEE
AROMATIC SPIRITS OF AMMONIA
IF UNCONSCIOUS
WATER →
AROMATIC AMMONIA
SMELLING SALTS

4. Can you treat shock? ...

To prevent or relieve shock: First, lay the patient on his back. Second, keep the patient comfortably warm. Third, if the patient is conscious, give a stimulant—a teaspoon of aromatic spirits of ammonia in half a glass of water, coffee, or tea. If unconscious, let him breathe aromatic ammonia or smelling salts. **CAUTION:** Do *not* give stimulant while patient is bleeding severely, if he has a head injury, or a strong pulse and red face as in sunstroke.


JOHN M. SMITH
WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS?
WHERE IS THE PAIN?
HOW LONG?
TEMPERATURE?

5. Do you know how to call a doctor?

If it's illness, the doctor wants to know signs and symptoms as accurately as you can tell him, how long they've lasted; the patient's temperature.

In case of an accident, describe the injury; what you've done; the victim's apparent condition.

In any case, you will help by keeping calm.

With the help of your intelligent description, the doctor can offer suggestions, decide how urgently he's needed, and foresee what equipment he will need.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 104-C, entitled "First Aid."

Name____________________

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HOW CAN I SUPPORT TRIPLETS! PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC NO LONGER BUYS MY BRISTLE!
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Actual Photomicrographs

PROLON "ROUND-END"

ORDINARY BRISTLE

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

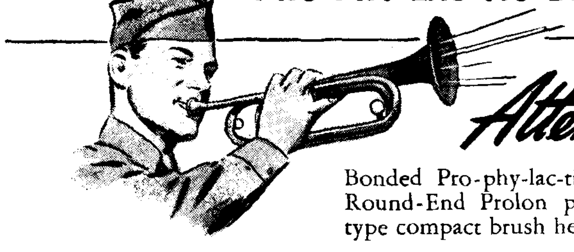
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

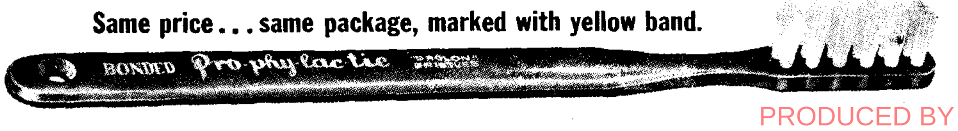
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

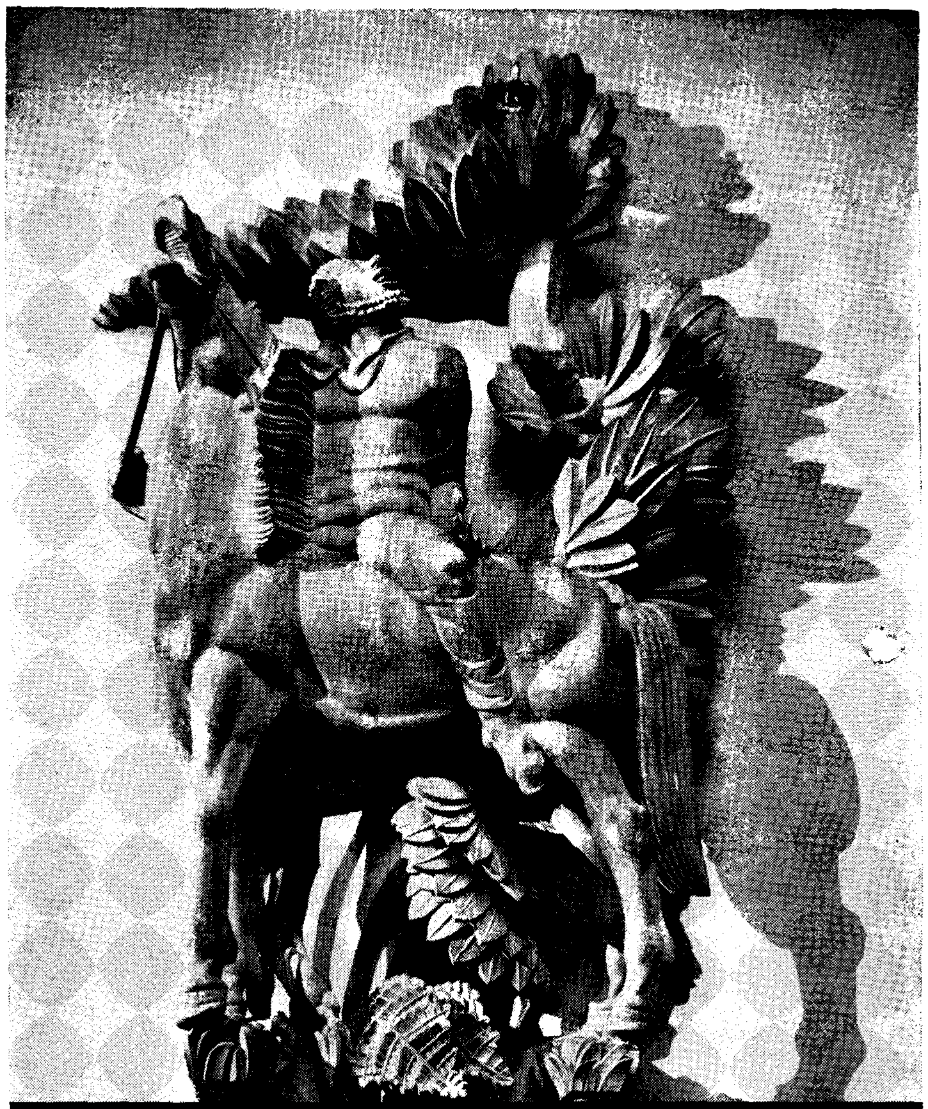


Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





Keep up with the world

The bird in the branches, above the hunter's head, is a time-measuring device. Every hour on the hour it sings a song for two minutes

Of all time-measuring devices used today in Rockefeller Center, New York City, the most interesting is a silver bird in a unique mural decoration called Forest Life, in the lobby of a certain building. Every hour on the hour, from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., the bird comes to life for two minutes, fluttering its wings, turning its head and moving its beak as it sings the trilling melody of a nightingale.

One of the most renowned shoe authorities of modern times was an East Indian named Yantorny who, some years ago, searched much of the world for ancient shoes for the famous collection of footwear in the museum in Cluny, France. Later, since he had become equally celebrated as a custom shoemaker, he was able to require each patron of his Paris salon, no matter how great his wealth or how well established his position, to deposit and maintain a balance of $5,000 in his account.

Under great public pressure in 1917, the U.S. Senate adopted a cloture, or rule that would end a debate when desired by a two-thirds majority. Consequently, it was believed that no senators would ever again get away with a filibuster—the attempt to block the passage of a bill by talking for hours, even days, until it is shelved by more pressing business. But during the 27 intervening years, only four of 21 attempts to apply this cloture rule have been successful.

In China, nearly all shops, factories, temples and public offices as well as all men have seals which they use as a single or supplementary form of identification. But, oddly, the cost of these hand-carved seals is infinitesimal in comparison with the cost of the ink, the better grades of which, owing to the aging of its oil for several hundred years to prevent blurring, sell for $250 an ounce.

When survivors of torpedoed ships and ditched planes cannot be rescued in other ways, a United States A.A.F. plane now drops to them, by parachute, a boat called the Flying Dutchman. Weighing 3,000 pounds and holding about 36 people, this boat carries food, clothing, radio, water still, fishing tackle and blood plasma; also sails, two engines and a large supply of gasoline. When the Dutchman strikes the water, a mechanism sets off smokepots to mark its location and fires rockets which carry long buoy lines to assist survivors in reaching the boat.

To allow sufficient time for ballots to reach and be returned by their servicemen in far distant lands, some states will count these votes if received three and even four weeks after November 7th. Other states mailed theirs as early as July 8th, or four months before Election Day. But Arkansas will not mail its ballots until October 26th and will not count any returned after November 7th, a period of only 13 days.

The United States today has about 125,000 precincts or elections districts the potential voters of which range in number from some 200 to 2,000. . . . Impotence is not a ground for divorce today in 15 states and the District of Columbia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

by Freling Foster

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

What Oklahoma needed was a Navy

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC hit far behind the seacoast. Oklahoma and the East felt it at the same time. While the East shivered for lack of oil, surplus stocks piled up at Gulf Coast shipping points. With no seacoast, Oklahoma needed a navy to protect ships carrying her oil. And we didn't have enough tankers to fight a war and supply the home front, too.

Americans learned a lesson from this—a lesson we won't forget.

We consider ourselves a world power, but by 1941 we had permitted our Merchant Marine to sink to fourth place.

The Axis nearly caught us flat-footed. But the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 had saved our shipbuilding industry. Last year alone we produced over nineteen million deadweight tons of ships—ships we need to win the war.

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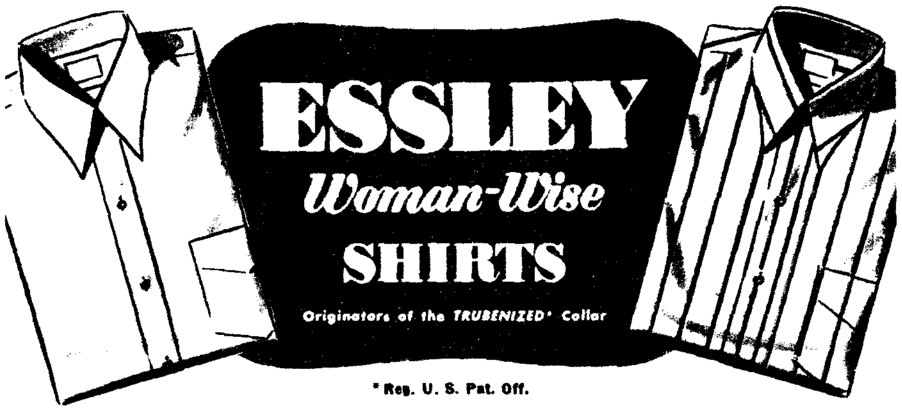
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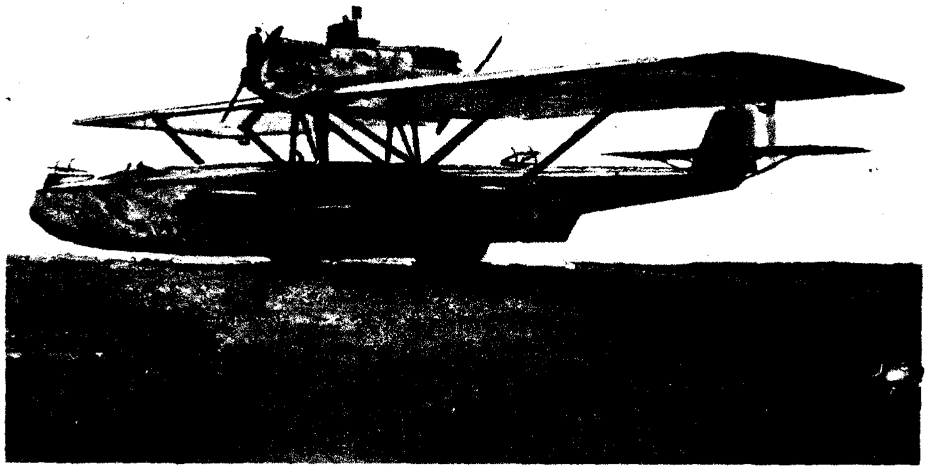
Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



AERO DIGEST

In one of these Dornier-Wal all-metal flying boats, the Italians tried to beat the Americans in the first world flight 20 years ago this week

IN a few days the Army Air Forces will take time out from the wars to commemorate the first flight around the world—26,345 miles, beginning at Seattle April 6, 1924, and ending there September 28th, and flown at an average speed of 72½ miles per hour. Your reporter, who covered the last and most hazardous division, from England through Scotland, Iceland, Greenland, Labrador and Nova Scotia, concludes that this twentieth anniversary is an appropriate time to report how Mussolini vainly sought to discredit the American achievement on the homestretch and catapult his rising Royal Italian Air Force into the forefront of world prestige. We couldn't tell it at the time because it would have offended Il Duce, and a high officer of our armed services would probably have been court-martialed for being a loyal American.

We were one of five correspondents aboard the U.S.S. Richmond, a snappy new cruiser which, with four other U.S. warships of the European squadron, was assigned to serve as station and check points over long water stretches for the Army Douglas World Cruisers. We had fished Lieutenants Leigh Wade and Hank Ogden out of the icy waters near the Faroe Islands when the Boston's Liberty engine quit, and had arrived at Reykjavik, Iceland, on August 4th, coincidental with the two remaining planes: the Chicago, carrying Flight Leader Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith and his copilot, Lieutenant Leslie P. Arnold, and the New Orleans, flown by Lieutenants Erik Nelson and Jack Harding.

From here on to the North American mainland lay the most treacherous route of all. Recognizing the seriousness of it, the Army and Navy had combined to insure its success and had brought the Richmond, the cruiser Raleigh, and the destroyers Reid, Barry and Billingsby to the scene. Originally it had been planned to jump 500 miles from Reykjavik, Iceland, to Angmagssalik, Greenland; then another 500 miles to Frederiksdal, Greenland, just around the northwest corner from Cape Farewell. For carrying out those plans, the American government had leased the Danish steamer Gertrude Rask and had set up a minor-repair base and weather station aboard her in the harbor of the tiny Greenland settlement. Many thousands of dollars had been spent to insure the success of this all-but-impossible flight from Iceland to North America with slow biplanes that lugged two pontoons useless for landing in anything but a sheltered harbor or a very calm sea, a rarity in the North Atlantic.

But the weather failed to meet expectations based on the meager knowledge of meteorology for that area. The ice moved into the harbor at Angmagssalik, and Smith had to abandon that route and choose the direct hop of 850 miles to Frederiksdal instead; and his ships had but 10 hours gasoline for the flight that would require 10 hours. Among those who didn't have to attempt it, there was much talk of abandoning the flight altogether, but we never heard this pessimistic view from the world fliers.

As the Army and Navy worked out final plans for the hop, a strange airplane flew out of a clear sky. With a roar and a few flourishes, it settled in the harbor at Reykjavik and out stepped four dashing Fascist airmen. The Americans looked at the plane in awe. It was a Dornier-Wal all-metal flying boat monoplane with two Rolls Royce engines mounted tandem atop the wing. Designed by the Dornier people in Germany, it had been made in Italy and it was beautiful. Beside it, our Army planes looked like antiques, with their thick biplane wings, struts, wires and radiators hung right out on the nose. We soon found the Dornier-Wal was good for at least 100 m.p.h. cruising. Our planes, with their pontoons and other built-in headwinds, could do a good 85.

The brash young Fascists strutted ashore, and announced they were on their way to New York.

Courtesy for Double-Crossers

Tempers in the American camp began to boil. This was no coincidence. America had laid down the route, stacked it with fuel, weather observers and ships at sea. Now had come along Antonio Locatelli, his copilot Tullio Crosio and two mechanics, not only to take advantage of our months of preparation but to whiz right on down the course into New York and arrive days ahead of our boys. But Lowell Smith kept his head, invited the Black Shirts to come along, and made available everything he had to the intruders.

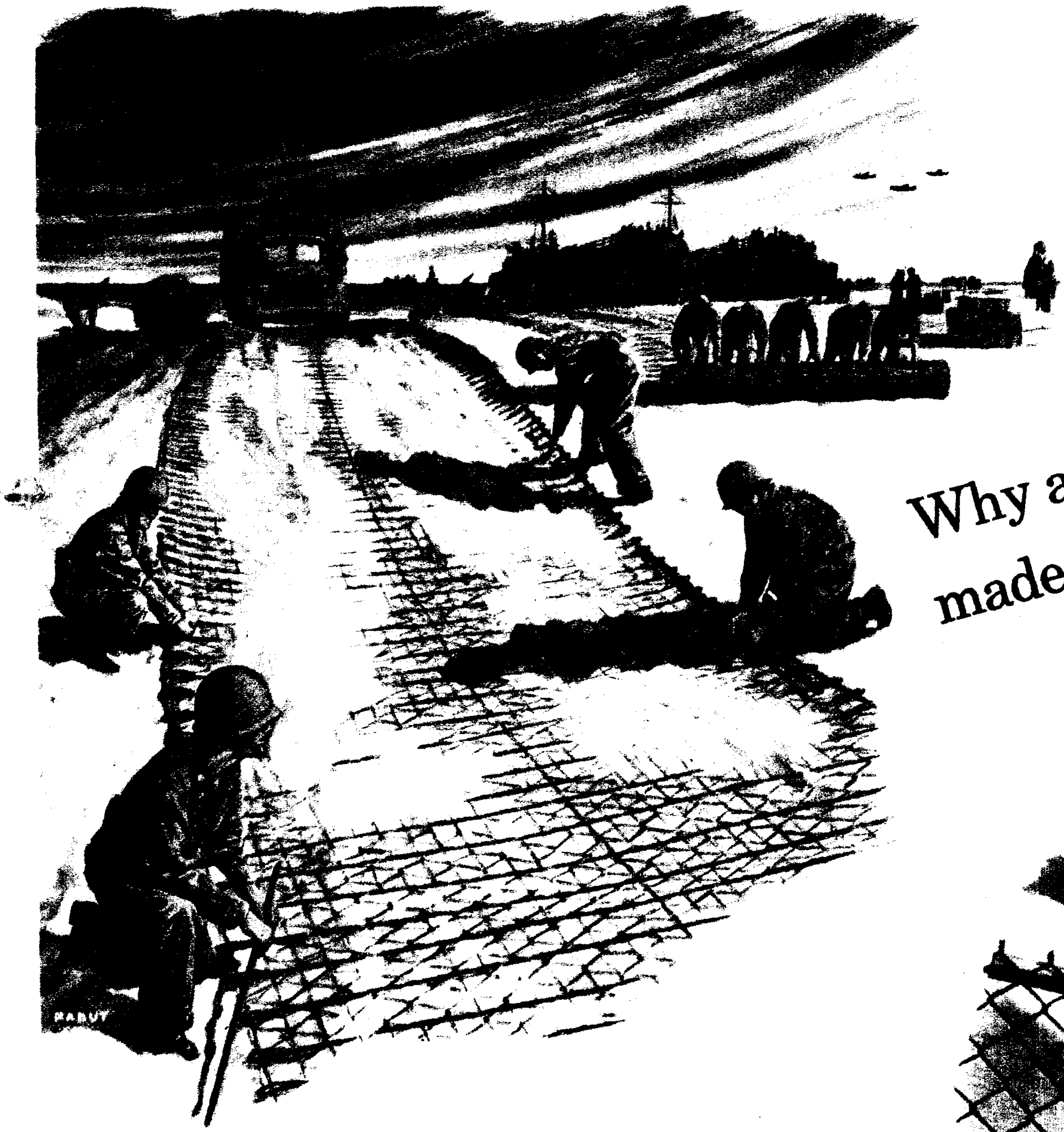
August 21st dawned, and we on the Richmond were 600 miles out at sea on station. The Raleigh, Reid, Barry and Billingsby also were at their posts, providing check points about every 125 miles, along a route nobody traveled and from which our boys could never survive if they went down too far from one of our ships.

Soon word came from the destroyer closest to Iceland that the flight had started and that the Italians were out in front. It was a race, after all, though we had thought Locatelli might throttle back and fly wing man to Lowell Smith, since that peerless airman-navigator had brought the gang that far from Seattle.

We were on the weather deck. The skipper, Captain Lyman A. Cotten, was with us. Low on the horizon we spotted an object. Seconds later it proved to be the single wing of the Dornier-Wal. It flew straight for the Richmond, and when we thought it was going to tear the masts off, it banked sharply—leeringly, I thought I heard my colleague Damon Runyon say—and roared off in the direction of Greenland.

Captain Cotten spoke. We turned to look

(Continued on page 32)



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OUR SOLDIERS TELEPHONE OVER HERE, TOO. . . . Whenever you can, please give the service men and women first chance at Long Distance between 7 and 10 each night. They'll appreciate it a lot.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 30, 1944

BATTLE for PARIS

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

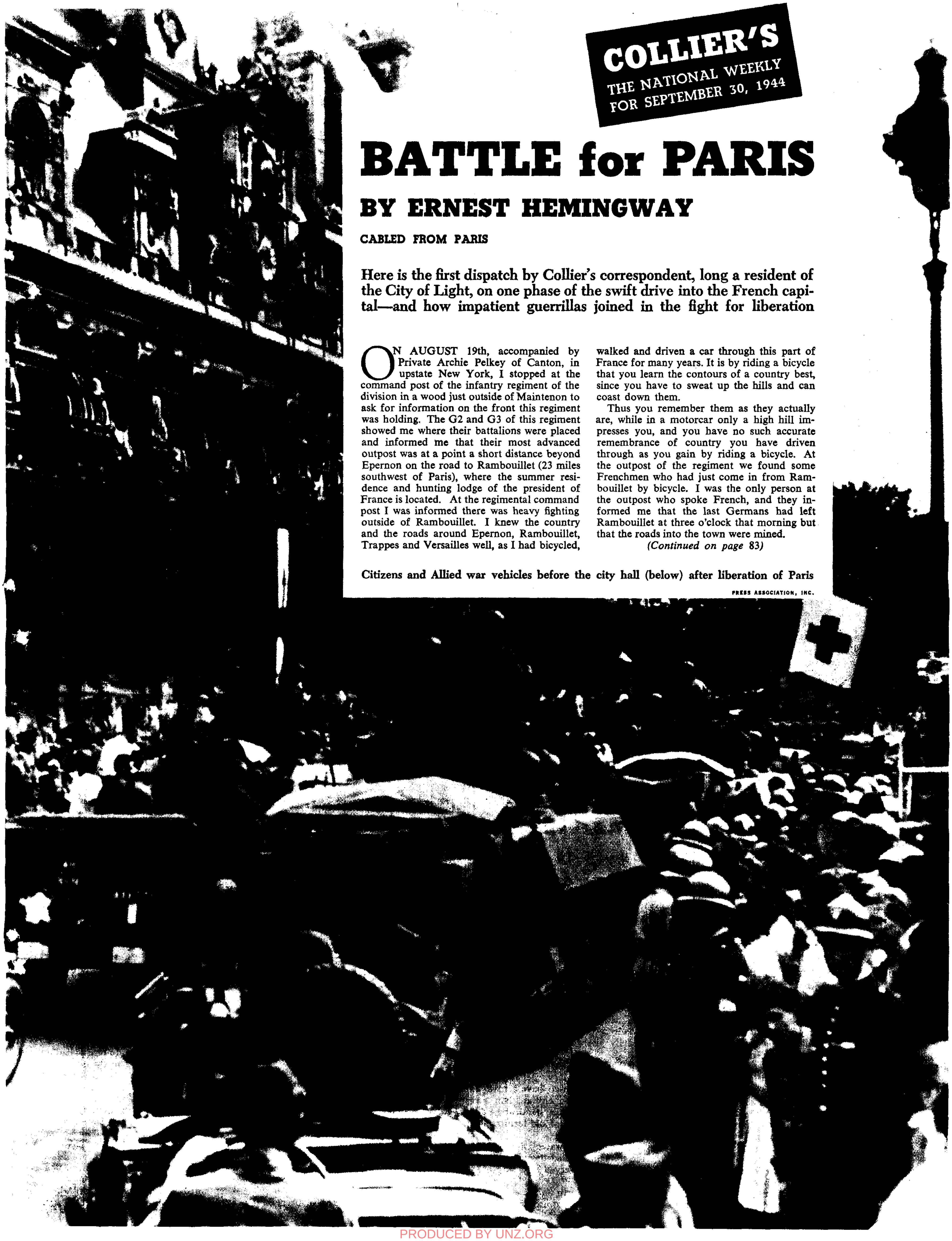
CABLED FROM PARIS

Here is the first dispatch by Collier's correspondent, long a resident of the City of Light, on one phase of the swift drive into the French capital—and how impatient guerrillas joined in the fight for liberation

ON AUGUST 19th, accompanied by Private Archie Pelkey of Canton, in upstate New York, I stopped at the command post of the infantry regiment of the division in a wood just outside of Maintenon to ask for information on the front this regiment was holding. The G2 and G3 of this regiment showed me where their battalions were placed and informed me that their most advanced outpost was at a point a short distance beyond Epernon on the road to Rambouillet (23 miles southwest of Paris), where the summer residence and hunting lodge of the president of France is located. At the regimental command post I was informed there was heavy fighting outside of Rambouillet. I knew the country and the roads around Epernon, Rambouillet, Trappes and Versailles well, as I had bicycled, walked and driven a car through this part of France for many years. It is by riding a bicycle that you learn the contours of a country best, since you have to sweat up the hills and can coast down them.

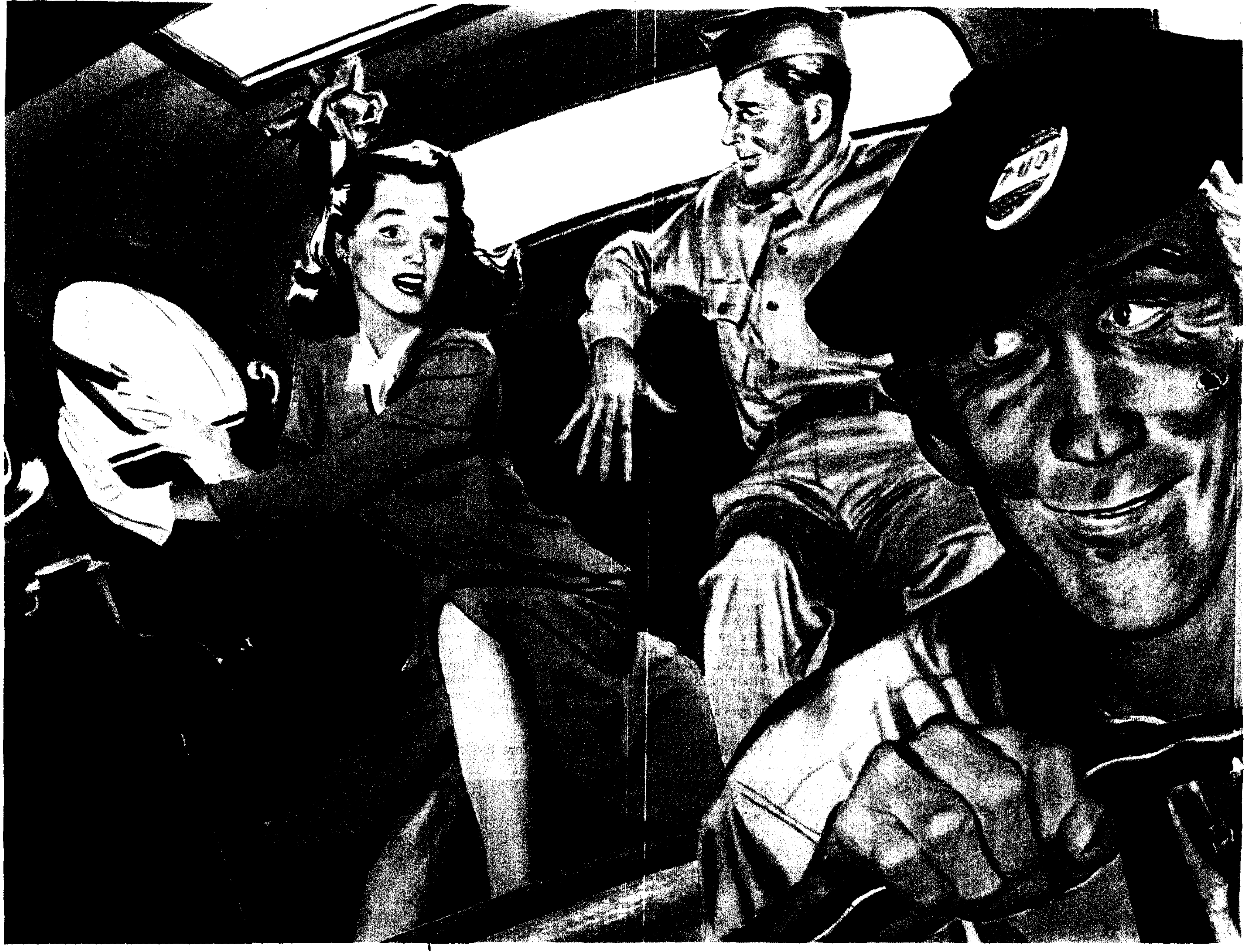
Thus you remember them as they actually are, while in a motorcar only a high hill impresses you, and you have no such accurate remembrance of country you have driven through as you gain by riding a bicycle. At the outpost of the regiment we found some Frenchmen who had just come in from Rambouillet by bicycle. I was the only person at the outpost who spoke French, and they informed me that the last Germans had left Rambouillet at three o'clock that morning but that the roads into the town were mined.

(Continued on page 83)



Citizens and Allied war vehicles before the city hall (below) after liberation of Paris

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



A lurch of the taxi knocked her against the side of the cab, almost knocking her hat off. "What's wrong? Are you lost?" she said sharply to the driver

THE *Little* RIDE

BY RUTH LYONS

A cab driver takes his fare where she tells him to go, but Vicky's driver was different. He took her to the right place, even though she thought she wanted to go the other way

IT WAS five-thirty of a very warm Friday afternoon in July. The girl stood on a corner at Lexington and Thirty-sixth and waved a white-gloved hand at the taxis that zoomed by without so much as the turn of a driver's head.

She was very pretty, with dark hair and pink cheeks and very large dark eyes, and she wore a pale blue suit and a tiny black hat that had a pink rose drooping from the brim to rest exactly in the middle of her forehead. rfect traveling costume, the saleslady old her—and excessively smart, too.

r other white-gloved hand was clasped the handle of a small black suitcase, he was uncomfortably aware of the dampness of both palms inside the gloves and knew it wasn't from the heat alone. She tried to concentrate on the smartness of her appearance so she wouldn't think too much about the week end ahead, but then she remembered how much the suit had cost, and that took some of the joy out of it.

But Barky would like it. He took great pride in her appearance when it suited him, acting at times almost as if he had invented her. When he didn't approve of her attire, he always made a point of explaining to her very carefully just what was wrong with her taste.

It made her a little nervous and annoyed sometimes, but as Mary, her roommate, pointed out, "It's better to have a man who takes an interest in your clothes than a guy like my Joe who can't understand why I don't whip my dresses up out of old fertilizer bags to save money."

She must have been waving automatically while the thoughts flicked through her mind because a taxi had swerved to a stop before her.

She tightened her grip on the suitcase and took a relieved step toward the door but was stopped by a look of something like indecision in the driver's eyes.

He was a nondescript little man with a partially bald head and a most amazing nose which he wore parted down the middle. "You going up or down?" he asked.

She said, "Uptown. Fifty-seventh Street between Third and Second."

"All right." He reached back and opened the door for her. "I'll take you, then. I don't like going below Thirty-fourth if I can help it. For some reason it depresses me."

She paid small attention to that and climbed in and settled herself on the hot leather seat. Taxi drivers were all temperamental these days. You just had to accept it and be thankful when you got one who was willing to take you where you wanted to go.

Where you wanted to go. Did she really want to go where she was going? Had all her young life and beautiful dreams been leading up to this moment when she would be going off on a week end with Barclay Thomas?

She said to herself brutally: "Stop thinking about that now. You made your decision. You're on your way. You've been in love with Barky for two years. And what if you are going to spend a week end alone with him in his beach cottage? It doesn't necessarily mean there's going to be anything wrong, does it?"

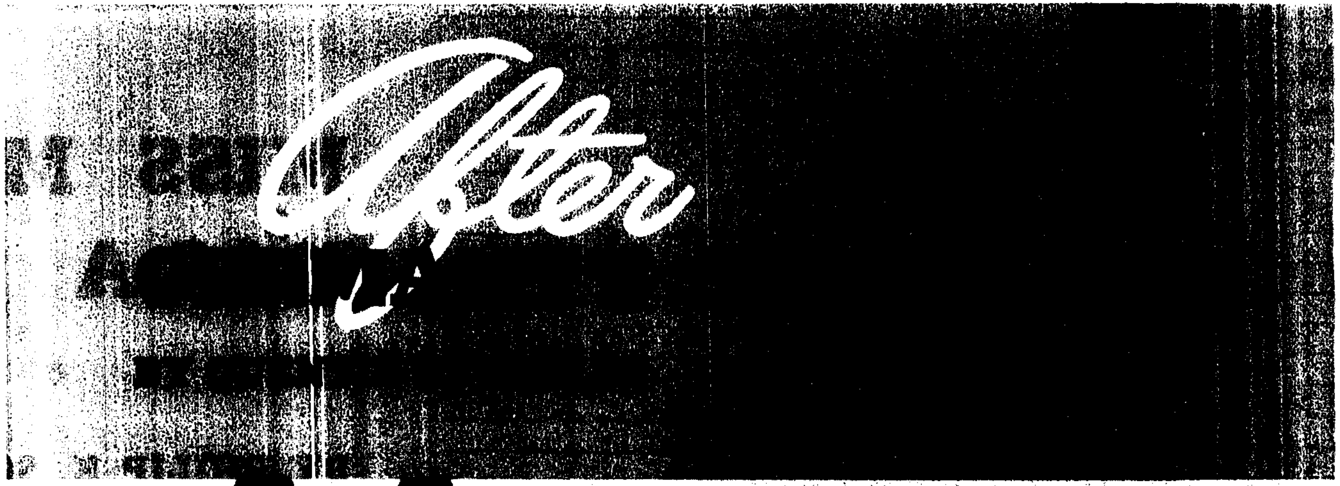
The taxi stopped for a light and the driver turned around and smiled at her. "You know it's a funny thing, lady. I like the heat. I guess it's something tropical in me."

She raised her eyebrows slightly and said nothing. She didn't want to play conversational ball with a taxi driver; she wanted to be let alone with her thoughts.

She took a deep breath and pulled out her worry again as a dog might dig out an old bone. She said savagely to herself: "Stop kidding yourself, Vicky. You know what you're getting yourself into. And Barky knows you know, too, even though you've both kept up such a polite pretense that it's going to be nothing more than an innocent week end at the shore. You finally had to accept because he's made you seem like such a stupid, suspicious innocent in refusing to go all the other times that you were afraid he'd get bored and find another girl who *would*

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



The Allies plan to make it impossible for the Reich ever again to break the peace. The Nazis will go down to destruction—but the seeds of another war also can be destroyed if Americans are only willing to pay a price

THE President's favorite story is one which he admits may not historically be completely accurate. He told the story to Churchill at Casablanca, he told it to Stalin at Teheran, he told it to General MacArthur in Hawaii, and he's told it to every dinner guest at the White House who asked him, "What is going to be your attitude toward a defeated Germany?"

"Unconditional surrender!" was the President's answer.

"But, Mr. President," the visitor might ask, "there are undoubtedly thousands of good Germans. Won't we be kind to them? How can Germany ever get back out of the chaos if you don't let her have her own free industries? You can't keep sixty million people in jail, Mr. President. If you are too harsh . . ."

"Let me tell you a story," the President would reply, as though he had been waiting for a cue. "When Grant met Lee at Appomattox Courthouse, the Southern general asked Grant his terms. Grant said bluntly, 'Unconditional surrender, General Lee.' Lee, a humane man, looked worried and he said, 'General, I have one request to make: Thousands of my men are farmers who have brought their own horses into the army. May they retain those horses? They'll be needing them for the spring plowing.' General Grant said, 'Sorry, General, my terms are unconditional surrender.' General Lee looked at Grant, realized that he was obdurate, sighed, pulled out his sword, handed it to Grant and said, 'Very well, General. I must accept your terms.' Then General Grant leaned across the table, returned the sword to Lee and said, 'All right, Bob, now let's talk about those horses.' "

"Unconditional surrender" is apparently the dish the Germans will have to swallow before any more appetizing tidbits are offered to them. Gossip among those who attended the Casablanca and Teheran conferences, recent articles in the government-controlled Moscow papers, Izvestia and Pravda, reports from correspondents recently returned from Moscow—all indicate that, as far as Stalin and Roosevelt are concerned, it will be "unconditional surrender." Afterward they will "talk about the horses."

No Soft Peace Terms from Russia

There are persistent reports that Churchill is not quite the die-hard that Stalin and Roosevelt are, but whether he can temporize in the face of the white-hot anger felt by the British people since the advent of robot bombing is a question that only time can decide. It is true that Stalin has allowed a Moscow committee of captured German officers to broadcast appeals to their countrymen for surrender and it is true that thousands of prisoners under the leadership of this committee have renounced their allegiance to Hitler, but Moscow correspondents say that any promises Stalin has given them in regard to a soft peace you could put into the right eye of a *Stechmücke* (mosquito to us).

I remember standing with some Red Army officers in the complete ruins of Vyazma some 130 miles from Moscow. The Germans had destroyed the city when they retreated from it. "You can never rebuild this city," I said, looking at the horrible rubble that a few days before had been a city of 80,000.

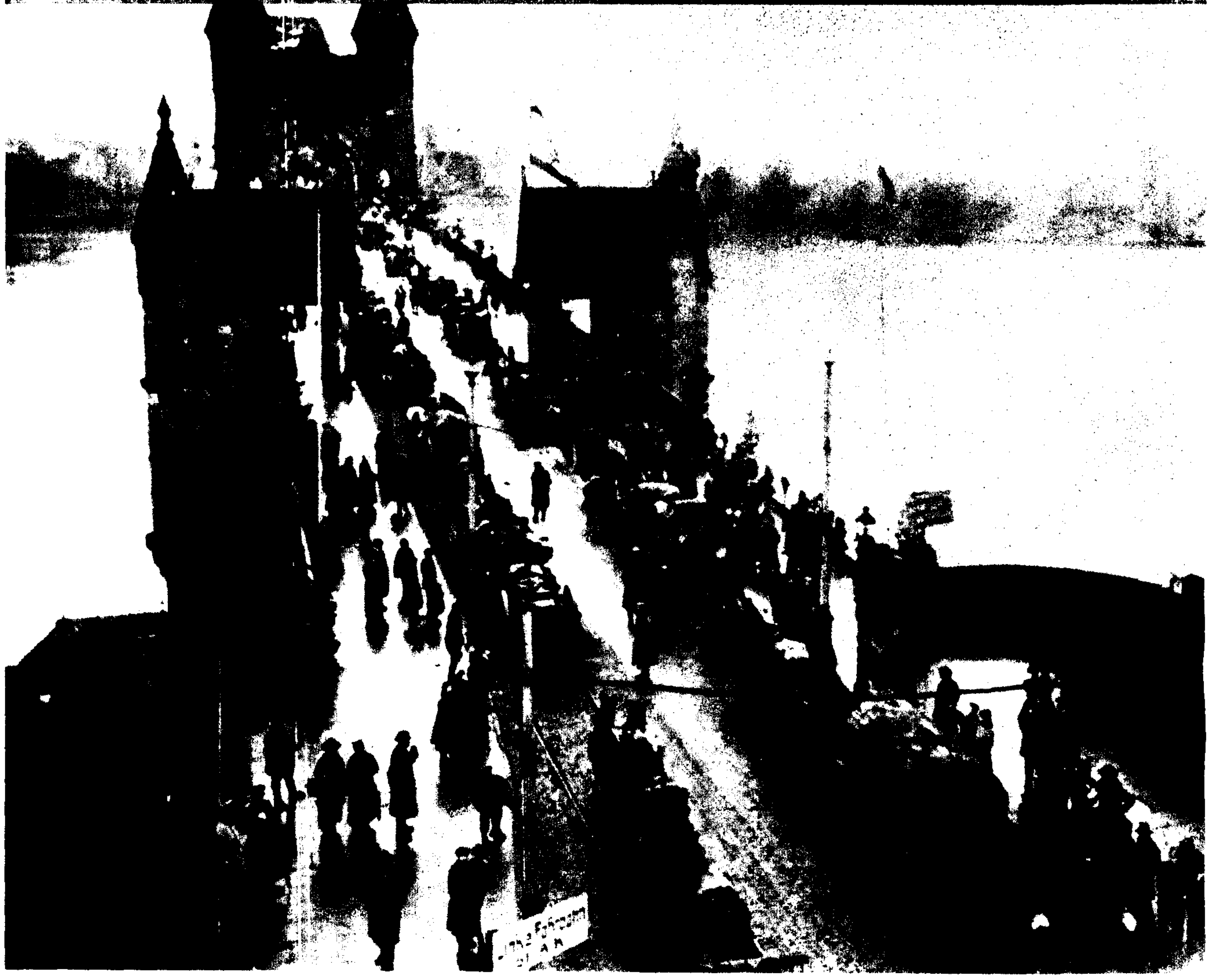
"It will be rebuilt," a Red Army general said grimly. "So will every other city they have destroyed be rebuilt. Believe me, my friend, there will be no unemployment in Germany for many, many years after the war. We will keep them all busy—rebuilding those cities of ours which they have destroyed."

That is the attitude of the typical Russian, and usually the typical Russian takes his attitude from a guy named Joe.

We went into Italy as liberators. We roared into France bringing freedom with us. We go into Germany as conquerors, and it is highly doubtful if any soft words or promises will be given to the Nazis until the entire German army has laid down its arms. We lost the peace after the last war because—as St. Paul once said—we followed the common failing of humanity by "forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." It is hardly likely that the same mistakes will be made this time. Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt may disagree in details, but there is no doubt that each of them wants to impose such conditions upon Germany as will make it impossible for her ever to commit another major crime against our kind of civilization.

Ilya Ehrenburg, writing in the Red Star not long ago, said, "We want peace not for five, ten or twenty years. We want our children to tell stories about tanks as though they were prehistoric monsters."

Ehrenburg writes what Stalin thinks, and there is no doubt that Stalin thinks that the world has had enough of war. The blueprints for the eventual peace were drawn some time ago but with the idea that until Germany collapsed entirely, they would remain *(Continued on page 77)*

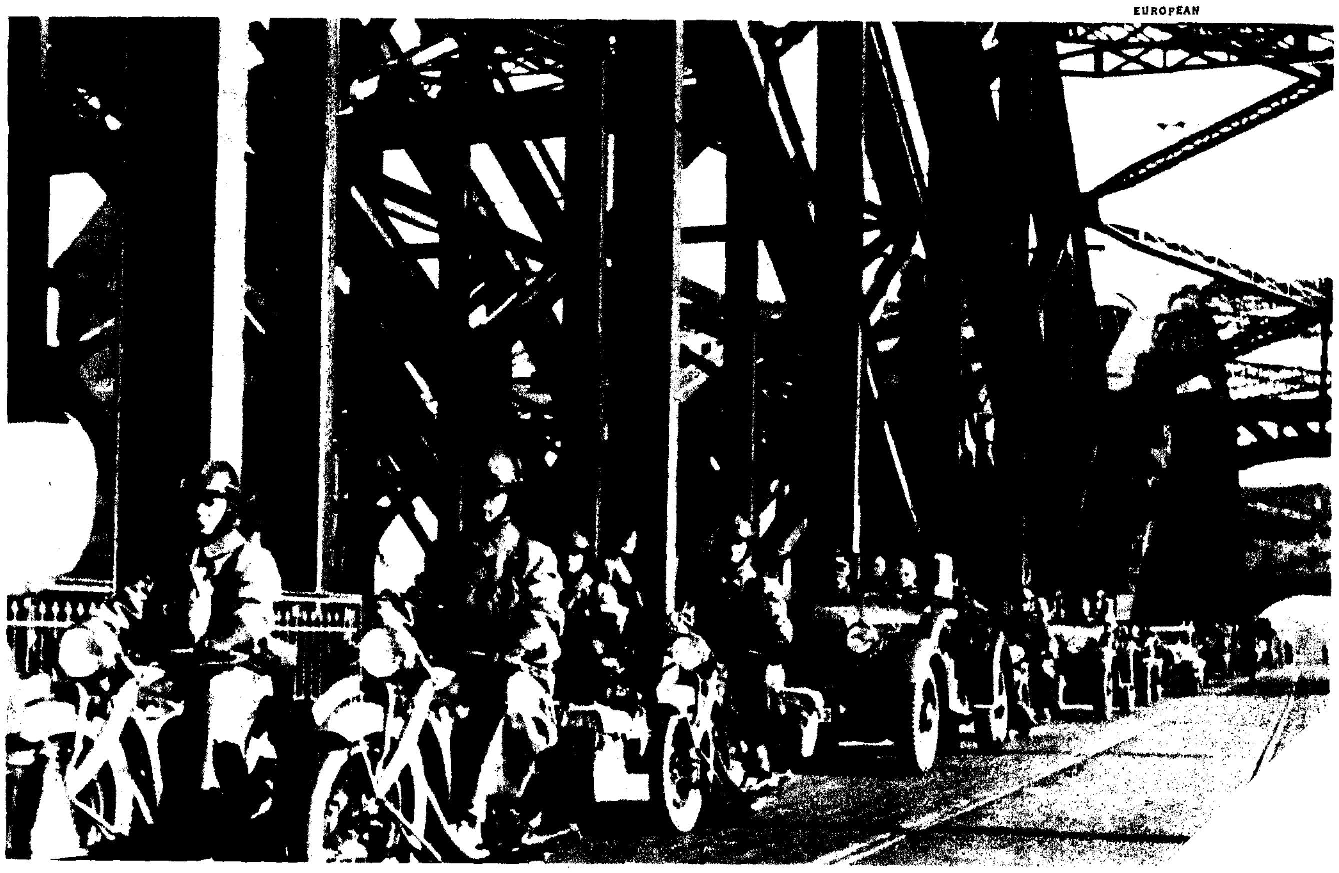


KEYSTONE

In 1918, the German army, defeated but not destroyed, trudged back across the Rhine to remain there, "probably forever," according to the 26-year-old caption on the above photograph

The photograph below, taken in 1936, shows that "forever" was only until Hitler's army recrossed the river to reoccupy the Rhineland, in defiance of the Versailles treaty. Can it happen again?

EUROPEAN



MISS McDONALD HAS A FORM

BY PHILIP K. SCHEUER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HURRELL

Ee-i-ee-i-oh! That's the new publicity line for the beauteous Marie. She used to be billed as the Yuk-Yuk-Yuk-Yuk Girl, whatever that is

THE press agent for Hunt Stromberg's unit in Hollywood is no dope. He knows the boss is doing Guest in the House and is going to be annoyed if something pretty big isn't done in the way of a build-up for Marie McDonald, who plays Miriam Blake, the model, in that masterpiece.

So the press agent thinks very grimly with his tired brain and comes up with a lulu. Says he to himself, "We have Frankie (The Voice) Sinatra, Bing (The Groaner) Crosby, Monte (The Beard) Woolley and Martha (The Mouth) Raye. We will now pre-empt a field and make everybody else sore by proclaiming Marie (The Body) McDonald."

He is very lucky in this, because Miss McDonald most certainly has a body and has been revealing it to the public since she was a Powers girl at the age of fifteen, posing in sweaters, bras and soapsuds. He has Marie carefully measured by a man with calipers, who reports such salient features as: Bust 35, waist 23, hips 35. This has already made her a pin-up girl at twenty-one, her present quoted age, and he expects even greater things from her in the future.

This is all pleasant to McDonald because she now admits that she got off in Hollywood on the wrong foot. At Universal, she was advised by overzealous publicity people to bounce, grimace and make sounds like "yuk, yuk, yuk" all the livelong day. This was her hysterically gay era, and she survived it.

She made her official camera debut somewhere along in Melody Lane, with the Merry Macs, in 1941; and in 1942 she appeared with Abbott and Costello in Pardon My Sarong, playing the sarong. "I was the jitterbug type," she announced; "vivacious and full of humor. A madcap on the set. But they never would let me sing."

This was normal in Hollywood, for Marie was—and is—a singer. She sang with such bands as Charlie Barnett's, Johnny Long's, Richard Himber's, Emery Deutsch's and Tommy Dorsey's, being billed over Frank Sinatra "the whole time I was with Dorsey." She says now that she always liked Frankie's voice, but she never expected him to turn into "a male Maria Montez." The fact remains, however, that by some terrible fluke Master Sinatra was permitted to give out with *his* pipes from the start, while our Marie's were muted.

Until recently, that is. Mr. Stromberg has done the handsome thing: He has permitted his starlet to sing in Guest in the House. Miriam Blake, the model (otherwise Miss McDonald) goes on a toot with Ralph Bellamy, playing the artist, and the two of them come sailing home on a sea of close harmony, singing:

Cockles and mussels,
Alive, alive oh!

Just a half-dozen tipsy phrases from an old Irish melody, but they prove Stromberg possesses the true gambler's instinct. Soon he will put soprano-alto McDonald, who has a three-octave range, into a musical of her own.

The Miriam Blake role is, on the whole, dramatic, which suits Marie fine. With the perversity of her sex, she wants to be a Bette Davis or an Ida Lupino as well as a Jeanette MacDonald.

"I can't imagine anything worse than to become another Betty Grable," asserts this pin-up rival of Grable's, "doing a song, a dance, another song, another dance, and one serious scene in which my great line would be 'I love you.' But Vic, my husband"—that's Vic Orsatti, the agent—"thinks I'm crazy. 'The world wants to laugh,' he says, 'and you want to jerk tears!' I've had so many wacky parts I can't even convince *him.*"

At Paramount, where Marie lingered hopefully for a while after departing from Universal, they did give her mostly straight parts—in Lucky Jordan, I Love a Soldier and Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.

Things began happening early to Marie. She was originally Cora Marie Froenür (two little dots, please, she says, over the *u*), born in Vienna, Austria; but after eight months the family moved to Burgin, Kentucky, U.S.A., and changed their name to Frye. When Marie was eight years old, they moved again, to New York, where in time Marie won a scholarship in journalism with two articles—one scholastic, the other published in a New York paper.

Farewell to Beauty Contests

On the strength of these triumphs, she could have gone to Columbia University for free, but she didn't. A couple of weeks later, she was crowned Miss New York State, which entitled her to compete in the Miss America finals. But Marie decided she'd had enough of titles by then, so she turned down Atlantic City, too.

"You see, I'd already been Miss Oakland, Miss Rye, Miss Yonkers, Miss New Rochelle, Miss White Plains, Miss Bronxville, Miss Westchester, Miss Loew's Paradise, Miss Fordham Road, Miss Bronx, Queen of the Mardi Gras, Queen of Coney, Miss Brooklyn and Miss New York World's Fair."

She sat for a moment in silence, contemplating the long, hard road a maid had to travel to earn the envied distinction of being Miss New York State 1938.

"That was my contest year," Marie said dreamily. "I also won a national dancing contest at Madison Square Garden. I have all the cups in storage. If you don't believe me—"

Perish the thought! Looking at that willowy figure, yuk, yuk, yuk . . .

Ever since she was fourteen, Marie declared, she has passed for twenty-one. At fifteen, she somehow found time to design clothes for a wholesale firm, and at sixteen she went into George White's Scandals. It was at a Scandals rehearsal that White delivered himself of what Marie is sure must have been a deathless epigram, since she can remember it as well as if it were yesterday. "New York," pronounced Mr. White, "is full of pretty girls. But how many of 'em can whistle like a frog?"

(Continued on page 56)

IT'S WHAT YOU'RE LISTENING FOR

BY IRENE KITTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

TWO days before he was due to leave the city, he stopped looking for her and decided to go back to his ship. He went up to his hotel room to pack his bag and he was suddenly terribly tired. He stretched out on the bed and fell asleep.

When he waked, it was just getting dark, and he lay there, struggling up out of sleep, hot and not really rested, and trying to place the sound which had invaded his sleep. He came fully awake to a furious resentment against the monotonous sound of a phonograph playing in a near-by room.

"This damned hotel," he said aloud, of the place which had been his home on every leave since the war began, and which had always seemed a place of happiness, comfort, peace. Now it seemed hateful to him.

He sat up on the bed and thought of his search for the girl. He thought of all the mistakes he had made since he'd found his ship would be held in Norfolk long enough for him to make the trip to see her, and he thought how lonely a phonograph made you feel when you weren't in the same room with it.

He knew now that he wanted to marry the girl. His first mistake had been in not realizing that. A man, he thought bitterly, never knows what he has until he loses it. The phonograph was still blasting away with a trumpet's thin screaming loud enough for him to know it was Harry James. Under its bludgeoning, he faced, sullen but honest, the memory of the night he'd left Norfolk—rolling on the train, a little drunk, very arrogant.

"Going to see my girl," he'd told the two sailors who were seeing him off. "Going to give her a break."

"Listen," one of them had said, "don't be surprised if a desk admiral has moved in while you were away."

He'd laughed at that. "Not this girl," he'd said, and the memory of her, small and blond and patient, was in the room with him, was a tight knot in his stomach when he recalled what else he had said.

"Not this girl," he had told them. "She's crazy about me, this girl. She's not much, but she's all the girl I've got."

And all the girl I'll ever want, he thought now, listening to the music grinding on and on in the next room.

He went over again in his mind the search of the past ten days. He had first intended to wire her from Norfolk but then he'd figured he'd just walk in and surprise her . . . the way he'd always walked in—and always found her waiting.

When he arrived he learned that she had moved and left no new address. The next day her office said she had gone to work in a war plant but they weren't sure which one. So many others had gone with her that there was hardly anyone left who even knew her.

He had tried all the near-by defense plants he could locate through the help of a pretty dark-haired girl at a servicemen's information center, and he'd been not unaware of the girl's interest in him. But that could wait. He had come to New York to find one girl and, until he found her, he didn't have time for other girls. He was still so sure that he would find her he hadn't even begun to take her any way except completely for granted.

THROUGH the walls came the final burst of the James music. When it changed over to Artie Shaw, he didn't quite know; his mind was still searching the last ten days for a ray of hope, something he'd left out of his search. He had met her through another man who had since gone into the Army and overseas. He could find no mutual friend and he cursed himself, remembering that he had never been particularly anxious to meet any of her friends and that she had never nagged him to. The more things like that he remembered, the more wonderful she became to him. It was when he couldn't find a soul in the city who knew her that he began to get panicky.

He'd leave his hotel early every morning and stand on street corners thinking maybe she'd go by. Every time he saw hair like spring sunlight on a girl three blocks away, he'd run all the way until he caught up with her, even though he'd known before he ran the three blocks that those weren't *her* legs.

He was always running out of restaurants after girls passing by and having to run back to pay his check. The whole first week of his leave went by that way, and his black eyes were a little dulled, and the tan he had acquired on his last convoy had faded, and he couldn't even soften the blows of the New York heat with many drinks because he didn't think she'd be apt to turn up in a bar. Not this girl.

He thought again, now, of the police; of asking them to help him find her. But somehow he had become so sure that she was married, it seemed necessary for him to meet her by accident.

And if she were married, it was certainly his own fault. He had always rather admired what he had thought his casual, independent attitude toward her. But, trying to look at himself through her eyes, he realized how often he had simply been mean to her.

He remembered how he used to make fun of her because she was tone-deaf and, like a great many unmusical people, loved to sing. He squirmed up off the bed, humiliated at the memory of one scene. Now he knew why it was the phonograph irritated him so. Because it was reminding him of the last time he'd seen her, reminding him in a way he couldn't stand to think about. It had been before his last trip. He'd been sorting out his collection of records, some to take with him on his ship, others to give away. She had been squatting on her heels, her yellow hair above a green dress making her look exactly like a dandelion. He had loved the way she looked, only he hadn't said so.

SHE had said wistfully, "Aren't you going to give me any records?"

He had felt weak and tender and loving toward her, but he had fought the feeling with the only weapon he knew.

He'd simply said rudely, "What would *you* do with these records? Here," he'd gone on, laughing at her, "here's just the thing for you." He had picked up the Clyde McCoy record of Sugar Blues that he'd been going to throw away because it was badly cracked. "You won't even know it's cracked," he had said.

Remembering how she had held the record close to her, had smiled at him, he decided to get out of this room, away from the music fast. He went into the bathroom and started the shower. Suddenly he realized that the phonograph had stopped playing. Then it started again, and again it was something he knew, something familiar. He looked at himself in the mirror and he began to whistle in time with the music which sounded clearer here in the bathroom.

He made a face at himself because he was out of time with the music, out of time with the music . . . out of time . . . out of time. . . . No! It was the music that was wrong. He turned off the shower, slowly, deliberately and stood in front of the mirror a good minute, his mouth pursed to whistle but no sound coming out, his eyes lost in listening.

Finally, he left the bathroom and went into the hallway and walked to the door of the room next to his. The music had stopped, and he knew he was trembling a little. He knocked on the door and when it opened he was afraid to look. Then a golden head came hard against his chest, and he shut his eyes and held her close.

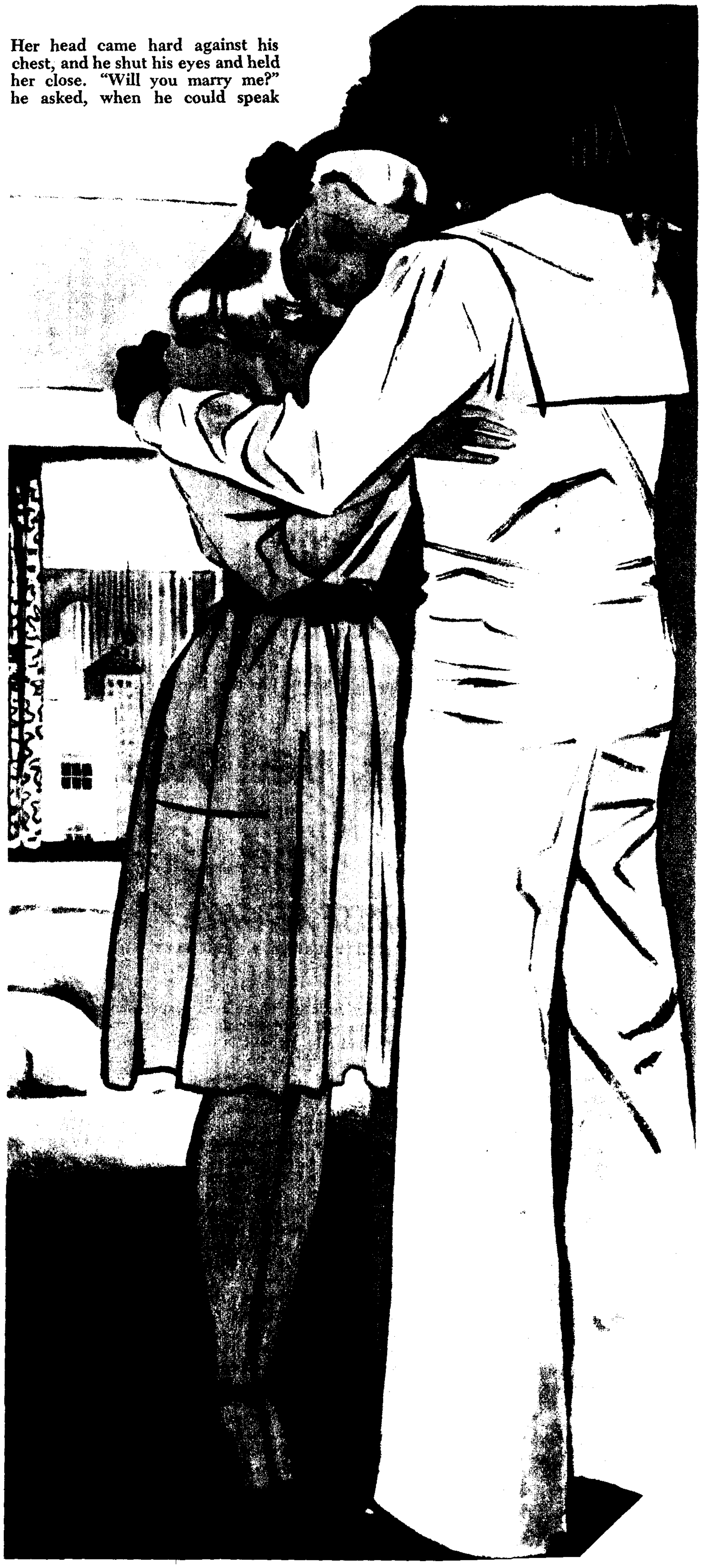
"Will you marry me?" he asked, when he could speak.

"Darling, of course," she told him.

Later after they had talked and talked, he cursed the mail which had come too late again and which would have told him that she'd left the gyroscope plant to join the WAC, that this was her last week in New York and she'd taken a room in this very hotel because it was the one he always stayed at. After all this, she bounced up and said, "But how did you know I was here . . . in this room?"

"Honey," he said, "I love you. I love everything about you—especially the fact that you are probably the only woman in America who could stand to play that cracked record of Sugar Blues."

She picked the record up from the portable phonograph. She held it close to her and she looked pleased and not at all offended. "Why, don't you know?" she said. "It's what you're listening for that counts."



Her head came hard against his chest, and he shut his eyes and held her close. "Will you marry me?" he asked, when he could speak

Mrs. Betty Gribble giving one of her Cheviot sheep an extra snack of oats. Their heavy yield of wool (ten pounds per sheep last year as against an average of about seven pounds) she credits to pampering; also to the fact that they are exposed to the cold all winter. Even at night barn doors are left open so sheep can go in and out at wil

She Grows Her Own Clothes

BY DOROTHY SASSE KEIGHLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY P. KEIGHLEY

COULD you eat a cute, woolly little lamb that you had reared yourself, that even, one stormy night, had followed you to bed with trusting *Baa-aa-aas?* Neither could Mrs. Betty Fehr Gribble. That's why she's now shepherdess of the Heathmore flock, nineteen strong, which happily roams the Fehr acres at Whitemarsh, Pa., and which originally was bought to provide the family with chops and stew.

Tending her flock with loving care, Betty found them not only fine pets but wonderful yielders of wool. So Betty, daughter of a family of hobby hounds, took to spinning and weaving. And now her sheep, instead of cheering the family stomachs, are warming their backs.

Aided by her sister Nancy, Betty really went all out for her hobby, tackling everything but the shearing. This they turn over to the veteran skill of Mr. George Wendig, itinerant sheep shearer, who, in twenty-five years, guesses he has clipped a quarter of a million pounds of wool. He runs a small sheep and chicken farm himself, but in the spring he travels the road with his clippers, [illegible]ng an average of 1,800 sheep a year. [illegible]ching antique shops, the sisters found [illegible]lves a comb for removing seeds, burrs [illegible]ch from the wool; a carder to lay the [illegible]straight and free from the short, curly [illegible] and a spinning wheel.

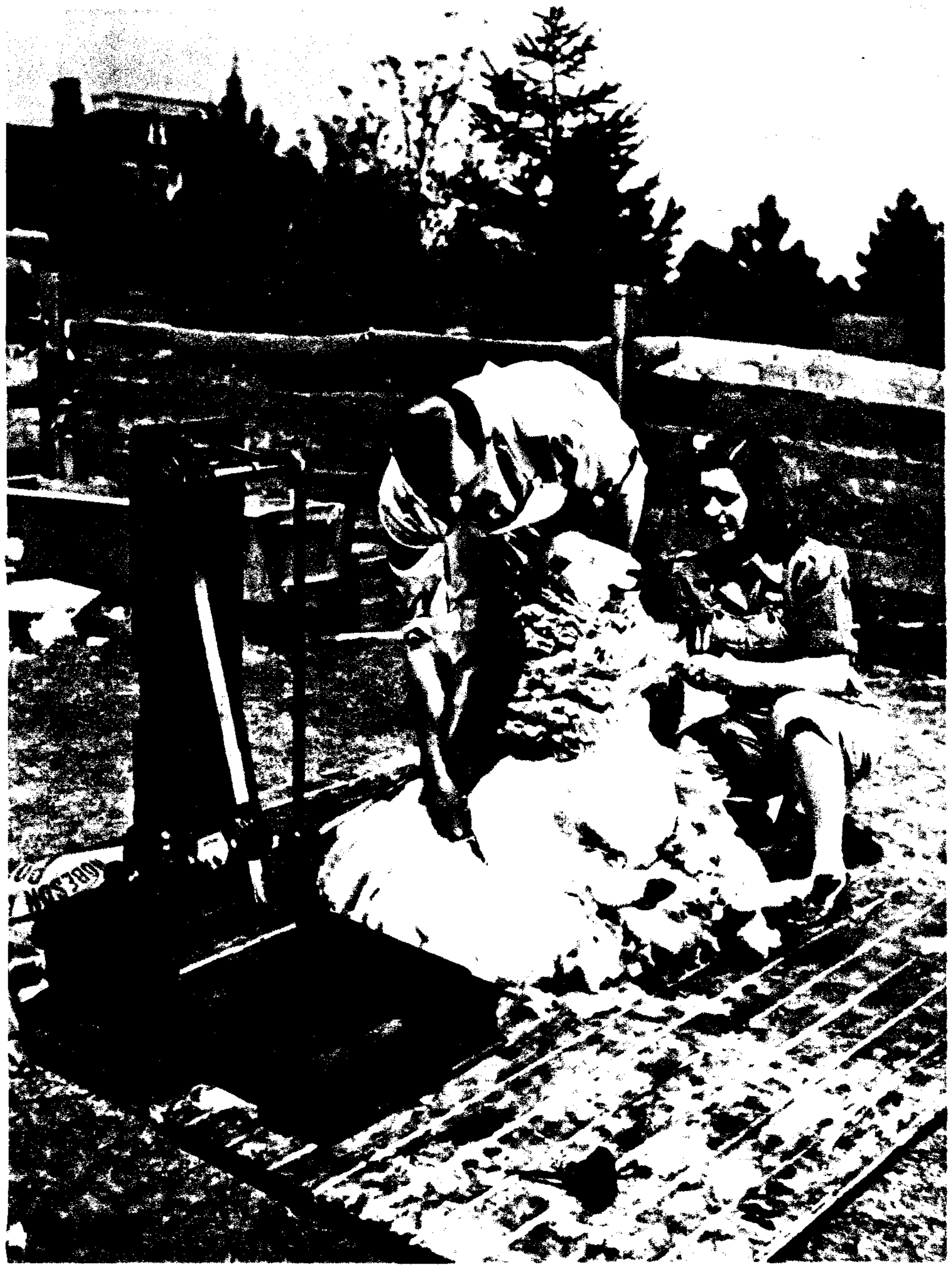
They even experimented with dyeing, coloring up themselves and the kitchen stove as well as the wool, before they passed the job on to a local dyehouse.

They studied books on weaving, bought a small loom for experiments, and worked out their own designs on graph paper before starting to weave. Now on a five-foot loom Betty zips the shuttle across the warp like an old hand, while Nancy stands by, reading off design directions from graph paper.

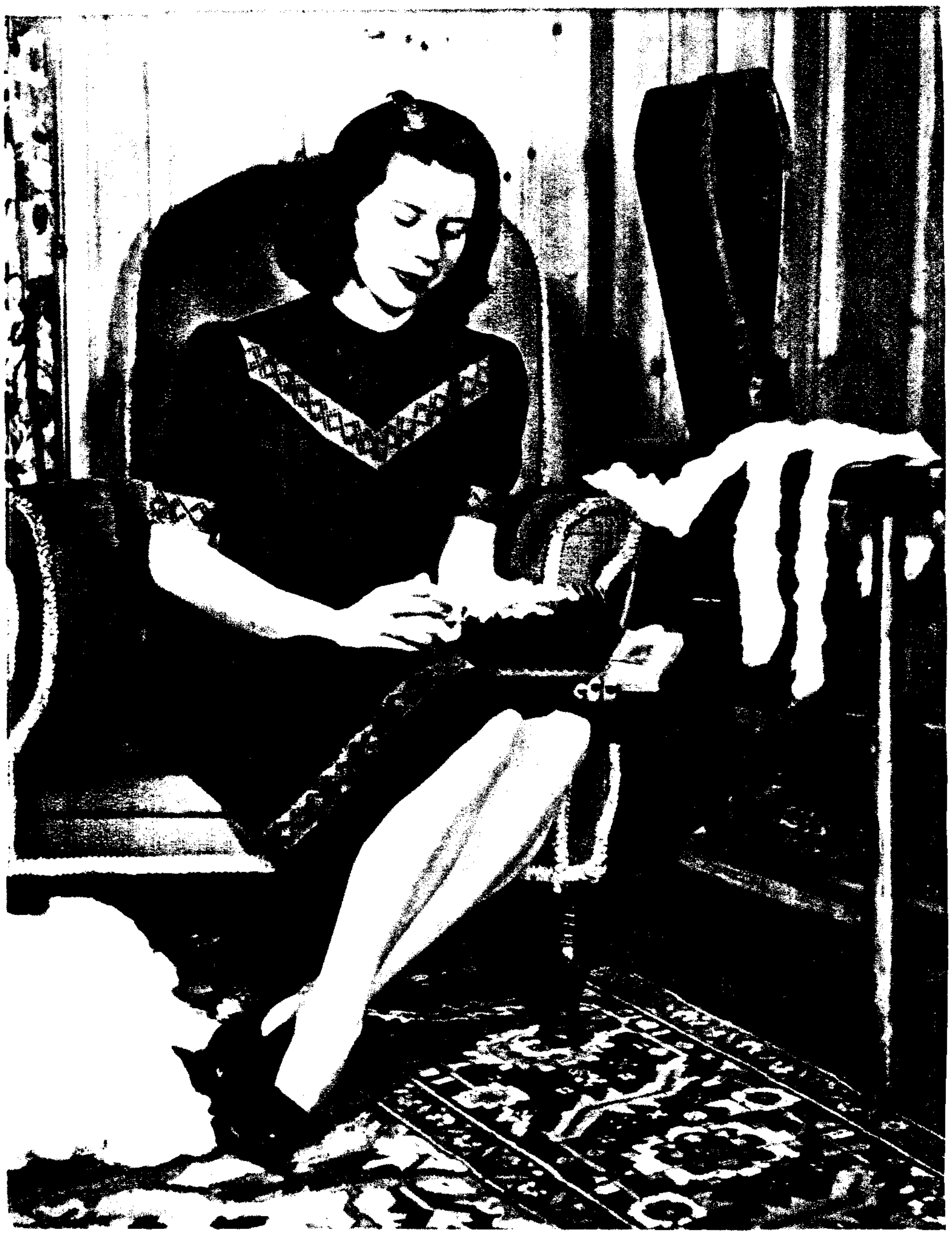
They have learned a lot about wool. They know that wool taken from the shoulders and back is the best quality, and that lamb's wool is softer and wavier than sheep's wool. They learned that wool does not form a mass of felt on a healthy sheep's back, because each fiber is coated with a mixture of greasy materials called yolk and suint, secreted by the sheep. They learned to remove this from the clipped wool by careful scouring with soap and soft water.

Their friends come upon them speaking a strange jargon about heddles, reeds, woofs and webs, slubbing, weft and noil. Bill Gribble, U.S. Marine, may have a hard time understanding his wife when he comes home from the war. But when she hands him a handsomely tailored suit made out of wool that she intends to spin and weave herself, he'll say it's okay by him no matter what language was used to make it. ★★★

Nancy Fehr spins for her cousin Gail. She and her sister learned to spin by studying books, asking questions. The trick is to feed wool evenly to the wheel

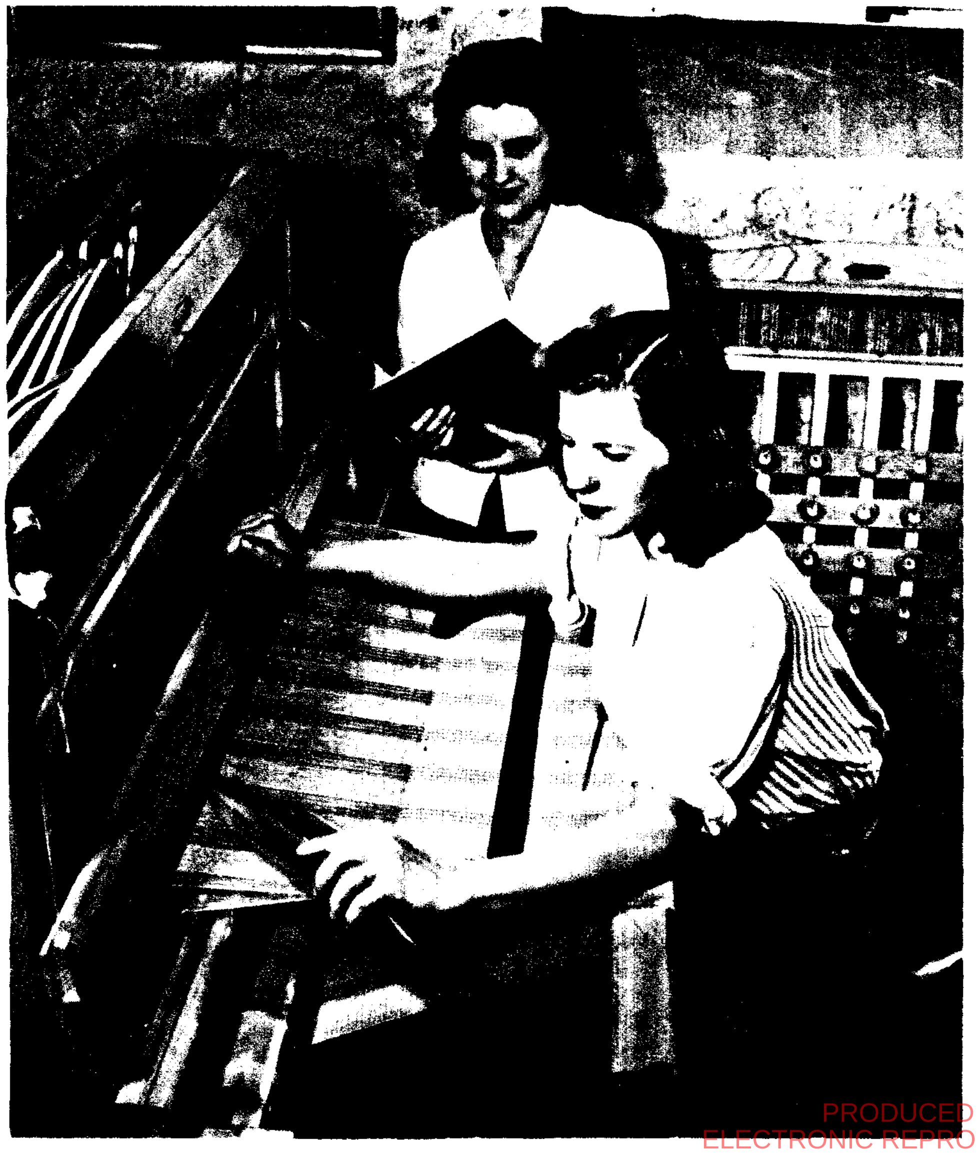


It takes George Wendig about six minutes to shear a sheep. Afterward, the self-conscious sheep sniffs at the shorn locks, bleats and eyes the other shaven sheep

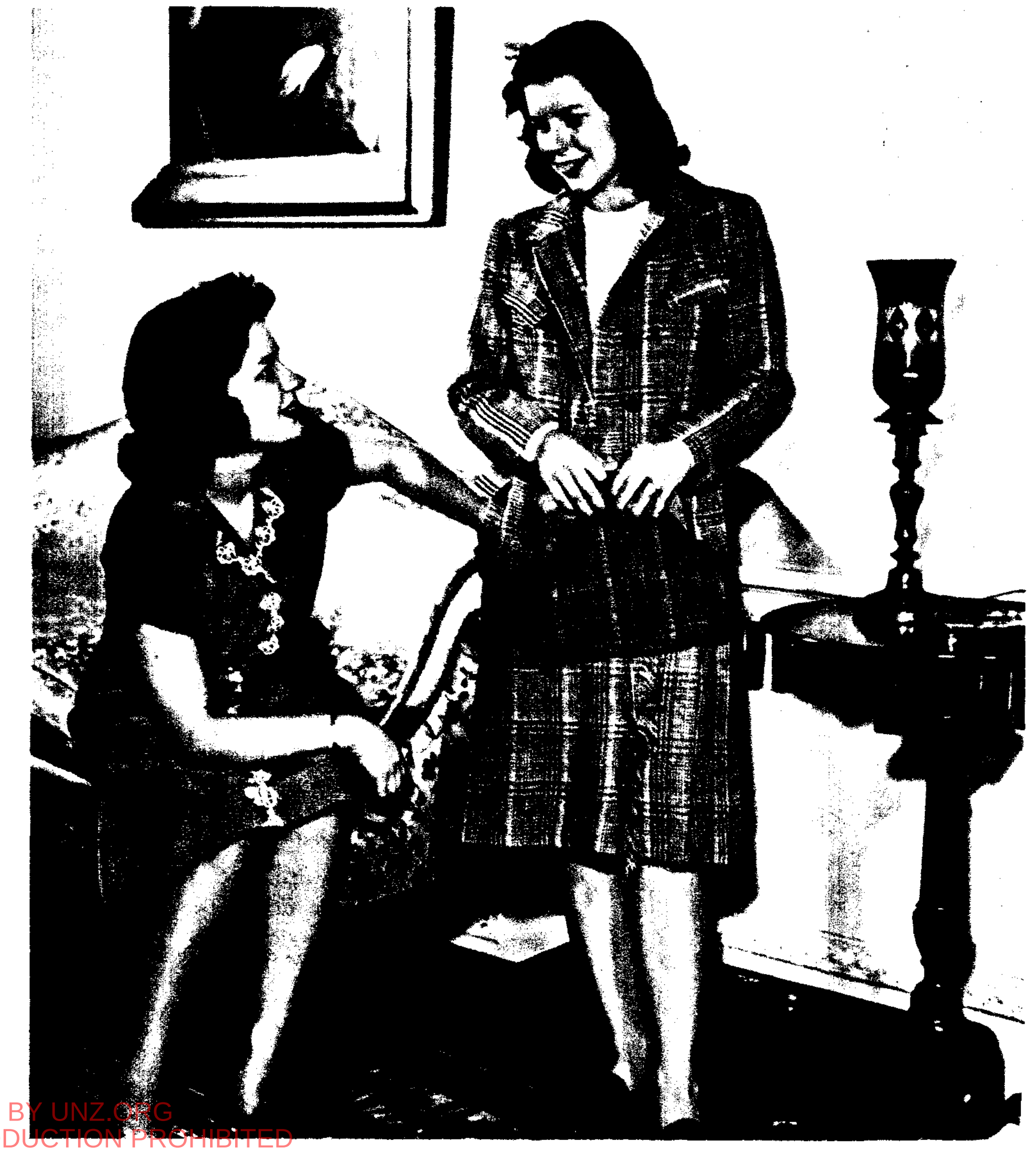


Betty combs seeds and burrs out of wool she has washed in soapy water in basement laundry tub. She is surprised how white the wool becomes. Combing wool is easy

Betty operates the loom while Nancy reads design directions. The only tedious job is setting up the loom. It takes both girls the better part of two evenings to do it



Betty models her finished suit and bag. It took 14 ounces of wool and two hours to make each yard. The squares don't all match, she says, proving it's hand done



Lay that Pistol Down

BY RICHARD POWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story:
Andy Blake and his wife, Arabella, are at an auction in Washington, D. C., when a girl chases a little man out of the place because he tried to outbid her on an old English pistol. The girl does not return, and Arabella buys the weapon. Later the girl—Kit Hawley—calls on the Blakes and says that Arabella *must* sell her the pistol. Arabella declines, and that night the little man breaks into the house. Andy catches him but, believing the pistol endangers his wife, he gives it to the intruder. Later Andy discovers the old weapon in a shop owned by a man named Stuart and buys it back. That afternoon Andy and Arabella permit Stuart to pick them up in a café. The little man—who, Stuart says, works for him—comes in. Not wishing to be recognized, Andy slips out. Stuart, who has been drinking and wants Arabella to take a job in his shop, follows. Annoyed, Andy pushes him away. Stuart lashes out, and Andy falls unconscious.

II

WHEN I came to, I was sitting in a car and saying, "They should only use bazookas on tanks."

A voice beside me said, "I guess that thing does feel like a bazooka. Whatever a bazooka feels like."

I turned my head on rusty hinges. The speaker was a blur. The inside of my head was being used for an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, complete with slow-motion rockets and fiery cascades and flaming pinwheels. "You mean he didn't clip me with his fist?" I mumbled.

"He's got soft hands," the voice said. "He couldn't knock the foam off a beer. From the lump on your jaw he musta used that thing he's always heeled with. It's like brass knuckles only it ain't. It's kind of a pistol. An old baby."

I couldn't fix my attention on anything except what had hit me. Like brass knuckles but a kind of a pistol. An old baby. A faint memory came back to me. Once Arab had showed me a freak like that. I groped for the name. A knuckle something.

"Knuckle duster!" I said.

"Yeah. That's what he calls it."

The fireworks were fading, and now I could dimly make out the face of the man next to me. "Who are you?" I asked.

"Just a guy wants to be pals."

I blinked at him. He was on my left, in the driver's seat of my car. We were still in the parking lot but the position of my car had been changed. I blinked some more and his face came into focus. It was Jake. I flipped my left arm fast around his neck, locked it tight with my right hand and yanked hard.

"Make it fast," I snapped. "What's the game?"

"Lay off," he choked. "I ain't done nothing! You been out thirty minutes and I didn't even lift your watch."

That made sense. I let him go, and said, "I bet you priced it, though."

"So what if I did? It would get you five bucks on a pawn ticket. I ain't in this for a fin."

"What are you in it for? Did you spot me in that café? Did you tell Stuart who I am?"

He rubbed his throat and gulped. His handle-bar ears wiggled with each gulp. "Just because you got a sore jaw you don't got to give everybody else one," he grumbled. He got out a little pasteboard box of aspirin pills, took one.

"Is my wife still in there with Stuart?"

"She left with him ten minutes ago."

"Does Stuart know who I am?"

"You think I'm answering that one for free?"

"Yeah," I said, tuning up a right hook.

"Now wait, now wait," he whined, getting his elbow up to cover his face. "I stayed here because I figure we can do each other some good. You slug me and I'll put out a squawk that'll empty the café. Then you won't get no answers. You got nothin' on me. I didn't steal that rod last night. You give it to me."

I let my right arm go slack. Getting tough might be the wrong way to do business with Jake. "All right," I said. "What's the deal?"

"I could use fifty bucks."

"What would I get for it?"

"The right dope on a couple things you want to know. You don't get everything . . . now. We got a real deal to make first."

I got out my checkbook and asked, "What name are you using this week?"

"Make it out to cash. The name's Jake Snyder but I like a check don't blab too much."

I made out the check and handed it to him. "Now," I said, "did you tell Stuart who I am?"

"What for? He didn't ask me and he wouldn't've paid me for it. He thinks a guy should work for a stall and oats. I get one century, one lousy century, off him for breakin' in your house to get that rod. I don't like that kind of work. It can get you five to ten from any judge."

"Tell me everything that happened in the café."

"Well, I make you in the mirror the minute I come in, and a while later I see you make me, too. So finally I go to the can to let you sneak out and I catch this fight from the window. I meet Stuart at the door when he comes in and he tells me to dump you in your car and move it across the lot. That's so the dame won't see your car when she comes out and will think you went home. So I put you in here and get the key from your pocket and move the car. And, like I say, the dame leaves with him ten minutes before you come up for air."

"How much credit do I have left, Jake?"

"Say ten bucks. Forty bucks for tellin' you that, and for not tellin' Stuart."

"Can I buy this one? Why did the redhead make a dive for you at the auction?"

HE PULLED down his right ear several times and let it snap back. "You can have a piece of it," he said finally. "She had a rod Stuart wanted and I put the snatch on it while she was carrying it down the street."

I nodded. That checked with what the redhead had claimed when she was telling her second yarn. "Why did Stuart want the rod?"

"That doesn't go with the ten-buck package."

I said, "Telling me you snatched a pistol on the street isn't worth ten bucks to me, but it ought to be worth a lot more to you."

"So why? You couldn't prove I said it. And look, pal, I'm trying to make a deal with you. You treat me right and I won't hold out. I'll give you the best horse in the race."

"Let's hear about the deal."

"You be home at ten o'clock tomorrow night?"

"I can be."

"You be there with two hundred bucks. Cash this time, not a check. It'll cost me five bucks to get this check cashed without putting my name on it. It would cost me twenty on a two-hunnert check. I got something to bring you tomorrow night. And you can have everything I know . . . only I got to cut in on the big purse."

"What big purse?"

"Pal, I don't know all the answers. You got to help find out. That's one reason I'm declaring you in."

"One reason? What are the others?"

"Well, like I say, this Stuart pays me off like I'm a hay burner. It's gettin' worse than that, too. I got a hunch he'd like to scratch me from the race, seein' I know so much. And I figure when this Stuart scratches a guy, he stays scratched. Do we go partners?"

"I don't know, Jake. I'll dig up the two hundred for you. But going partners depends on your story."

He sighed and said, "Okay. But a guy as cautious as you, I don't see how you got in this dogfight at all."

"I got into it," I said grimly, "because my wife likes excitement."

"It gets a guy about dames, don't it?" he said sympathetically. "I don't know why they invented dames. A horse, now, a horse is something you can put on a form sheet. You don't find a horse coaxing for a mink coat. It don't ask for nothing except horse hide and maybe a blanket. You don't find a horse coaxing and saying it never gets taken nowhere. If a horse wants to go somewhere it's got four legs and it'll even pull down a purse for you getting there. You take dames. I'll take horses."

"I'll take one dame," I said, "only I seem to have trouble hanging onto her. Why isn't Stuart in the Army?"

"Because they don't give him the saliva test the way they give it to the ponies."

"Dope?"

"Benzedrine. If a guy knows how, he can bounce his blood pressure off the ceiling with it. This Stuart is a chiseler from away back."

"Did you know him before this business came up?"

"I knew of him. He helped some of the boys out, like takin' hot numbers off of rods and fixin' tommy guns. Don't get me wrong about this. I never had no part of that racket. I don't carry a rod. Only a jack. You still got my jack? A guy gets used to just how much snap to put in a jack and don't want to change."

"You can have it tomorrow night."

He climbed out of the car. "Look for me at ten o'clock, pal," he said, and slipped away into the darkness.

I DROVE home slowly. I wanted to look for Arab, but I had no idea where to look and you can't do much prospecting on an A card. Fortunately she wasn't likely to get into any awful trouble tonight. Stuart might make a few passes but Arab could handle that. The danger would come when he got cold sober and began to wonder why he had offered an unknown girl a job. If he caught her snooping around his shop he might sta[illegible] making passes with that knuckle duster.

She wasn't home when I arrived. I returned the Paterson Colt and the coach pistol I'd used as bait to their brackets on the wall, and sat down to study the *Spare Naught* job. It looked just the same as it had last night. It hadn't been taken apart, or fired. I sat under a bridge lamp and turned the pistol slowly and began to note a queer flicker in the browned steel. It was like looking down into muddy water and catching a glint from far below. The glint came from the underside of the right barrel, near the muzzle. When I held it up to the light there was a patch of browned steel, a quarter-inch square, that didn't quite match the rest. It was lighter in color; the bright steel underneath showed through the browning.

I got the magnifying glass, studied the patch carefully. Tiny scratches jumped into focus. Something had scarred the pistol deeply enough to bite through the original browning and into the bright steel. The blemish had been covered by a dab of shellac.

I tested it with a knife and found that it would peel. There was only one dab of shellac; the browning on the rest of the pistol was of a permanent type. My discovery proved nothing, of course. The scratch might have been made accidentally. It might have happened years ago. And even if Stuart had scratched the metal purposely, I didn't know why.

I put the pistol on the table and tidied up a little before heading upstairs. Just as I was emptying the last ash tray into the fireplace, the phone rang. I jumped. Next to things popping at you from dark corners, a phone

shrilling at night in an empty house has most fun with my nerves.

It was Arab. You could have wrapped her tone around a highball glass and saved ice cubes. "I trust you arrived home safely?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," I said, saving my news for the right moment. "And you?"

"You surprise me. I hadn't thought you were interested enough to ask. I'm at the apartment of a girl who works in my branch. I called her up from the café to ask her to pretend I lived there. I couldn't very well have Mr. Stuart bring me home, could I?"

"Did he get rough?"

"Mr. Stuart has at least some instincts of a gentleman."

"I'll try to model myself on him. What are your plans?"

"I'm going to Alexandria tomorrow to work in his shop."

"Aw, listen, Arab," I pleaded. "Drop this nonsense and come home and let's forget everything."

"We agreed on thirty-six hours, Andy. And besides, nothing will happen to me. Did you get a chance to study the pistol?"

I said "Uh-huh" and described my world-shaking discovery.

"It's not very much, is it?" she said. Then she added plaintively, "Didn't you worry even a little bit, Andy, about leaving me with Mr. Stuart?"

This was what I had been waiting for. "Sweetheart," I said, "I spend most of my conscious moments worrying about you. But that wasn't a conscious one."

"Andy, darling, what happened?"

I told her all about it, to the accompaniment of very satisfactory gasps and gulps and small contrite noises.

"You've been so wonderful," she said meekly. "How are you now?"

"In pretty bad shape. You'd better come home and take care of me."

"I will if you really are hurt, Andy. But if you aren't it wouldn't be fair not to let me go ahead with my plan. Your voice sounds normal—are you *really* hurt, Andy? Do you—"

I lost track of what she was saying. A window curtain was fluttering like a shroud. It belonged to the window with the broken lock; I had closed it ten minutes ago. The only thing I could see behind the curtain was a handkerchief. Ordinarily handkerchiefs have a lot to recommend them; they're useful in a number of ways. But I don't like the things when they're tied over the lower part of a man's face . . . as now.

"Hang up," a high, harsh whisper told me.

Arab was saying just then, ". . . so please don't fool me, Andy. Are you really cross-your-heart hurt?"

"Not yet," I said, "but give me five minutes," and I hung up.

My fingers were wrapped tightly around the telephone, and moving them was like trying to bend icicles. Not much light from my floor lamp reached the window; just enough to gleam on two eyes and the muzzle of a revolver.

"Turn away from the window," the man whispered. "Then don't move."

I obeyed, and listened to the scrambling noise as he crawled in through the window. Footsteps shuffled behind me. The man's left hand, in a gray kidskin glove, snaked over my shoulder, reaching for the *Spare Naught* pistol on the table. His fingers moved stiffly as if something was wrong with his gloved hand. The hair above my left ear stirred to his breath and I wondered if that patch would be white by morning. The phone suddenly blasted the silence.

His hand wavered, and he hissed, "Hold still!"

I said, "I only hope you have as much control as I have. Even my heart quit beating a minute ago."

A small chuckle tickled my ear. "You're smart, big boy."

His hand picked up the coach pistol and withdrew slowly. I had thought at first that he might be somebody I knew, because whispering is almost a perfect disguise for a person's normal voice. After watching his gloved hand I wasn't sure. It looked thicker and clumsier than Stuart's long, thin fingers or Jake's chicken claws. And, anyway, I couldn't think of any reason why Stuart or Jake should be after the pistol again. But the guy might be someone who worked with Kit Hawley, because she hadn't had the pistol yet and she wanted it badly.

"Keep on sitting still," he whispered. "Where does the ceiling light turn on?"

"Over by the door."

He went to it and, between shrillings of the phone bell, I heard him flipping the switch. The light didn't go on. It never does when you flip it. Something is wrong with the spring and you have to hold the switch down for a couple of seconds before the spring will work. I told him about it. He held the switch down and the ceiling lights came on.

He walked back to his former position behind my chair, and said, "I'm going now. I'll be able to see everything in the room when I get outside. You try anything cute, and I'll let you have it."

"Don't worry about me," I said. "I feel too tired to budge."

I listened to him climbing out through the window. The phone was still whirring frantically. I waited. Arab would take longer to die of worry than I would take to die of bullets. After five minutes I picked up the phone.

"Andy, I was frightened terribly," she said, and I could hear her teeth chattering. "Tell me, darling, what was it?"

"I didn't know there was any fright left over for anybody else to have," I said bitterly.

"Andy, Andy, ANDY!" she shouted. "Are you going to tell me what happened?"

"Nothing much. Except that I could make a fortune if I installed a pay turnstile at our window with the broken lock."

"You mean a burglar? Another one? Oh, Andy, what did he want?"

"He wanted the *Spare Naught* pistol."

"Well?"

"What do you mean, well? He wanted the pistol. He got the pistol."

"Darling," she sighed, "you could show more energy."

"I use up all my energy just staying alive."

"I think," Arab said, "I will work just one day at Mr. Stuart's. I think I ought to be home to take care of things."

"Especially your burglars. They'll get tired of only seeing me and maybe stop coming around. Listen, take care of yourself tomorrow, will you?"

"I will. And . . . and can I bring you anything, Andy? I'd like to buy you something. Do you need a new dressing gown or shirts or anything?"

"Shirts."

"What kind of material? You don't have much choice in Army shirts."

"I'm an old-fashioned guy," I said. "I don't go for these modern Army fabrics. Just make mine chain mail."

NOTHING disturbed me during the night and I didn't wake up screaming even once. When I went downstairs in the morning there were no signs of more prowlers. After breakfast I took the car and drove to the bank for Jake's two hundred dollars. I didn't really want his information, and my checking account could now be tagged Missing in Action, but maybe the only way to get out of this mess was to find out the real score.

I returned to the house and walked into the living room. A pistol was lying on the table, and I didn't have to look for the silver plate let into the stock to know it was the *Spare Naught* job. At first I tried to ignore it. Then, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I got the fire tongs and lifted the weapon and dropped it into a drawer. There was only one thing about finding the pistol that made me happy: I was glad that they had waited until I was away before returning it.

Once during the afternoon Arab telephoned. She had slipped out from Stuart's shop to a near-by drugstore. Nothing exciting had happened to her, she hadn't learned anything interesting, and she would be home in time for Jake Snyder's evening visit. I didn't tell her that the pistol had been returned; she would just be unhappy and feel that people were leaving her out of things. After her call I went out and mowed the grass and did a little sickle and ax work around the place. The final effect wouldn't have made the corps of engineers offer me a majority, but at least people would now have to crawl to get to our windows unseen, instead of walking upright.

It rained briefly around eight o'clock, and because of the early darkness I had to switch on a few lights. I wanted to pull down the shades but it was too hot. Pale light shuddered across the sky, and far away you could hear thunder like the flapping of big sheets of tin. It got me, a little. When footsteps clattered up the steps and across the porch, I was out of my chair and flattened against the wall before the door opened. Arab burst in and saw me and made a squeaking noise and dove into my arms.

"I'm so glad to be back," she cried, "and it was terrible of me not to come home when you were hurt and I'm never going to stay away again."

I patted her and said, "What's the matter, Butch? You're trembling. You weren't followed here, were you?"

"I . . . I just started coming apart when I saw you. You looked so big and clean and nice. Not like that man Stuart."

"What's he been doing?"

"I didn't tell you last night because you would have worried. But he was awfully hard to handle and . . . and tonight he sent

(*Continued on page* 41)

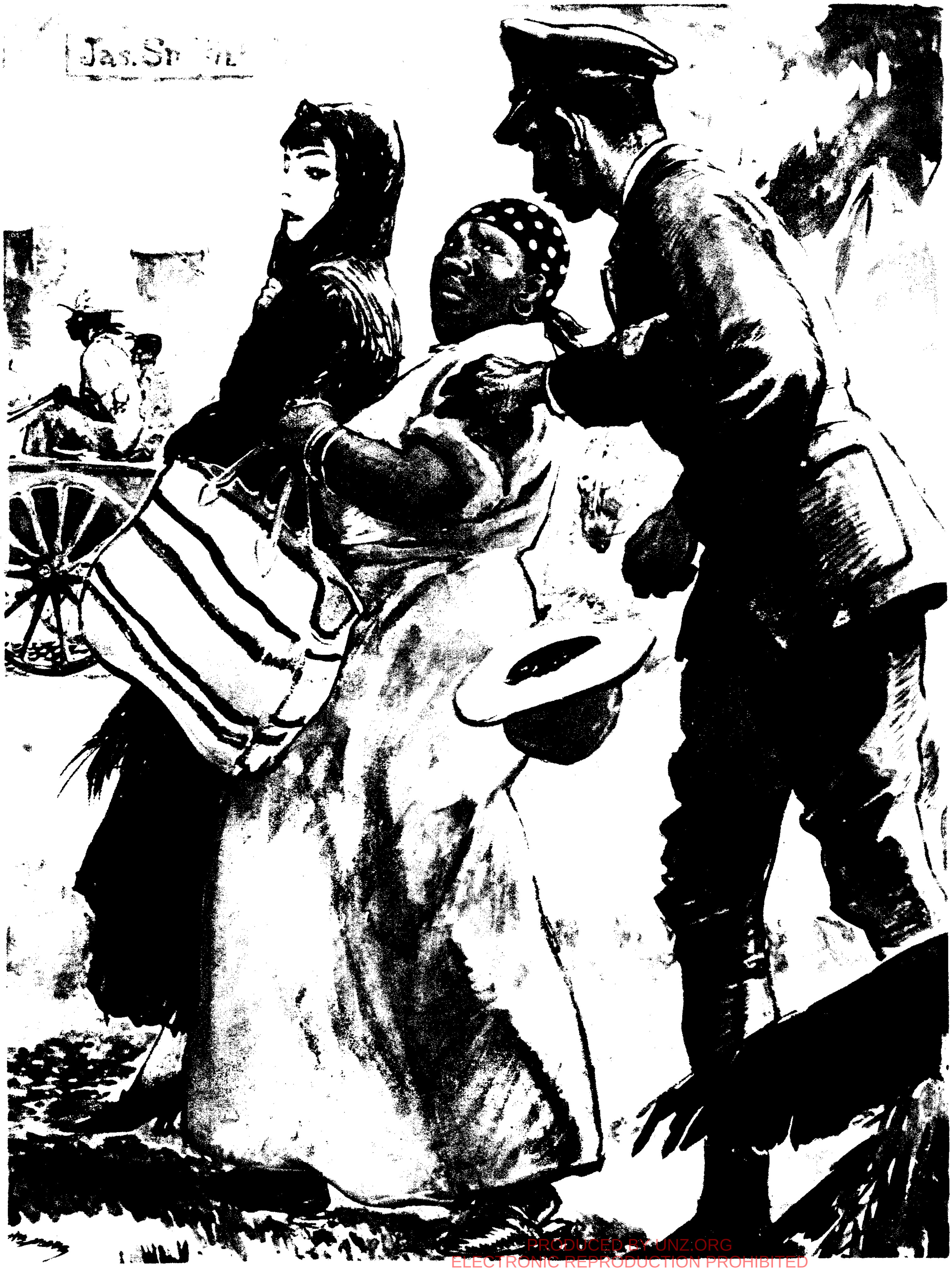
"Nobody's going to use my house as a bull's-eye," Arab said. "I'm going to see about it." I lunged after her but she twisted and ran out

THE BLUE ENVELOPE

BY ELIZABETH SANXAY HOLDING

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

George Nevill knew that hatred is one motive for murder, and that both Elena and Dulac lived only to hate. What surprised him was that kindness from an elderly woman should be the bait to trap the killer



"When this Dulac address my friend Mis' Sylvester I make a reproach, and he push me and he knock me hat off"

MRS. PERCY EFFINGHAM came to see George Nevill, deputy police commissioner of the island of San Fernago. She entered George Nevill's office with dignity, a stout coffee-colored woman in a starched dress down to her ankles and a bandanna on her head, on top of which sat a Panama hat.

"Mahning, Mr. Commissioner," she said. "I wish to complain a mon, sah."

"Good morning," said George, slim and neat as a cat in his white uniform, with his fair hair and his little yellow mustache. He was pleased to see Mrs. Effingham; he looked forward to hearing her complaint. He had a nostalgia for the good old days before the war, the' cases of robbery, assault . . . anything but the refugee cases, the papers he had to examine, the questions he had to ask of them.

"What man is it, Mrs. Effingham?" he asked.

"Name Dulac, sah."

"Mean Mrs. Jones' chauffeur?"

"That the mon, sah."

"Where did this take place?" George asked.

"In the market square, sah. This Dulac, he address my friend, and she turn she back on he, and then he grow bitter."

If it had been somebody else, George Nevill would have been inclined to dismiss the matter then and there. But Mrs. Effingham was not a woman to come with a frivolous complaint.

"What friend were you with?" he asked.

"A lady friend, sah, name Mis' Sylvester. When this Dulac address my friend again, I make a reproach, and he push me and he knock me hat off and use bod language."

"Well," said George, "if you have witnesses, we can charge Dulac. But in times like these . . . Suppose I give him a hint to mend his manners, instead of bringing the case into court?"

"Mr. Commissioner, sah," said Mrs. Effingham, "that mon a German spy."

"Oh, come now!" said George.

"I speak the truth, sah."

"In the first place, he's not a German. In the second place, he's been investigated and there's nothing against him. Have you facts—any grounds for what you say?"

"Just feel it to be the truth, sah."

There was seldom a day when George did not hear something like this. The inhabitants of the island accused the refugees of being spies; the refugees accused one another. People reported mysterious lights flashing on the shore; they overheard conversations they declared were plots; they brought letters they insisted were in codes.

"Well?" said George. "Do you want Dulac charged?"

"No, sah," said Mrs. Effingham. "Only wish to warn you, Mr. Commissioner."

"Well, we'll keep an eye on him," said George.

He let her go. He felt quite sure that she had something more than a "feeling" beneath her warning, but he was also sure that she had said all she intended to say.

"Jolly," he said to his favorite constable, "you might see if you can find a woman called Sylvester. Friend of Mrs. Effingham's."

"Know that lady, sah."

"Very good, then. Ask her to come in and see me, will you? And get out her dossier, if she has any."

SEVERAL hours later Constable Jolly approached the deputy commissioner.

"Got Mis' Sylvester here, sah," he said. "Here she dossier."

"Bring her in in five minutes," said George, and sat down to look through the papers.

Her name, he saw, was not Sylvester, but Sylvestre, Elena, widow, white, a French national, born in Spain, aged twenty-three, occupation dressmaker. She had come to San Fernago from Martinique six weeks ago and she had a permit to remain for three months. There were no remarks from the Immigration Department. This didn't tell him much, but all he wanted to know was why she had turned her back upon Dulac.

Constable Jolly opened the door and she came in. And George Nevill was astounded;

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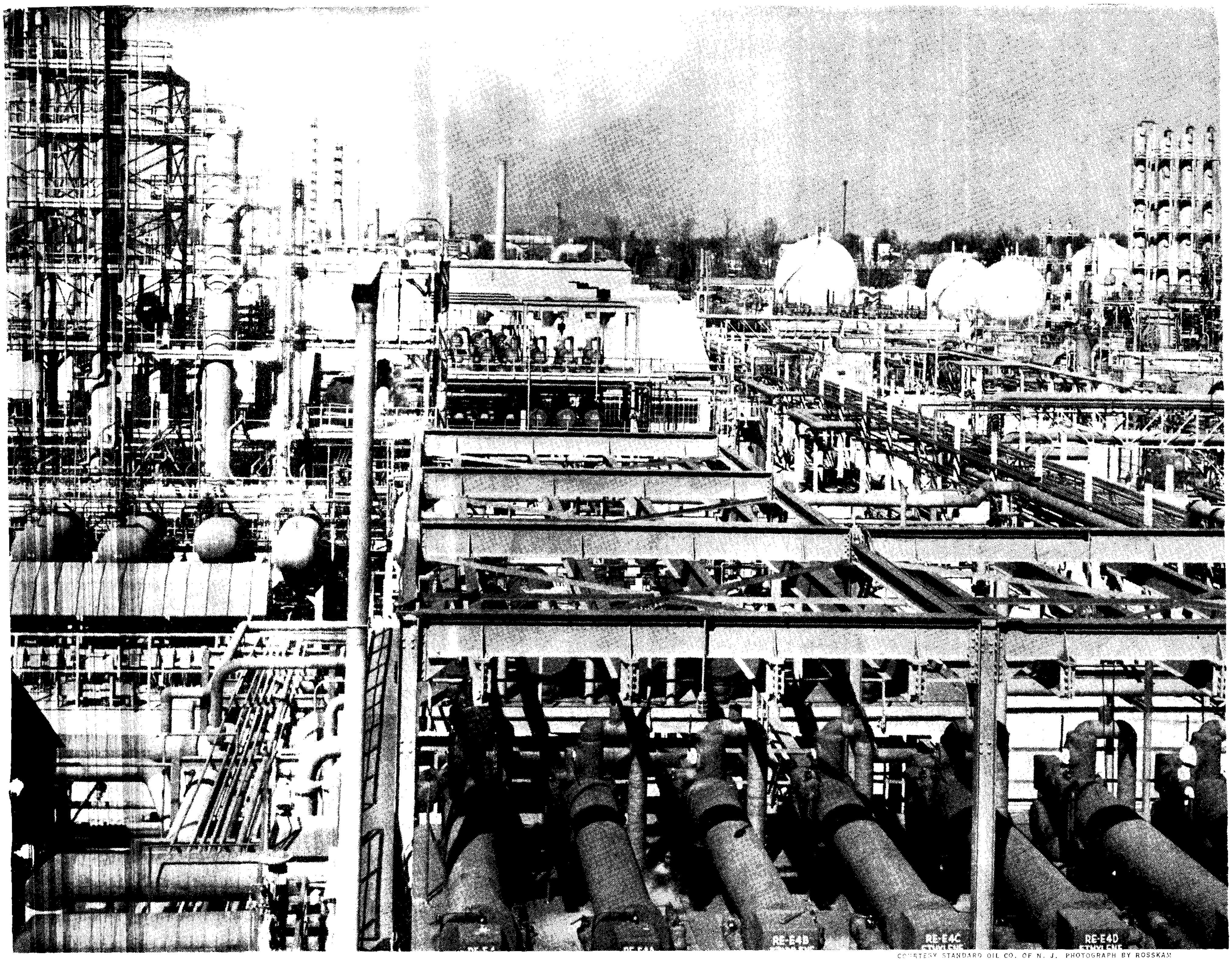

COURTESY STANDARD OIL CO. OF N. J. PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSSKAM

This plant, employing [illegible] to make 90,000 tons of synthetic rubber a year. To produce as much natural rubber would require 100,000 workers

The Battle of SYNTHETICS

BY WILLIAMS HAYNES

In the unending war between natural and synthetic products, the latter always win. Unless our postwar planners realize this, many of their pet applecarts will be upset

RESEARCH men are building a new world where no old rules hold. We are in for trouble, unless our postwar planners wake up to this fact. These planners foresee a new internationalism founded on an enormous exchange of goods in a free and open market. The idea is plausible, but there is a glaring flaw to it.

Much of this thinking is based on prewar facts. It presupposes that we shall want and need all the natural products that were formerly great articles of commerce. In cold fact, we don't want many of these products—and shall never want them again. And to assume that we do will be a fatal blunder in our new international thinking.

Take the case of rubber. Millions of people in the Far East depend on natural rubber for a livelihood. Here at home we have built a synthetic industry. One plant produces 90,000 tons of synthetic rubber a year, employing 1,500 men. To produce a similar tonnage of natural rubber in Malaya would require 100,000 workers! Are we to scrap this plant to make jobs in Java, Sumatra and Malaya? Not likely!

In the battle of land vs. laboratory, the laboratory always wins. Take a classic example—the story of natural vs. synthetic indigo.

It took Adolf von Baeyer twenty-two years to reproduce in the laboratory the blue coloring substance of the indigo plant. When synthetic indigo appeared in 1897, a million and a half acres were devoted to growing indigo plants in India alone; the crop was worth $42,000,000. Within fifteen years, natural indigo had all but vanished, but the world's textile industries were using, not 7,000,000 pounds of natural dye as before, but 18,000,000 pounds of the coal-tar product, paying for it not at the old natural price, $100,000,000, but at the new chemical price—only $25,000,000, more than double the dye for a quarter the price. These figures are all in terms and price of indigotine, the essential coloring principle of indigo, which is the only true basis of comparison.

Ever since the chubby Count de Chardonnet made the first artificial silk, and that rawboned Albany printer, John Hyatt, concocted the first imitation ivory, chemists have been perfecting this technique of making new synthetic products to replace natural materials—then making them better and cheaper. Their man-made products are actually new materials, with specific properties better for particular uses than any natural material. Given only a toe hold in the market, they win because they represent progress.

Natural vanilla's losing battle with vanillin gives us a clearer understanding of the intercommodity rivalries that will upset world trade tomorrow.

In 1875, De Laire in France and Tiemann in Germany patented, within a few weeks, two different processes for the chemical preparation of vanillin. The new synthetic was offered for sale at $80 a pound. With vanilla beans selling at $2.50 a pound, that seemed ridiculous. But it takes 175 pounds of grade-A beans to produce a single pound of vanillin, the active flavoring principle. In other words, a pound of natural vanillin in beans costs normally about $450. Its chemical duplicate, synthetic vanillin at $80 was, after all, a pretty good buy.

In the following half century, the price of vanillin was gradually reduced from $80 to $8; and has since dropped to $2. The beans have kept a place in the housewife's extract bottle; vanillin has captured the vastly greater industrial markets.

One of the nastiest headaches of any manufacturer is caused by sharp fluctuations in the cost of his raw materials. They upset his plans and raise havoc with profits. Production of chemical materials is not varied by heat or frost, flood or drought, plagues of insects or blights of disease. They are less disturbed by man-made wars and revolutions, shipping pools or currency juggling, by speculative buying or corners of available stocks. And never forget that the trend of chemical prices is inevitably downward. As far back as authentic American records exist, the

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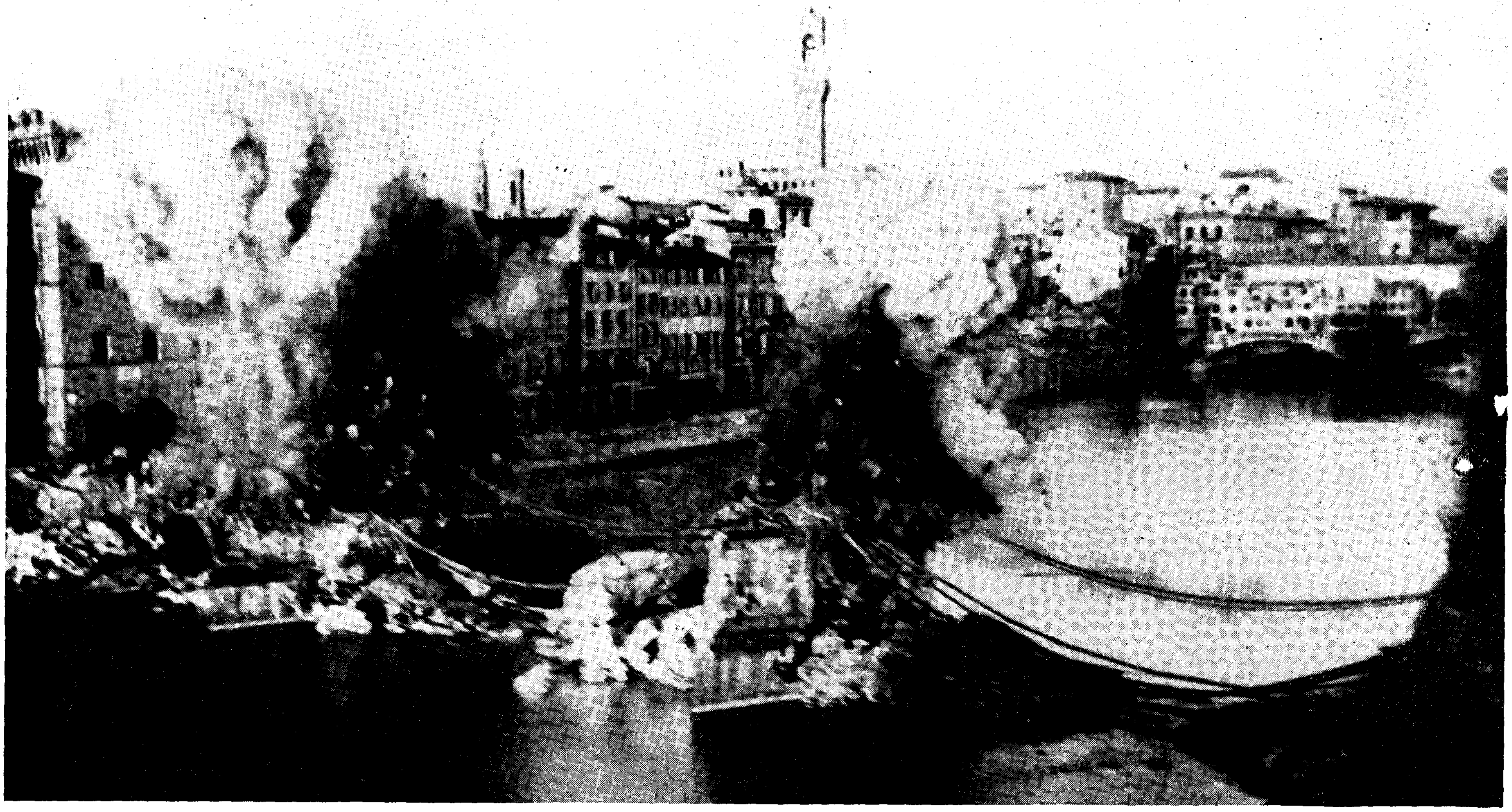


U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS—INTERNATIONAL

The Nazis destroyed the famous old Santa Trinitá bridge in Florence to protect their flight northward, and here Eighth Army engineers complete the job to make way for the military span which took its place across the Arno River

TREASURE CITY

THE FIGHT TO SAVE FLORENCE

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

RADIOED FROM ITALY

The Germans blew up some of the world's most cherished buildings, but the people, the Partisans and the valiant Eighth Army combined in the struggle to save ancient treasures of the city

WE WALKED across the Ponte Vecchio in the morning. Before the war you walked across the Ponte Vecchio and wished you had enough money to buy any of the enchanting pieces of jewelry you saw in the old shops that lined the bridge. Or you walked across the beautiful Ponte Santa Trinitá to the west or the equally handsome Ponte Alle Grazie to the east, and you were not troubled with covetousness because there were no jewelry shops there.

From either of them you had the finest and most renowned view of Florence: the three rare and great bridges and the city curving back from the green water of the Arno, and the old thirteenth-century houses growing up like some water plants along each side of the river. Now there is a bailey bridge where there used to be the Ponte Santa Trinitá, and there are jagged stumps in the river where once the Ponte Alle Grazie stood. The Ponte Vecchio is reached by climbing over a mountainous track of rubble, and is crossed with an eye to the white tapes that mark off uncleared mines. And over it there floats the too well known sweet, thick smell of the dead.

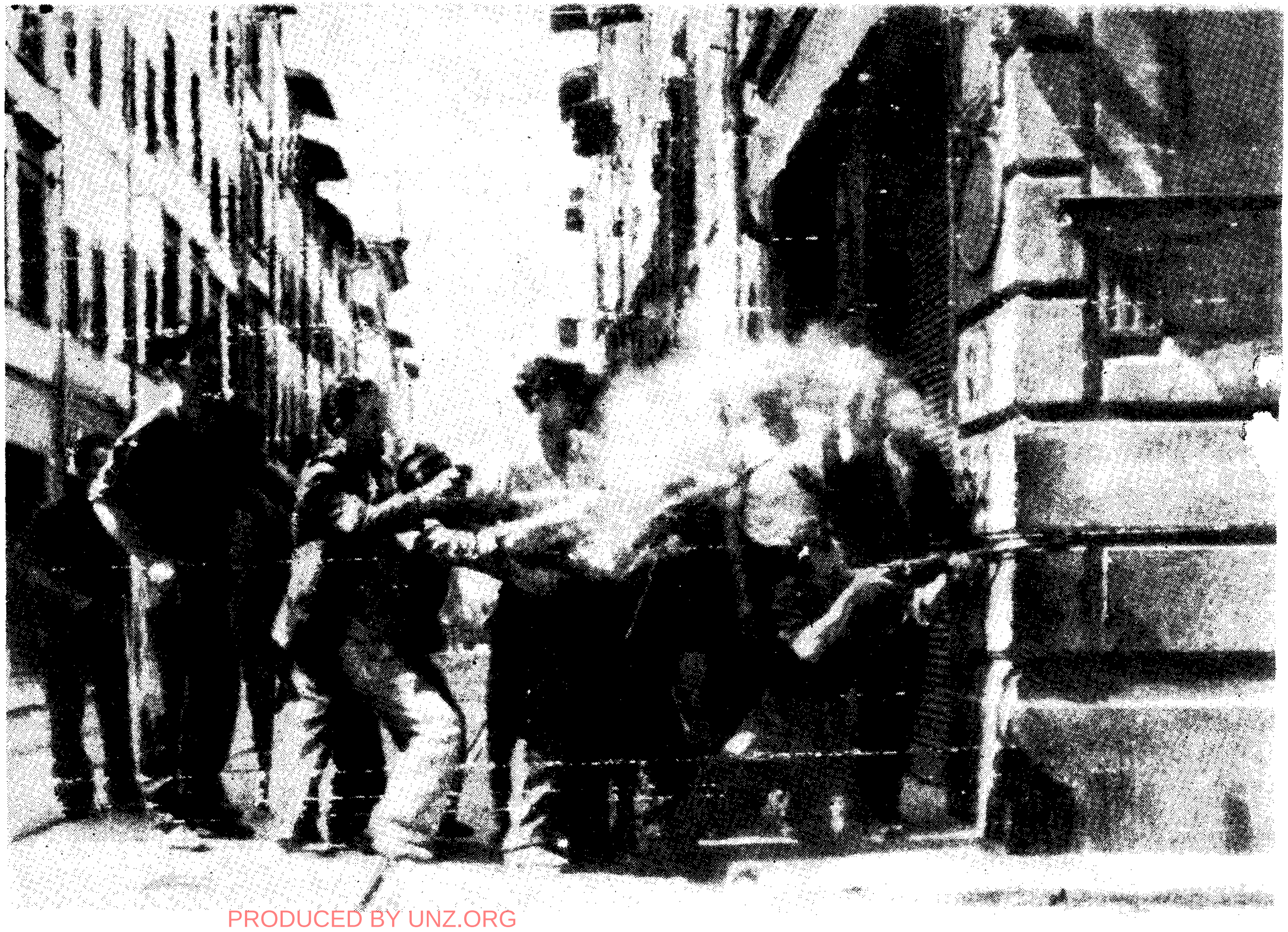
The Germans dynamited the two bridges to either side, spared the Ponte Vecchio more or less, but blew up all the houses on both shores of the Arno to block the approaches. Thus in one area and with one pull of a lever, the Germans destroyed a third of the medieval structures of Florence and spoiled forever one of the oldest and greatest beauties of the world.

Once you have crossed the Ponte Vecchio you turn right for the Uffizi Gallery. The paintings were removed before war came to Florence. Now in the inner courtyard of the Uffizi, where formerly people milled around with guidebooks, people mill around with empty bottles and buckets, collecting water from huge canvas vats. All water has to be carried to distribution points in the city by truck and then carried home by hand. The

(*Continued on page* 30)

As South African troops of the Eighth Army fought their way into Florence they came upon scenes like this: Civilian anti-Fascists shooting it out with both Nazi and Fascist snipers. As in Naples, most of them were fanatical youths

RADIOPHOTO—PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



Precipice IN THE SKY

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

When the test pilots first power-dived the Army's hot fighters, they plunged into the air's unknown, where weird dynamic forces and new laws of physics took over the controls. Some of them bored holes in the ground at 600 miles an hour. Others lived to conquer the mystery, so it could not kill the combat pilots

ERIK MILLER—FROM LOCKHEED

Hinged to the bottom of a P-38's wing is the simple little gadget that licked the menace of compressibility. Milo Burcham, test pilot, demonstrates it to C. L. Johnson, Lockheed's chief research engineer, who helped develop it

THERE was a young Army pilot in Florida last winter who didn't believe the warning on his instrument panel and half-rolled his P-47 into a dive from 35,000 feet at 400 miles an hour. In no time at all his stick was clamped in an immovable vise, and all his strength couldn't horse it back a split inch. But he could move his elevator tabs—those hinged surfaces on the tail that are used to keep the plane on an even keel—so he wound them up as far as they would go. This had no immediate effect because, by then, he had gone over the edge of the invisible precipice into aviation's latest unknown—that area where totally new laws of physics rule, and often kill. At that moment the boy's life wasn't worth a cracked spark plug. But a few seconds later, when he reached ten thousand feet, the trim tabs started to take hold.

The rest of the story is best told from the ground. Startled witnesses heard a roar like a thousand express trains, and a Thunderbolt came hurtling down through the overcast. At three or four thousand feet it turned around, shot straight up into the clouds again and disappeared.

The watchers ordered the "meat wagon" and waited for the sickening crash. None came. Instead, the P-47 landed with its ailerons bent and torn, its engine cowling buckled, and other marks of its violent passage through air. Colonel Mark Bradley, of the Army Air Forces experimental base at Wright Field, flew down to look over the damage. The pilot reported he had heard ungodly noises during his descent and had seen a weird, white swirling mist. He had thought of jumping and had opened the canopy . . .

"But when I heard that roar," he said, "I wouldn't have stuck my little finger out."

"What you saw," said Colonel Bradley, poker-faced, "was the angels' wings, and that roaring you heard was their harps."

Colonel Bradley is not a man given to exaggeration; his vivid sentence mirrored the intense respect that airmen who know it best have for that area beyond the invisible precipice which they call the zone of compressibility.

When the new high-speed aircraft were first made, this unknown factor threatened every one of them, including the P-47 and the P-38. It killed a number of their pilots, and for a time it looked as though the planes might be too dangerous to fly. But they had to be flown because Allied victory needed their speed and power. Compressibility had to be licked. For all practical purposes it was licked. The Lightnings, the Thunderbolts and the [illegible] fighters are [illegible] because [illegible] battle of the air which was fought out [illegible] the scenes by research-minded [illegible] and flying engineers [illegible] deliberately [illegible] their necks out into the unknown.

One of them was Colonel Ben Kelsey of the AAF Materiel Command, who did a lot of the work of getting the original P-38 out of the woods—for which he received an Army medal. Another was Lieutenant Colonel Cass Hough, who made a five-mile vertical dive from 40,000 feet—"the longest terminal velocity dive in aviation history," according to his Distinguished Flying Cross citation—at a time when this was considered a fancy approach to suicide. Others were civilian test pilots and engineers. By flying faster at high altitudes than anyone had ever flown before, these pilots tangled with forces never before experienced by man.

For four years the biggest story in aviation, compressibility is now out of its military-secrecy stage and can be told. It is all part of what happens when you approach the speed of sound in an airplane. The first pilots who power-dived into it flew into a nightmare in which previously well-behaved aircraft forgot how to fly, and the great-granddaddy of all the gremlins took charge. They would be flying, say, at 30,000 feet, would make a shallow dive, and would be all right. But next time they would start the same thing a little higher or a little faster, and it happened—they were screaming earthward with controls frozen. They could not pull out. Some did, at the last second, but there were others who bored a hole in the ground at 600 miles an hour.

The first man to get into it was Colonel Signa A. Gilkey, then chief of the Flight Test Section at Wright Field. It was the fall of 1940, and he was flying one of the first three Lightnings to be ordered by the Army. He was starting a test dive when he felt the first warning symptoms: The plane began to pitch and lunge downward as though it were trying to throw itself into the ground. He had no idea what it was, but he eased out of there in a hurry. He had been just on the edge.

The difficulty is that air is a compressible or elastic medium. At ordinary speeds, the body slides through it the way a ship does through water, but at sonic speeds it pushes up into a wave in front of the airplane because the molecules can't get out of the way fast enough. This shock wave spoils the lifting character of air atop the wing and increases the suction underneath it. It takes the very things that make a plane fly and reverses their functions so that they literally hurl the plane toward the earth.

As it plummets downward, there is a violent beating and buffeting of wings and tail, because, as Colonel Ben Kelsey said, "If compressibility in any magnitude occurs up forward, the tail has to wade through air that looks like the rapids at Niagara Falls." The sea-level speed of sound is around 760 miles per hour, but in the cold air of 35,000 feet, it is only 660 m.p.h.; therefore, the higher you go, the sooner trouble comes.

The second man to encounter it was Ralph Virden, Lockheed's chief test pilot. It killed him. The third was Milo Burcham, now chief engineering test pilot, who says, "It scared hell out of me." But he and Tony Levier, another company test pilot, plugged on in their search for a solution.

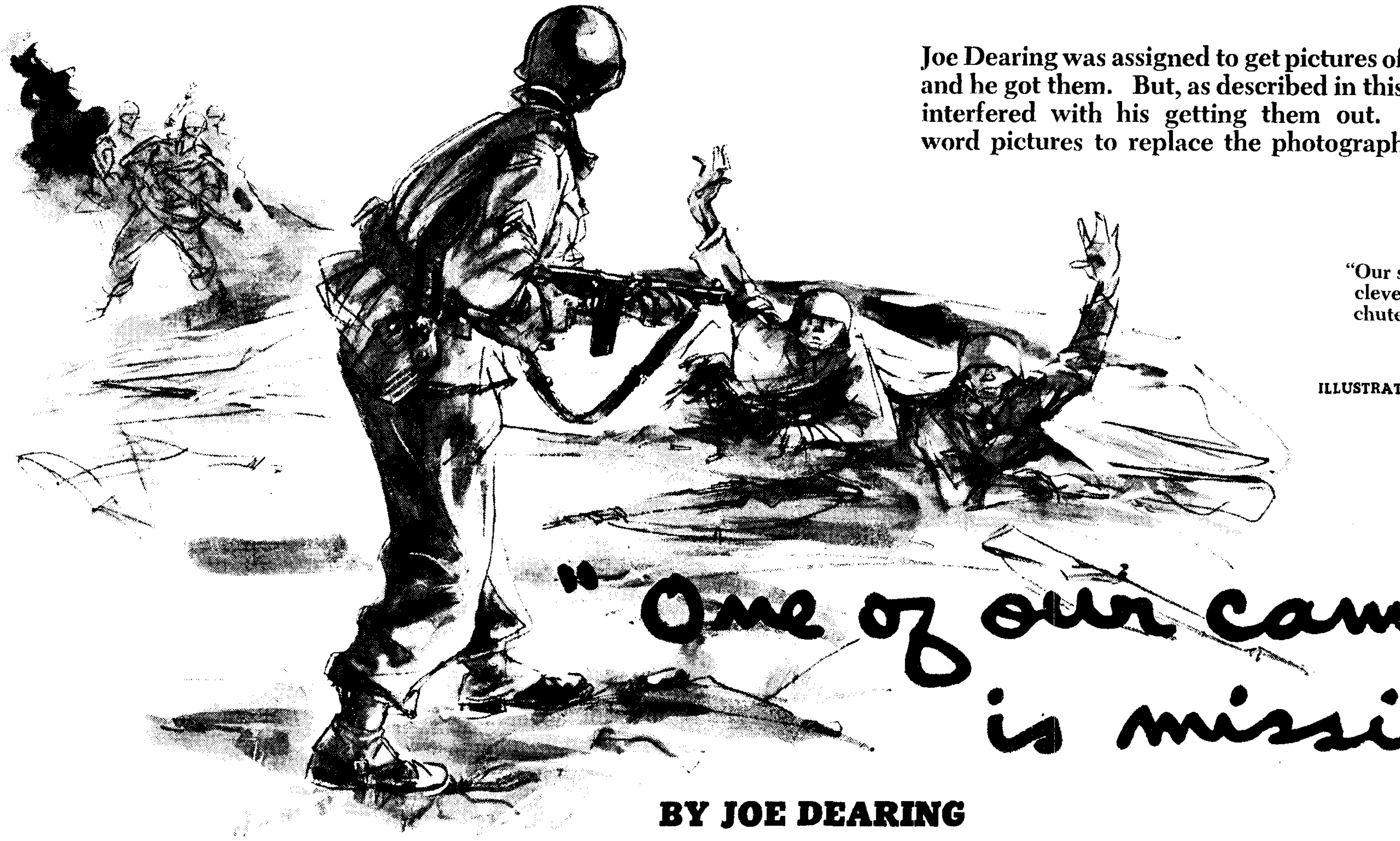
Virden had been diving on the edge of it, trying to find the answers, and in his last dive, he reached such uncontrollable speed that the buffeting shook the twin tails off. Calm, cool engineers, after studying the tests reported that It—whatever it was—took hold of the Lightning and shook it as a terrier shakes a rat. If this was a bug, it was the biggest and deadliest ever encountered.

Meanwhile, the P-47 was running into the same kind of experience. At Bridgeport, Connecticut, in the fall of 1942, some of the new Thunderbolt squadrons were going through their final training. Lieutenants Roger Dyer and Harold Comstock were up one day, just playing around, and at 35,000 feet they decided to go downstairs the quick way. So they each did a half-roll—into twin dives which all but burned off their ears. They were among the fortunate ones who came out of it. They asked, "What happened?"

Republic sent its chief test pilot, Joe Parker, over from Long Island to talk to them, but about the best he could say was, "We're working on it ourselves."

(Continued on page 76)

Joe Dearing was assigned to get pictures of the Battle of France, and he got them. But, as described in this article, the Germans interfered with his getting them out. So he cabled these word pictures to replace the photographs he could not send



"Our sergeant found the snipers cleverly hidden under a parachute. He routed them out"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"One of our cameras is missing"

BY JOE DEARING

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

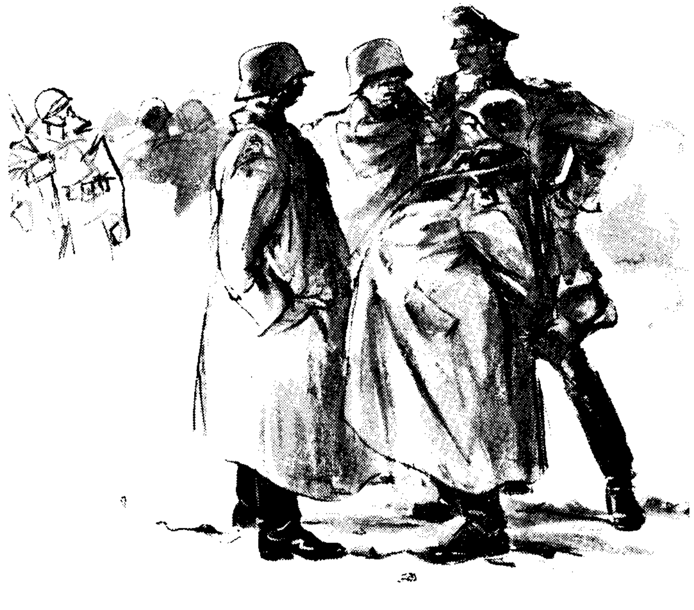
THERE was a good picture on the battlefield in Northern France and I'm a photographer. Amidst the unbelievable chaos of wrecked equipment, dead Germans and Americans, smashed bodies, blood, gunfire and the huge boom of shells and bombs, there was a stockade of tangled German barbed wire which had been made to hold the Nazi prisoners who came in on foot and by truck.

This particular truck, loaded with officers, ground to a stop, and from it stepped a tall, striking woman with short black hair. She was wearing a white fur coat. A group of German officers solicitously helped her to the ground, and as she stepped down I could see she wore smart high-heeled shoes and sheer silk stockings. She exuded waves of a spicy perfume.

"What the hell!" muttered a Yank at the stockade gate as, head high, she strode regally past. "Are dames working this place already?"

"Naw," said a guard who had brought her to the beach. "They found her with them German officers. She's probably something important. One of our intelligentsia said he thought she was one of those high-class strumpets—whatever that is."

Hours later when the Nazi prisoners were being loaded onto landing craft for shipment to England, I saw her again. The prisoners had to wade out into about four feet of water to board the craft. The Nazi officers had lost all their solicitude for her. The only one who helped her was a G.I., who waded chest-deep beside her and held, high above the water, her white fur coat, her high-heeled shoes and those priceless stockings.



"The officers were neat, full of Prussian arrogance; they kept together in exclusive little circles"

INSIDE the stockade, there was a striking contrast between the enlisted men and the officers. The men were disheveled, dirty, dead weary, small, and either very young or very old. The officers were neat, ramrod-stiff, full of Prussian arrogance and they kept together in exclusive little circles.

One sputtering lieutenant stalked up to a group of his men and ordered them to build a shelter for him and the other officers. The weary soldiers started to comply, but a tall American MP stopped them. He turned to the lieutenant and drawled in a species of German, but in no uncertain terms, that if the officer wanted a shelter, he could build it himself. The soldiers grinned wryly. The lieutenant, white-faced and nearly popping with rage, stomped back to his unsheltered corner.

WHEN we got inland everyone warned us against snipers.

"They're everywhere—in trees, barns, in ditches and haystacks," announced a wounded private who was awaiting transportation to a field hospital. He pointed up the road with his good arm. "In case you want to look, the bodies of three gals are lying in the ditch just in front of that wrecked stone house back there. Some G.I.s are fixin' to bury them now."

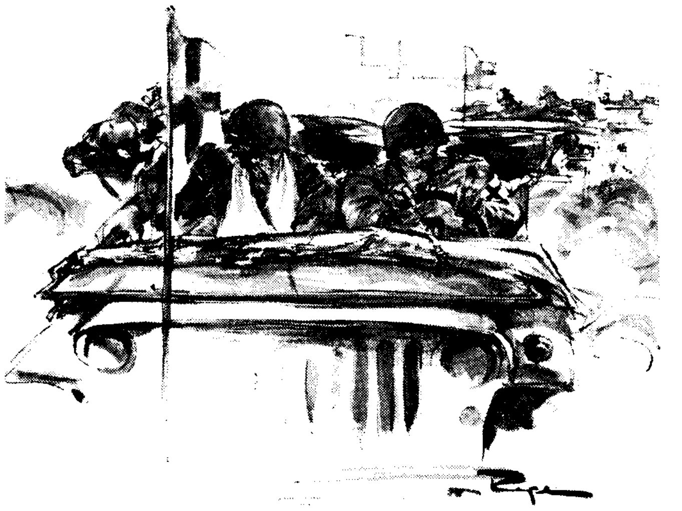
"What happened to them?" we asked.

"They were shootin' at us from a drainage ditch," the private said, "and we let 'em have it with mortar fire. The sixth shell got 'em all. But they kept pourin' lead right to the finish with their Jerry rifles. Nicked some of us, too. Got me here in the shoulder. Course we didn't know they were dames till we reached their bodies. Shocked some of the boys pretty bad. Don't look like Frenchies to me—more like Germans. One of 'em—the prettiest—has some kind of Nazi medal hangin' 'round her neck. Probably her boy friend's."

WE WERE getting within earshot of front-line fighting when we came to a pasture where mottled green combat parachutes were lying, barely distinguishable on the grass. A corporal who was toting a mortar base plate he had previously described as heavier than his fat aunt with thyroid trouble said, "These chutes make good scarfs. All the paratroopers' girl friends back in England have them. Say, we can—"

There was a sharp report from our rear, and the clanging sound of a bull's-eye in a shooting gallery. The corporal staggered forward, then fell back on his rump.

"Down!" someone yelled. But all of us had thrown ourselves to the grass and were hugging the moist, sweet stuff. Suddenly the corporal scrambled to his feet. He reeled in a drunken circle, then, fully regaining his senses, plunged forward on his belly. He unstrapped the mortar plate. Grinning broadly, he twisted his body slightly, and it slid from his back. With eyes closed in loving tenderness, he held it before his beaming face and kissed the dent a sniper's bullet had made. Our sergeant found the snipers cleverly hidden under one of the parachutes. He routed them out and turned them over to the MPs.



"He looked into the sky and replied, 'Yeah. The people back home are sure missing a lot'"

WE ENTERED the shambles immediately behind our forward positions. Knocked-out tanks lay dead where they had been hit. Holed and charred trucks, their loads unsalvaged, studded the roads and lanes. Even dead birds and jack rabbits were seen. Slit trenches scarred the earth. Farmhouses and barns where enemy snipers had held out lay in smoking ruins. Telephone and telegraph wires hung in tangled festoons from splintered poles and leafless trees.

You felt an atmosphere of tension, quiet speed and wariness. Men either hurried about their grim chores or rested. Most of these Yanks were seeing action for the first time, but they kept to cover and rested whenever possible. Here, tightly fitted into a shell hole, were four hefty boys, their bodies turned and bent, as alike as gingerbread men in a baking pan. They slept the sleep of complete relaxation.

(Continued on page 54)

Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

De Soto

Designed to Endure

YOUR family car is a patient Dobbin. Sits in the rain or fries in the sun, waiting to take you from one job to the next. An occasional check-up from your De Soto dealer keeps it in fighting trim. Meanwhile, out in Detroit, the De Soto factory bulges with guns, bomber sections, aircraft parts, nothing but war goods for our fighting men. The De Soto cars on the road today will hold the fort until that day comes when we make cars again. They have a war job, too. It's good they're designed to endure.

DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in on Major Bowes, every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

The 554,000-mile battle line

There's not a machine gun nest the length of it. Yet should this battle line break, our war would be lost.

The battle line is the 554,000 miles of highway in the United States. On them are carried the raw materials and finished products for war, the workers who produce them.

Every car, every truck, every bus on our highways is a part of America's armament. *Your* car is more important than you think. Should it fail, greater strain would be piled on already overcrowded buses. Add only comparatively few more cases like that, and trouble would loom.

Then, with buses and trucks wearing into uselessness faster than they can be replaced, a black end is in sight—the total breakdown of our transportation system.

This is another vital battle in which the petroleum industry is fighting. These vehicles are, in great measure, the responsibility of the industry—for fuel, for lubricants, for much of the constant care needed to keep them in action. Tide Water Associated, together with the other oil companies of the country, is providing them with every possible aid to conserve every possible mile of service left in them.

Normally, of course, that's our business. But now the familiar home-town service stations of *all* these companies have become *battle* stations. Primarily, their business today is Victory.

And their greatest profit will be . . . peace.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS
TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED
GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK—DON'T WASTE A DROP

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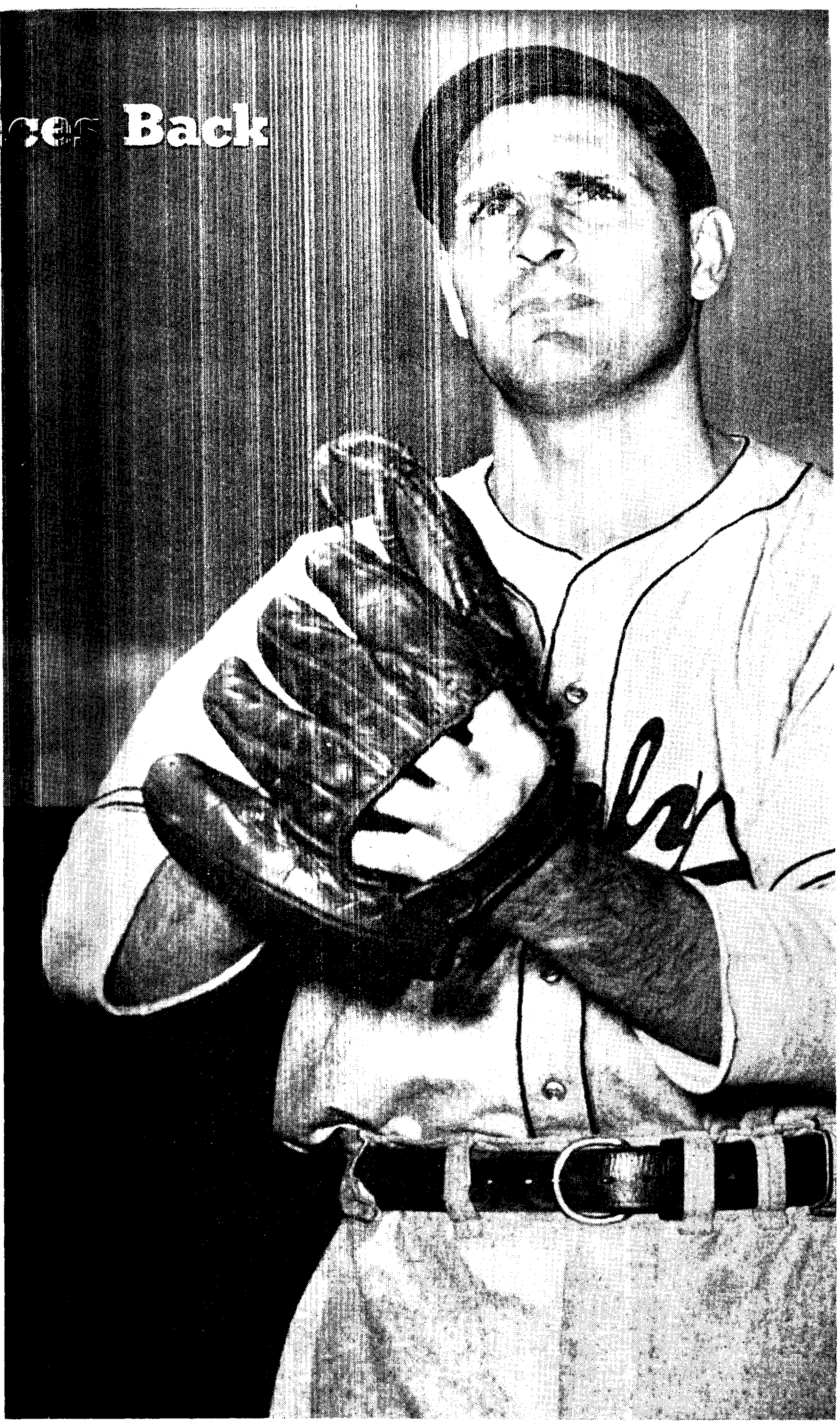
MOTOR OIL

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Bad Boy Bounces Back

BY ARTHUR MANN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



Ben Chapman, who never dodged a fight, believes that circumstances ganged up on him in the past. Now he's back in the big leagues as a newly discovered pitcher, but he's keeping his fingers crossed—just for luck

AS a member of the Boston Red Sox, he was accused of being chronically unmanageable. From Chicago came stories that he couldn't get along with Jimmy Dykes. He was released by Washington because Clark Griffith "couldn't afford" to pay his $13,000 salary, and on top of that came rumors that he was going blind. In Cleveland he was called head rebel in the celebrated "Cry Baby" protest against the voluble manager, Oscar Vitt. As a New York Yankee, the newspapers called him a clubhouse lawyer, and the headline castigation, "Hitler Chapman, Jew Hater," aroused 15,000 indignant petition signers into handing an ultimatum to the Stadium management: Get rid of Ben Chapman, or suffer a racial boycott of Yankee ball games.

Despite all this, plus being barred from organized baseball during 1943 for punching a minor-league umpire, Chapman is back in the majors, and with a new-found pitching skill added to his all-around ability. Five big-league clubs recently fought to purchase his contract from Richmond, Va., where he had won 16 and lost 6 by early August. Ironically enough, one of the highest bids came from the New York Yankees, who regarded Chapman's Class B pitching as better than anything being performed in their farm-club system.

Sold to Brooklyn for $25,000 and two young pitchers, Chapman pitched a ball game at Ebbets Field the next night after joining the "Bums," and scored a signal victory over the Boston Braves.

He not only held them in check until the game was on ice, but practically frosted it himself with two hits—one a double—scored three runs and batted in three more to account for six of the Dodgers' nine.

A large turnout of Dodger loyalists will never forget this debut, yet it was almost ruined the day before when he was warming up for the first time. An iron-throated Brooklynite stood behind first base and shouted:

"Hey, Durocher! Here's the guy that's gonna take your job!"

A New Curb on the Old Temper

Ben's face reddened with the old anger and he started toward the stands to comb the spectator. But something halted him, perhaps a memory of the Yankee Stadium, because it was chasing a name caller that precipitated the boycott business. Ben was in his terrific twenties then. Today he's halfway through his thirties, with a thriving bowling alley in Montgomery, Ala., and two growing sons. He's a member of the Kiwanis, Knights Templars, Masons (32d Degree), and the First Baptist Church, and he is general athletic coach at Starke Military Academy.

Responsibilities or logic may have bridled his temper, but he insists that his enthusiasm and spirit are the same.

"I couldn't play baseball anyway, except by fighting for every inch," he says. "If I had it all to do over again, I'd do and say the same things, because the same set of circumstances couldn't possibly gang up on me again."

Such as the locker-room incident at the Yankee Stadium that labeled him clubhouse lawyer (troublemaker), and caustic critic of the immortal Babe Ruth. It cropped up in 1934 when a New York sports writer decided to poll the Yankee players on the idea of Ruth benching himself for the good of the team, thus sparing Joe McCarthy the odious task of ending the great career.

But before the writer could publish the poll of opinions, Ruth heard of it, hit the ceiling and called a meeting in the clubhouse.

"Now!" boomed the Babe as he faced his teammates. "You birds who popped off to a writer about me: Say it to my face."

The great man glared at the twenty-five Yankees, but none chose to repeat what he had said.

"What's the matter?" Babe taunted. "Can't you say to my face what you said to the press?"

Chapman stirred uneasily, amazed that so many big shots could duck such a challenge. With his guard high, he stepped forward and spoke:

"I'll tell you what *I* said, Babe. I said that if I was as old as you and had the money you've got, I wouldn't risk my health and my future by playing ball every day. I'd quit. That's what I said."

Ben ducked as Ruth raised his big hand, but instead of a wallop to the jaw, there was a resounding whack on the back.

"Okay, Chappie," the Babe exclaimed. "But the rest of you so-and-sos haven't got the guts you were born with!"

Thereafter Chapman's notoriety as a "troublemaker" and severe critic of Babe Ruth was publicized as a Yankee legend.

The "chronic recalcitrance" in Boston sprang from a flash of protest against Joe Cronin's system of directing hitting from the bench, for Ben was hitting .340 at the time. The score was 2-2 and he had driven in both Boston runs. He stood at the plate with the winning run on second and saw Herb Pennock, third-base coach, flash a "take" sign on a three-and-one pitch. Instead of taking, Chapman swung and popped up. Back on the bench Cronin asked if he had seen the sign. Baseball is so loaded with alibi artists that Chapman could have said anything, but he chose to admit that he had seen the sign correctly.

"Why did you swing, then?" Cronin asked.

"Because I'm sick and tired of taking those three-and-one cripples!" Ben exclaimed.

Cronin handed him a ten-day suspension, and traded him to Cleveland during the winter. His first year with the Indians was inexplicably quiet, but the following season, 1940, brought the fireworks.

"I was sitting in the Pullman car," Ben recalls, "playing some poker when Bob Feller came along and said some fellows wanted me to serve on a committee. I asked what committee, and Feller said to go see Mr. Bradley. About what, I asked, and Feller said about Vitt. If it's to get Vitt's job, I said, count me out. No, Feller says, it's not to get his job. It's to make Vitt shut up. Well, I said, if that's

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The Watch that was Expendable*

WEARING this Longines watch, an R. C. A. F. pilot bailed out of his plane into the Bay of Biscay Rescue came three days later—in the nick of time for the pilot, but too late for the watch Salt water had stopped it. ¶ He sent the watch to his father with a letter reading, "Please buy another Longines navigational watch for me You might tell them that it was the finest watch in the squadron and ran perfectly until this mishap. During one period, my watch kept so much better time than any other timepiece in the squadron that it was used as the official chronometer." ¶ We are proud that so many Longines watches are serving with all branches of the Allied Forces all over the world Though they are "expendables," and many are destroyed in hard service, they do their duty to the end In war, as in peace, they serve well.

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines
WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

all you want—to shut Vitt up—tell the fellows I'll go along with 'em."

There followed the celebrated Cry Baby protest, wherein a group of players—Chapman, Feller, Johnny Allen, Hal Trosky, Jeff Heath and others—asked Alva Bradley, who operated the Indians for Cleveland banking-newspaper-radio interests, to place an official gag on the vocally effervescent Vitt. The one newspaper let in on the story thereupon ran the headline:

"Allen and Chapman Lead Rebels!"

It so happened that Vitt and Chapman were the best of friends and remained so, even after the close of the season when Vitt, knowing Chapman would be traded in the winter, offered to recommend him for a managing job in the Pacific Coast League. Ben declined, because his $15,000 with the Indians meant no less than $13,000 with the new club, which turned out to be Washington.

Within a month after the season started, Clark Griffith called Chapman to his office and pleaded poverty. Ben asked for his release, got it, and "sold" himself to Jimmy Dykes for $2,500 and a salary sufficient to aggregate $13,000 for the year. But out of Washington came the stories that Ben was going blind.

When Dykes discussed contract at the close of the season, Chapman confessed his plan to go into the minor leagues and train himself to be a manager. Dykes not only liked the idea, but offered to recommend him for a job in the International League. Again Ben declined, preferring a less lofty post, which he took shortly after at Richmond, Va., under the astute Eddie Mooers.

Chapman was an infielder when he came up with the Yankees in 1930 and his shift to the outfield came, as you may suppose, in spectacular fashion. It happened in Boston during 1931, Joe McCarthy's first year with the Yankees, and they were deadlocked, 1–1, in the ninth with one out and Red Sox on first and third. With an alternative of playing the infield in for the cutoff, or deep for the double play, McCarthy placed his men midway to do either.

As Funny as Casey at the Bat

The hitter lashed a grounder at Chapman. He came up with it nicely and conceived the idea of a double play by tagging Muddy Ruel, the first-base runner, and then doubling the hitter. So Ruel went "into the jug" for a run-down, and he laughed as Chapman and Gehrig played catch over his shuttling figure. He laughed because the fans were leaving the park. The winning run had scored while Ben and Gehrig continued to run down Ruel.

After the ball game, McCarthy thumped a finger into Chapman's chest and said, "Ben, that's the lousiest play I ever saw, and from now on you're an outfielder!"

And so Ben made himself an infielder again when he opened the 1942 season as manager of the Richmond Colts. He played third base, too, and all was serene until the club ran into a flock of double-headers—five in six days. Another manager would have brought out the horsewhip for his pitchers, but Ben had an idea that his own scatter-arm could beat these Class B hitters.

He pitched the first game and won it. He rested the next day, played third base the third day, played third base the fourth day and also saved the game by relief pitching, played third base the fifth day, and pitched the sixth and final day, winning his second game. Here destiny seemed to step in and declare him a pitcher. He not only took his regular turn on the mound, but played third base between games and kept in shape by pitching batting practice. Once in a tight ninth-inning spot, he left third base, sent the pitcher to the outfield, and called the outfielder (Olmo, now of Brooklyn), in to play third. Then Ben fanned the batter on a three-and-two pitch. Instead of finishing the game, he called the pitcher in from the outfield, sent Olmo back, and took up his own post at third. In no time he was a hero with Richmond fans.

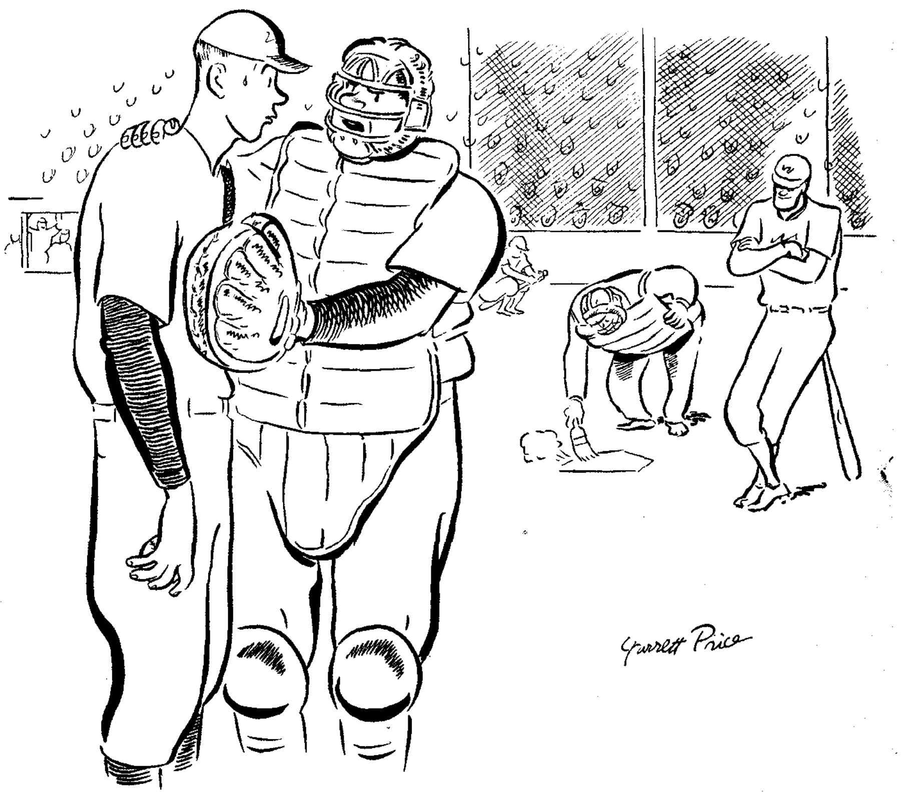
Chapman appeared in 118 of his team's 134 ball games that season, sixteen times as a pitcher. He won six and lost three, had an earned run average of 1.71, and chalked up 56 strike-outs against 34 passes. The Colts made the play-offs, and met Portsmouth, managed by Tony Lazzeri. And what did Chappie do to his old Yankee teammate but pitch a two-hit shutout in the third game of the series. Richmond took a 14-inning thriller before moving to Portsmouth with a 3–1 lead in games to complete the play-offs. There had been only one brush with umpires, a verbal affair that had died down quickly.

But in the fourth inning of the seventh and final game, Chapman protested a decision and the umpire, I. H. Case, gave him the heave-o. Ben argued that there was no cause for a throwout, and besides he was third baseman, manager and expected to pitch.

"It's not for what happened here," the umpire confided. "It's for what you said over in Richmond!"

With that Chapman's top blew. He challenged the umpire to repeat the statement and promised to wallop him if he did. The umpire, buttressed by a capacity anti-Richmond crowd, repeated the statement and Chapman started swinging, and not in vain. Tony Lazzeri timed his interference after the fifth wallop, but Chapman struggled to complete the job.

"Are you crazy?" Lazzeri shouted. "This'll cost plenty."



"What the hell! It's just another World's Series game. Get in there and pitch!"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

"Lemme loose," Chapman muttered. "I'm out of baseball anyway. Lemme at that plate umpire. He's comin' in to swing that mask."

Ben tore loose and dashed for the plate umpire who reversed himself and hurdled the fence in safety. The fracas drew a $100 fine and a 30-day suspension from the league president, but when Judge Bramham, minor-league commissioner, received Chapman's frank acknowledgment of threatening to hit an umpire and then carrying out the threat, disbarment from baseball for at least a year was mandatory.

A Tribute from the Judge

"I'm very sorry this happened," Bramham wrote to Chapman, "but I must say you are the first ballplayer who ever told me the truth in a case like this."

Ben insists that he played the same kind of baseball this year at Richmond, but that the circumstances failed to gang up on him. The fans rallied to his cause and set new attendance records for Richmond. They organized a Ben Chapman day and presented him with $400 in cash, along with a beautiful automobile and no gas coupons.

It was in early July that the big leagues began clamoring for his pitching services. Luke Sewell was the first, but cooled when Chapman's draft board put him in the limited service group, subject to call. Connie Mack then entered the bidding with an offer of $8,000. Herb Pennock, head of the Phillies, joined the parade. Then George Weiss, head of the Yankee farm clubs, journeyed southward personally with an offer of $20,000. This was being considered when Branch Rickey appeared on the scene.

But 25 Strike-Outs Isn't Hay

The Brooklyn boss watched Chapman pitch, and lose, two ball games, both by scores of 3–1, but he also saw Ben strike out thirteen batters in one game and twelve in the next. He offered $25,000 and two pitchers, Crocker and King.

"I selected Chapman as a pitcher and for no other reason," Rickey explained.

"Moreover, I would have bought him, regardless of the manpower situation. He is fast, as he must be to strike out more than a hundred and fifty batters by August first, and he is deceptive with excellent control.

"I had never met him before, and I'd heard conflicting stories about his so-called personality, but I do know that he went immediately to Durocher and volunteered to play the infield, the outfield, pinch-hit, run bases or coach—whatever would help the club most. Durocher was tremendously pleased, and so was I when Leo came to me with the news."

Being a playing manager, Chapman occupied the driver's seat in the deal, for a ruling last year in the celebrated "Ferrell case" decreed that no playing manager could be traded without his consent. Bramham so ruled, and declared a dissatisfied playing manager a free agent. Judge Landis upheld the ruling. But Chapman waived aside an opportunity to squeeze the situation dry.

"I'm back in the big leagues and I've had managing experience," Ben sighs. "I'm very lucky and I'm satisfied. All I ask is that they keep the foulmouthed fans out of the ball parks, because I can't help it if I've got rabbit ears. A player shouldn't be insulted when he misses a ball. One insulted me at the Yankee Stadium, and I insulted him right back. It was my tough luck that he was a brother-in-law of a Broadway columnist. So I was called a Jew hater.

"I'd like to hear anybody call me that in front of Jim Braddock's manager, Joe Gould, or in front of Freddie Sington, the football player. No two kids were ever closer than Jewish Freddie Sington and me, in and out of school."

THE END

11,000,000 post-war plans

Get it over with. Get back home. Get a job. This is what our fighting men are thinking and talking about.

First — victory. Next — nail down the peace.

Then they want to throw off the rigid regimentation of military life—and *not* run into the same sort of regimentation back home.

They want to set out for themselves, as Americans always have . . . to use their own heads and hands in fashioning their own destiny.

A job and an opportunity — in the American system of free enterprise. This is the post-war plan of men in uniform.

Government can't be expected to carry out these plans. It's up to every one of us at home to see that they're fulfilled — *eleven million times.*

We in the electric light and power business will do our part.

Don't waste electricity just because it isn't rationed!

160 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★*Names on request from this magazine.*

Treasure City

Continued from page 22

Germans dynamited the water drains as usual. The fact that Florence is an open city and the only sufferers from the water shortage are unarmed civilians did not, of course, deter them. There is a German shell hole in the wall of the courtyard which allows one, while getting water, to get a most peculiar view of the lovely paintings on the ceiling of the gallery.

The Palazzo Vecchio which has been the seat of government in Florence since the thirteenth century is now the office of the Allied Military Government. In the enormous and famous hall of the Cinquecento a military court was being held; a young American AMG captain was the judge, and two *carabinièri* in state uniforms stood alongside the British and American flags which ornament the platform.

Three sad-looking Florentines were being tried for traveling ten kilometers beyond the city without permission. This limit is necessary to keep the roads unclogged and to keep a close check on agents filtering through from the German lines. The Florentines had started to travel south because they wanted to see members of their families whom they had not seen for years. They were told that uncounted American and British soldiers felt the same. They were fined.

When the Germans started shelling at night with large caliber guns, the Florentines were desperately worried for their city. They seemed really more distressed for the city than for themselves.

We went sightseeing in an armored car. There were two British officers, two soldiers, a very small black-and-white rabbit which belonged to one of the soldiers, and myself.

The reason we were traveling in an armored car was that we were going to the northern section of Florence, and the armored car was meant to discourage snipers. The northern part of Florence is not outstanding for historic monuments and works of art. But at the moment it has many rare and fascinating sights to offer. We drove through the Piazza Cavour which had been a minor battlefield when the Partisans fought the Germans and pushed them out, and we continued for two blocks until stopped by Partisan sentries. The Mugnone Canal bounds the northern and western limits of the city, and the railway tracks bound the city on the east: roughly, this is the line behind which Florence is ours.

Beyond these frontiers there is a no man's land patroled by the Partisans, and beyond that there are Germans. Oddly enough, no man's land is a row of apartment houses just down the street, so that you stand in a wide shady avenue which is completely silent and deserted except for Partisan outposts, and look down the street a few hundred yards to buildings which may have Germans in them at the moment, certainly had German patrols roaming around them in the morning and almost certainly will shelter German snipers later in the day.

Targets for Sharpshooters

People who live across the frontier (that is to say, a few blocks away) must come into Florence to get food. Food is dumped at various points behind the line of the canal and the railroad tracks, and the Germans, with an ill will as intense as it is indiscriminate, shoot the unlucky Florentines as they try to get into town to buy food.

One of the sights out this way is a clinic, decorated with a Red Cross flag, and distinctive because it is the only building in the neighborhood that has any life in it. At the time we visited the clinic all the patients were wounded civilians. In one room there were three old men and a middle-aged woman. The woman had a head wound; her mother had been killed. A German mortar shell landing on the street a few blocks away had wounded them when they ventured outdoors to get water. Two of the old men had been shot by Germans in their houses, also just down the street. They were shot by soldiers of a German patrol. These patrols roam through no man's land shooting up citizens, fighting Partisans and trying to take prisoners for information purposes. The third old man had a shell fragment in his back—a piece of antipersonnel shell which he received while buying vegetables. There had been a Partisan in the clinic but he was very seriously wounded during a fight on the slopes of Fiesole that morning, and he had been taken farther in town to a hospital where he could be operated on.

The Partisans themselves are one of the most interesting sights of Florence these days. They are mostly young men, and they have been busy in the last twenty days and have had no time to wash or shave, so they are a very soiled lot. They are also very jolly and very reckless and very happy. They have been hiding in the hills beyond Florence for a year now, formed into bands, stealing their weapons in raids on the Germans.

For a year they have lived on what was brought them by sympathizers from the town, by gifts from the farmers, they protected from the Germans, and by requisitioning food from Fascist houses. They busied themselves during that year in sowing havoc among the Germans whenever they could; but when the Allies arrived on the south shore of the Arno they came out into the open and fought pitched battles with the Germans through the streets of Florence.

Continuing this sightseeing, you can visit the headquarters of the Lanchotto Brigade, which is one of the three Partisan brigades that defend the outskirts of Florence. It is necessary to talk quite loudly in this headquarters, due to the explosion of German mortar shells in the vicinity. The house is unfurnished except for a few tables and chairs. The brigade commander, aged twenty, was conferring with the Arno Division commander, aged perhaps twenty-seven. The brigade commander had been kicked out of school when he was thirteen for writing a composition suspected of being anti-Fascist, and from then on he tried to get an education on his own as best he could.

During the last year when he hid in the hills with his comrades, he had been taken prisoner by the Germans, questioned for ninety hours and burned quite badly with a hot iron to make him talk. None of this has altered him in the least; he is wonderfully merry and happy and doing exactly what he likes to do, which is to fight Germans. The divisional commander just finished three years in a Fascist prison in time to join the Partisans and get in on the Battle of Florence. He is a leather worker by trade and was given his prison sentence for distributing an anti-Fascist pamphlet.

The Partisans had lost a third of their men, in dead and wounded, in about ten days of fighting. It is a good thing to remember how brave Italians are when they know what they are fighting for. Perhaps in the new guidebooks of Florence the Fortezza da Basso will be marked as the stronghold the Partisans took and held against repeated German attacks; perhaps the Piazza Cavour will be renamed for them; perhaps tourists will look at the walls of the northern section of Florence that are nicked with rifle and machine-gun bullets and remember that very brave kids, whom twenty years of Fascism could not destroy, rose and fought in these streets as free men.

Sightseers do not generally visit hospitals, but hospitals are always open, even when museums and picture galleries are shut; and the crowded hospitals of Florence are certainly places to see these days. The wards in the Red Cross hospitals are amazing, because every age lies there, hurt. A Partisan leader, surrounded by friends and walking wounded from his brigade, lay next to a little boy with a face like the morning, who had been wounded in the side while playing near his house. Farther along, an old man, another of the hundreds wounded while collecting food, lay very silent with his pain.

From another ward a boy limped in on crutches; perhaps he was twenty-three years old. He was a Yugoslav Partisan. The Italians had captured him in Yugoslavia two years ago and sent him to Fiume. In Fiume he was mercilessly beaten by the Gestapo to make him talk. Both legs and his left arm were broken and he received no medical care. They healed however they could, leaving him in pain and crippled. He was then sent to a prison in Italy and there he starved. He remains a starved, aching boy, now released from prison and at last among people who will not hurt him; but the pain and the fear and the hunger will probably stay in his eyes all his life.

After the suffering of the hospitals, you might think it would be a good idea to visit the botanical gardens; it would be shady there and quiet and charming, or anyhow it used to be, and one could rest a while. The botanical gardens are now a graveyard and they are the most frightening place in Florence. The Germans had taken all the hearses; the cemeteries of Florence lie to the north of the city and are in German hands, and there is no wood for coffins.

Add to these basic facts the daily normal deaths in a city of three hundred thousand and the daily deaths resulting from mines, mortars, shells and snipers and you have the ghastly problem of Florence. Dead had been left unburied by the Germans, and it was not always possible to retrieve bodies. For instance, one body lay for days on the stumps of Alle Grazie Bridge. No one could reach it, first because of snipers and then because of mines.

A Garden Dedicated to Sorrow

So trenches are dug in the botanical gardens and the uncasketed bodies are laid in them. If a casket can be obtained a funeral procession consists of it on a handcart that is dragged by the family of the deceased, and preceded by a priest. And then the casket is laid in a trench alongside the rows of sad and dreadful naked bodies. The graves of children are very small. A priest with a Red Cross armband goes around giving cotton to the volunteer gravediggers, and you choke on the smell even with your nose plugged. The sun shines, and the lovely plants and flowers of the gardens are dusty and neglected, and there is no sound except occasional machine-gun fire to the north and the very quiet weeping of tired women in black.

The hills around Florence are very famous, and many foreigners came here to live in old cool houses on these slopes, planning to do nothing much with their lives except notice and enjoy the beauty of Tuscany. I was billeted in such a villa, and after dinner—vegetable soup and a pear—my host, an old American gentleman, said, "You must see our view; it is one of the loveliest in Florence." There was an arbor, with a stone bench. "Take care," he said, for there were scattered bricks on the floor and clumps of fresh mud on the stone bench. A shell had landed in his garden yesterday. "Fiesole," he said, pointing across the valley.

The pointed hill rose up beyond the pinkish brown city and once upon a time rich Italians and rich Americans and rich English lived in those beautiful villas. Now there are German gun positions in Fiesole, and from the slopes approaching it the Germans have direct artillery observation of the streets of northern Florence.

"Do the mosquitoes bother you?" the old gentleman asked, raising his voice so as to be heard above the double steel banjo twang of our guns, which were firing from a garden behind us. "Let us go in now and perhaps the captain will play us some Chopin."

We went into the house and a small kerosene lantern was placed on the piano, as there has been no electricity in Florence for twenty days. The Germans blew up the electric plant as usual. The captain, who was English and young and commanded one of the batteries in the garden behind us, played Chopin beautifully, though he had not touched a piano during four years of war. The music was lovely and serene and we were all very happy sitting there in the dark room. Then the old gentleman's wife sang Italian songs.

"This song was written in 1606," she said, and the guns behind us twanged enormously six times and the outgoing shells whistled over the house like freight cars.

"Terribly noisy," one of the English officers said.

"What are they?" I inquired politely.

"Five point fives," he said, "terribly noisy."

There are many more sights and they will never be in guidebooks. No guidebook will state that in the year 1943, during the long

"Is thirty-six hours all they gave you, dear, or is that all you asked for?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

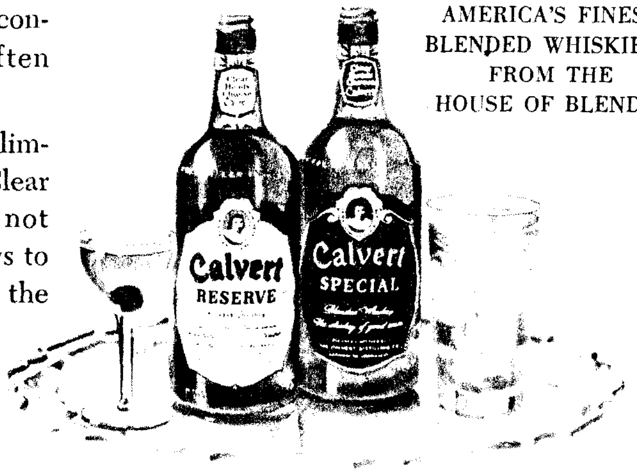
Anyone who **knows** can tell the REAL THING!

MAYBE this deer's suspicious sniff will give you a hint of how our friends react when they encounter a "stand-in" for Calvert whiskey.

Calvert, you know, is the real thing. *Its magnificent pre-war quality has never changed.* Nor has the *preference* for Calvert changed, although other whiskies may have been more plentiful during the wartime shortage.

In fact, many of the people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "Calvert continues to be the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Evidently, even in these days of limited supply, it remains true that Clear Heads Choose Calvert. You may not always be able to get it...but it pays to keep asking for the *best* rather than the most *plentiful* whiskey.



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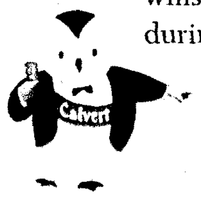
BLENDED WHISKIES–
FROM THE
HOUSE OF BLENDS!



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CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE CALVERT

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits

Richard Decker

"QUIT YANKING AT ME!"

War Conscience: Kiddo, yanking's one of my milder tricks! So you were gonna toss those papers and magazines into the incinerator! So they were cluttering up the house! Didn't think your War Conscience would let you get away with stuff like that, did you?

Woman: But those few . . .

War Conscience: Yeah, those few! Haven't I told you before that every little bit helps? Haven't I told you that Uncle Sam

needs every scrap of waste paper to pack food and ammunition, to make parachutes for dropping supplies, and to replace more critical materials? Listen, Sister, we're trying to win a *war!*

Woman: Hm-mm! Guess I was a little confused . . . but I didn't sleep worth a hoot last night and can't seem to make the wheels turn. One cup of coffee with dinner and I'm up half the night with the mice in the pantry!

War Conscience: Oh-ho! Let's make a little deal. If you'll get on the beam about your paper-salvage job, I'll let you in on the secret of sleeping success . . . the coffee that let's you sleep like sixty!

Woman: What? *Real* coffee that lets me sleep?

War Conscience: Just what I said, Lady. If it's the caffein in coffee that keeps you awake . . . gorgeous, luscious, scrumptious 97% caffein-free Sanka Coffee is your dish! It does everything but kiss you good night! And as for *flavor* . . . Baby, Sanka Coffee is the nuts de la nuts! Try a cup tonight! Just try it!

SANKA COFFEE

A product of General Foods

Tune in the New Kate Smith Hour—now on Sunday Evening. CBS Network, 7 p.m. EWT. Check your local paper for time and station.

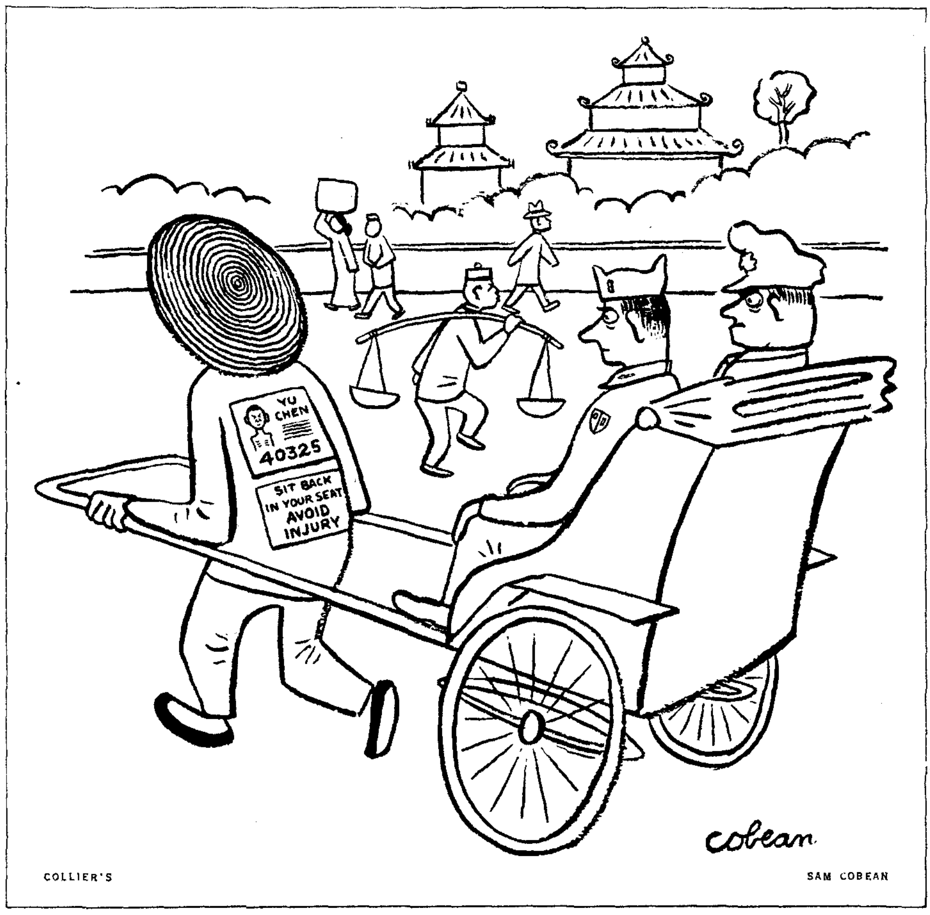
summer, the people of Florence behaved with great calm and elegance though they were hungry and without water, light or fuel, and beset by enemies within and without the city. No guidebook will note that the Pitti Palace, the home of the king, housed the poorest and most wretched of the king's subjects, the refugees of war.

Will the guidebooks mention that for a time in 1944, in the summer, a group of American and British officers and soldiers, called the Allied Military Government, ruled Florence with immense patience and devotion? Will the guidebooks note that a Committee of Liberation was formed in the city, spontaneously, before the Allies entered, and that these diverse and disinterested men were respected by the Allies, who have learned to admire brave civilians?

Certainly the guidebooks must say that for once a great army cared for the beauty that belongs to all men and to history, and that a great army refused to make a battlefield out of this city. For the Eighth Army could have entered the city of Florence with tanks and blasted its way through the beautiful streets to drive the enemy north. But the price of this victory would have been to bare Florence to high explosives, and the Eighth Army chose the harder and slower way.

If Florence stands, it will stand now as a monument to its people, who knew how to live in it unselfishly through its suffering, and to those wildly dressed, reckless young men, the Partisans, who have fought for it, and to the Allied Military Government which guided it and understood it, and to the Eighth Army, which would not take the easy way through.

THE END



Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

upon a man who up to that moment had exemplified kindness, patience and deep paternalistic attitude to us, his guests. He was livid with rage.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing us in the most formal manner he could muster, "you're the guests of the United States Navy and this ship is yours. You've had unlimited use of the radio and you've been allowed to send out anything you pleased. But if any of you writes a story glorifying the spectacle we just saw, I'll deny the radio to you, and your dispatches will never leave this ship." And he walked away.

We told the captain later that he had wasted a lot of valuable energy in that order, because we all shared his attitude. But we also knew we couldn't send the kind of story we wanted: this story.

About an hour later, maybe less, a shout went up: "Here they come!" The logy biplanes, dragging their pontoons, made for the ship. Lowell Smith was in front and Les Arnold was standing up in the after cockpit, waving to the yelling throng on the Richmond as they went by, forty feet up. Erik Nelson was right behind and flying a little higher to be out of Smith's prop wash. Jack Harding waved vigorously, too.

Captain Cotten was in tears with jubilation. He slapped us on the back and demanded to know if we weren't proud to be Americans. He prayed they'd get through.

There was another period of rejoicing on the Richmond that night when word came through that Smith and Nelson had landed at Frederiksdal—just ten hours after leaving Reykjavik. But the same message brought word that Locatelli, who was scheduled to be waiting in the harbor for our boys, was nowhere to be seen.

This was the evening of August 21, 1924. About 2 A.M. of the 24th, after the Richmond and the other ships had combed every square mile of water in that vast area around the cape, our lookout spotted a light in the distance on the water, 120 miles off Cape Farewell. A general alarm sounded, the Richmond leaped forward, and in a few minutes we were alongside a bedraggled, sea-beaten Dornier-Wal with a crew waving and screaming hysterically. We pulled them aboard and welcomed them heartily.

Locatelli wanted us to haul the ship aboard, too, but we justifiably couldn't, because our boom was broken, the result of trying to lift Leigh Wade's Boston out of the water near the Faroes when he was forced down. So we placed gasoline-soaked waste at critical points in the ship, set it afire and turned it loose. A few moments later it sank.

Smith, Arnold, Nelson and Harding flew at wave-top height through fog, zooming and banking around icebergs. It was a flight unparalleled in history up to now. They never ran out of skill and courage.

But the dashing Fascists did. They sought refuge in a landing in the rough seas from which they were unable to rise again.

THE END

The Truck is a Weapon of War
and It's Loaded !

Pledged

FACTS...ABOUT TRUCKING

State registrations showed 4,480,000 trucks in civilian operation in 1943—390,000 less than in 1941.

Special truck taxes exceed $500,000,000 annually, enough to pay the entire cost of Federal government 50 years ago.

Trucks are vital to the life of more than 54,000 U. S. communities. not served by any railroad.

Operating expenses of trucking companies exceed 97% of revenue.

Trucking accidents have decreased in spite of increased operations, overage trucks and inexperienced personnel.

More than half of America's food supply goes to market in trucks.

Trucks carry a "Vital Fifth" of all U. S. freight, and 75% of all truck freight is *war* freight.

Trucks account for over 50 *billion* ton-miles of transportation annually.

THE NATION'S truck operators deserve a bow, and get it, from those who know the importance of truck transportation. Army Generals have told truck operators: "The war transportation job could not have been done without you."

The truck is a war machine. Trucks are on the go day and night hauling the materials of war. Foodstuff and fighting stuff, for fighting fronts.

In pre-war years, truck production in America amounted to more than 700,000 new trucks per year. *But in the two years from July 1942 to July 1944 production of new trucks for civilian use was less than 3% of the pre-war average!*

So the truck operator has had to keep his old trucks on the job constantly, hauling far greater tonnage than ever before, in spite of shortages . . . of new trucks . . . of tires . . . of replacement parts . . . of drivers . . . of mechanics, and all at a time when proper maintenance means most.

International is proud that International Truck Service . . . the nation's largest company-owned truck-service organization . . . has helped keep thousands of over-age trucks rolling. It's now a wartime truck-service . . . more alert, more efficient than ever.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

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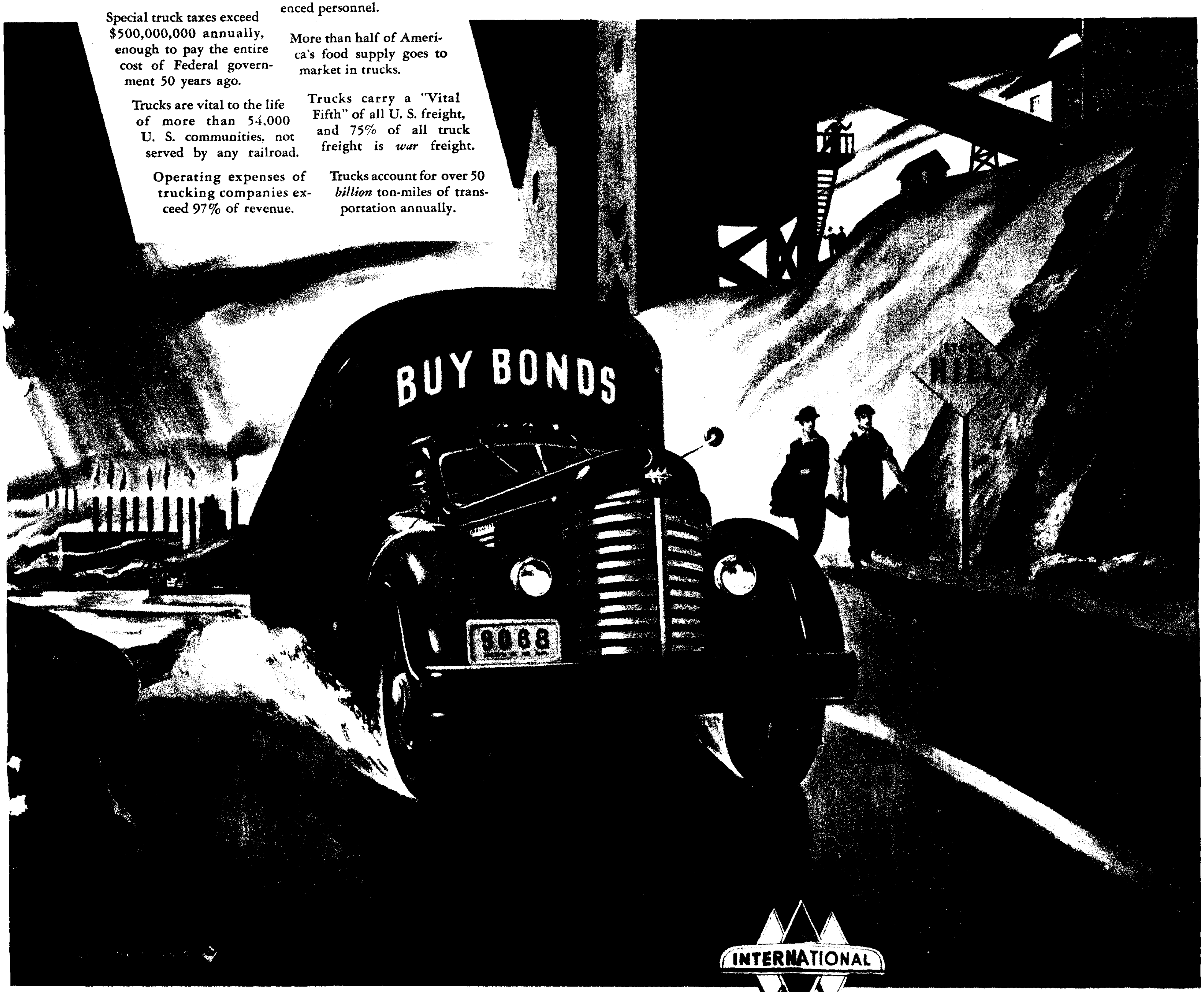
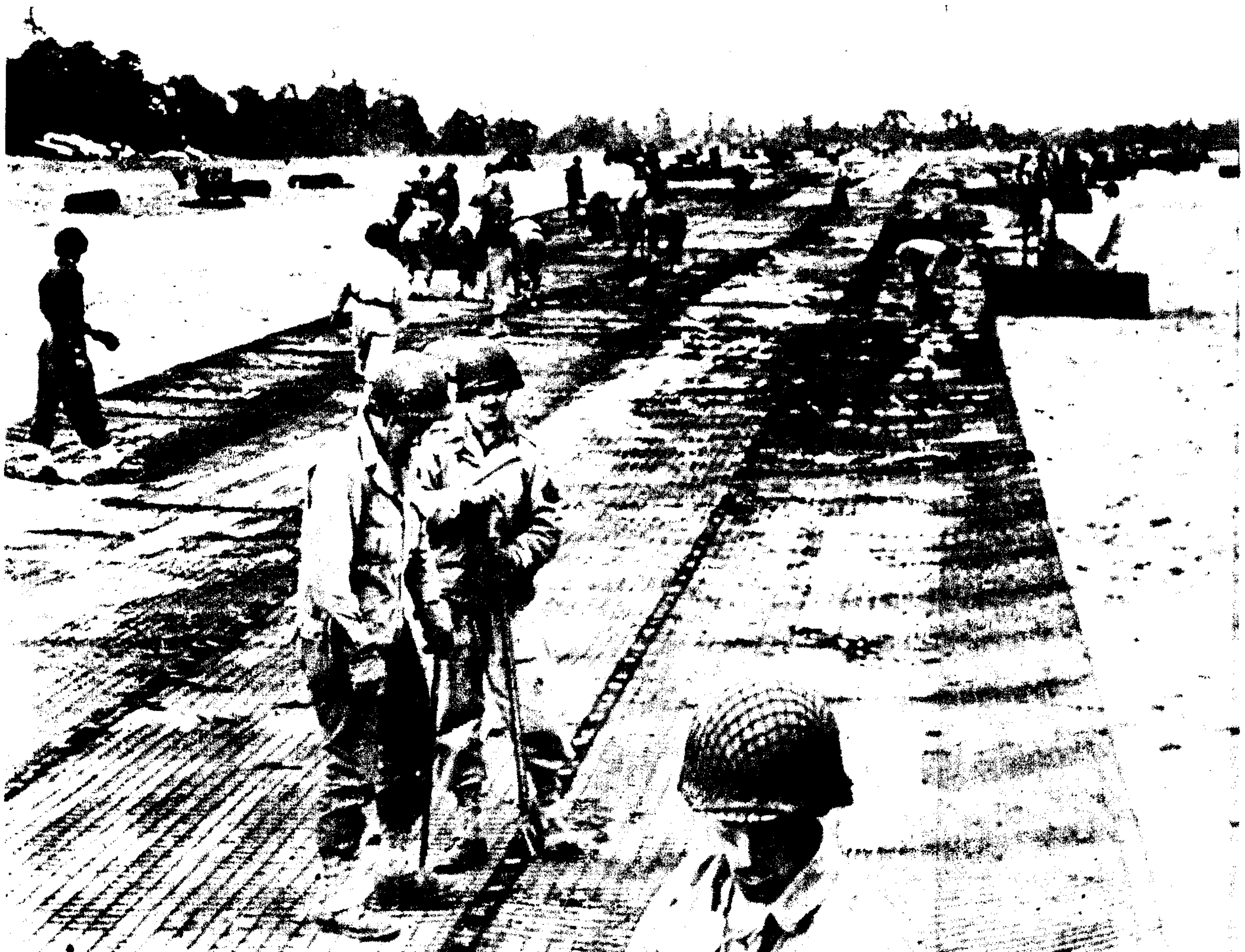
NEW TRUCKS—NOW!

The government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of trucks for essential civilian hauling. International is building them in medium-duty and heavy-duty sizes. See your International Dealer or Branch now, and get valuable help in making out your application. Don't delay!



INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*



Aviation engineers, working within range of German artillery, lock together lengths of steel matting for a landing strip at a new Allied airfield

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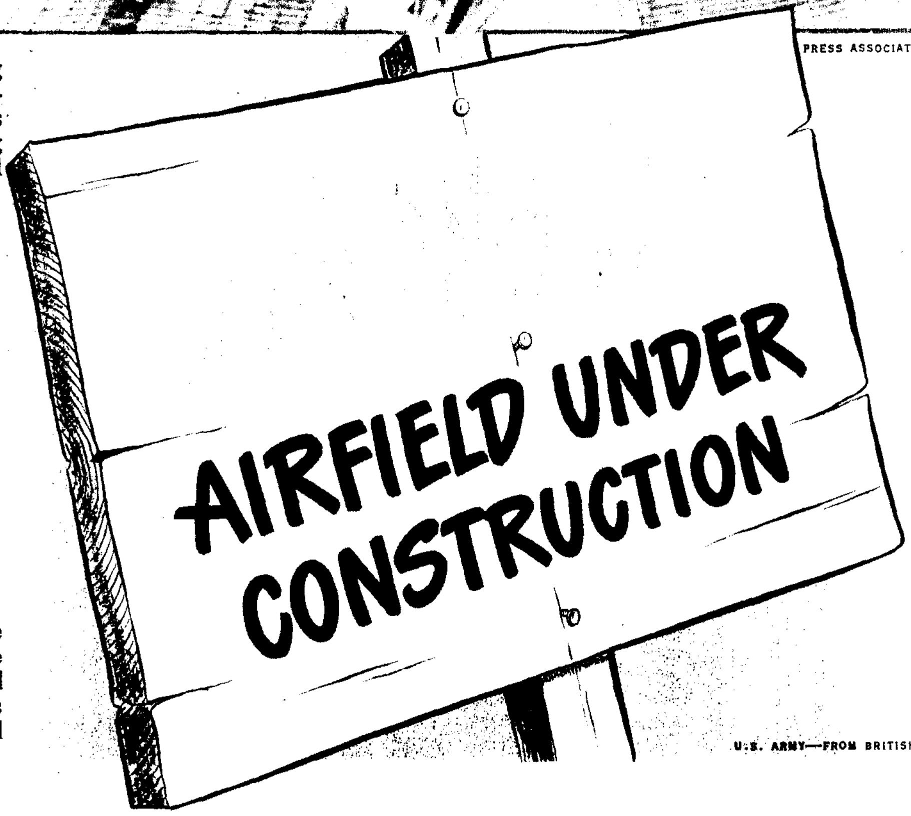


AIRFIELD UNDER CONSTRUCTION

BY FRANK GERVASI

Aviation engineers are right in where the battle's hottest, but they don't have time to fight. And they're too busy whacking out air-strips to dig foxholes. Next to the infantry, they probably work harder than anybody in the Army and never make headlines

BY RADIO FROM FRANCE

BUSTER WADDELL and Choo-choo Wilson and the colonel peered upward through the umbrellalike tops of the pines on our hill overlooking the plain where the Aviation Engineers Battalion was building a landing field for fighters, and they wondered whether those vague shapes in the evening sky were our planes or the enemy's. In the time it took us to clap on our iron hats and flop face down onto the brown needle-carpeted floor of our bivouac, we all knew.

Tracers from our ack-ack batteries on near-by beaches and surrounding hills drew a geometric pattern of broken red lines which intersected directly overhead. Shells exploded above us in black puffs with yellow kernels. We heard the snarl of flak at it came down, and Buster vowed he would bust right out crying if the enemy's bombs hit his field.

You might think that Buster, who played quarterback on the West Virginia football team a few seasons ago, and Choo-choo, a former New Haven Railroad engineer, and Lieutenant Colonel Giles Evans would be worried more about their own safety at such moments than about an air-strip they were sent to southern France to build. But the last thing these engineers seem to think about is themselves. Even the boys in the base sections dig themselves foxholes; it makes them feel like soldiers. For engineers, there almost always isn't time to dig funkholes, and they save the energy required for their job.

Ever since the morning of D-Day plus one, which was when the Engineers Battalion landed here, they'd been too busy building a landing strip for Spits and P-47s to dig foxholes. The battalion would have been here on D-Day at about H plus eight—in one of the first waves to hit the beaches—had it not been for one of those inevitable last-moment hitches in the crowded landing schedule. That's when they usually go in: while the beaches are hot with enemy fire and still raisined with unlifted mines. On such occasions they're practically civilians, without either equipment or time to fight. Often they are so far inland from the beach that they are captured by oncoming waves of our own infantry. They know only hard work—next to the infantry, probably the hardest kind of work in this man's Army. They never make headlines or even communiqués.

To the Aviation Engineers, delay in getting ashore meant one day less for building the airfield, and to hear them gripe about it, you'd have thought that they had been cheated out of two months' pay and sixty days' leave. It happened that landing on their particular beach was effected without serious opposition, but it wouldn't have made any difference. They'd have beefed at delay anyway, because building airfields to bring planes over from distant bases to cover advancing infantry is their job.

Paving the Way for Air Offensive

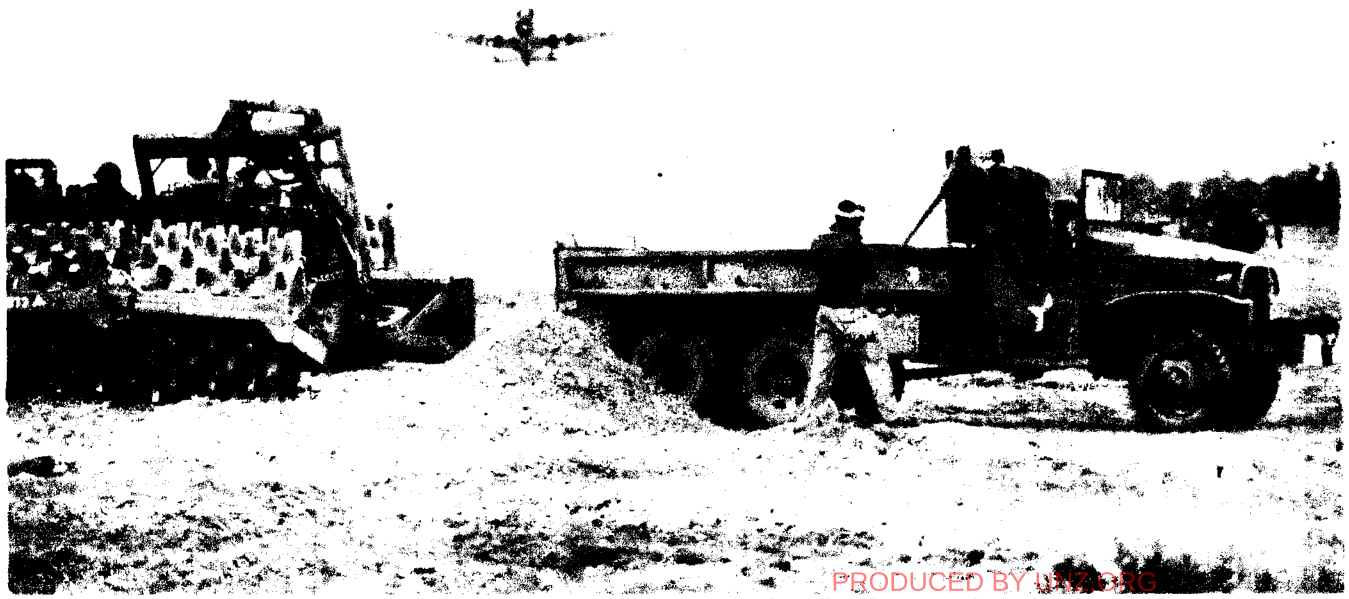
The Air Corps, with its tremendous speed in air, is strangely immobile. The limits of its effectiveness are directly proportionate to the range of planes from their bases. Unless the bases are moved forward, an air force is as earthbound as artillery without wheels. It is the Aviation Engineers who make the advance of an air offensive possible, and while this is the story of one particular battalion and of one particular airfield, it is also the story of the toil and sweat which moved our airpower westward across the desert from Egypt to Tunisia, from Sicily into Italy and now to France.

Our Aviation Engineers with their heavy equipment—bulldozers, graders, tractors, giant tractors, sheep's-foot rollers—and their all-round know-how, have developed a new technique for rapid forward movement of airpower.

In twenty-four working hours, they'll build you a strip good enough for emergency landings. Usually they'll start one at sunrise and it will be ready by nightfall. They'll build a landing field good for dry-weather operation, with parking space for about 150 planes, in four or five days; an all-weather macadamized or steel-plank strip in four weeks.

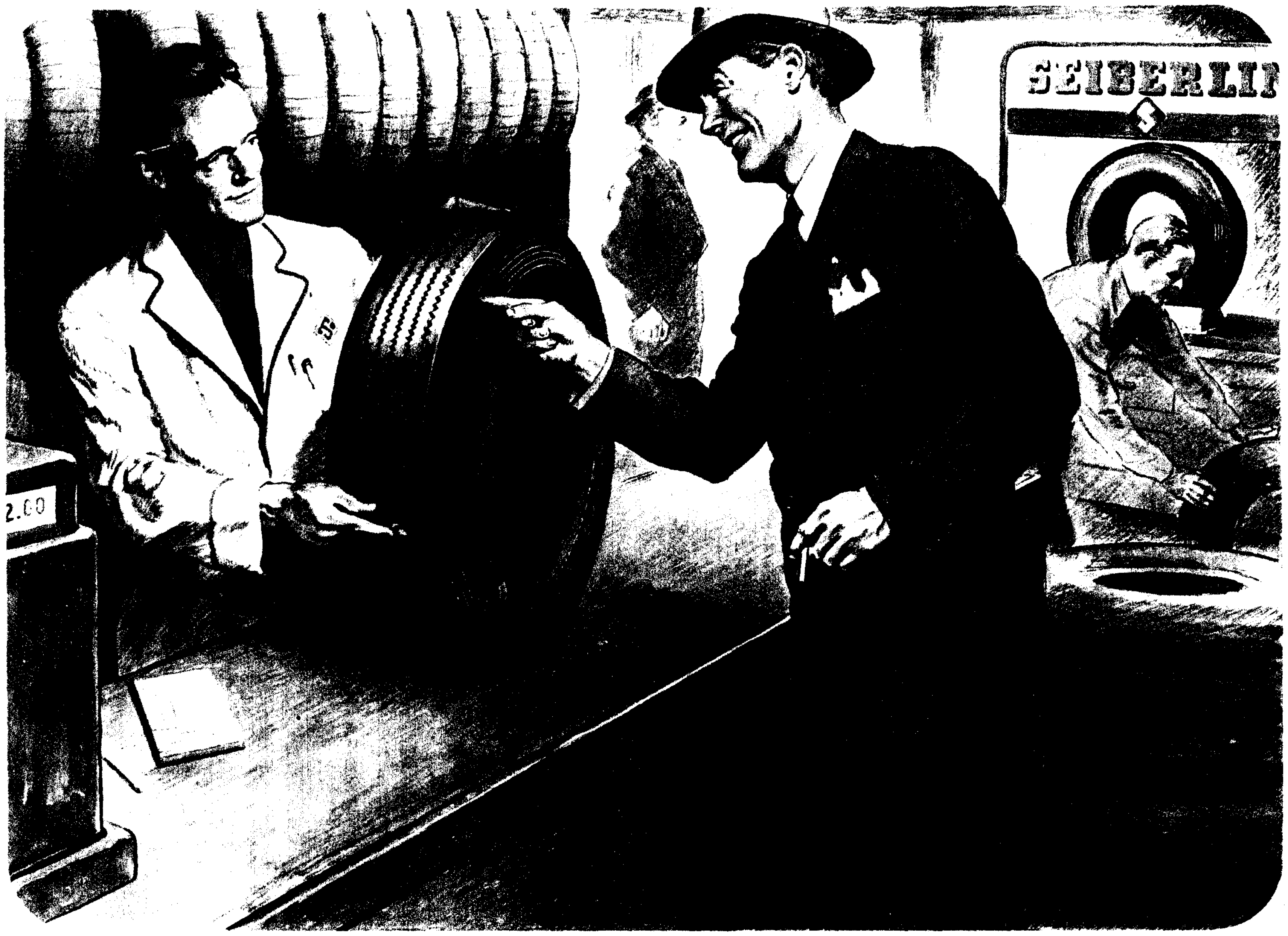
This war has seen the development of a number of new, highly specialized units such as the Seabees, paratroopers, air-borne infantry and engineers, and amphibious assault. The only other large-scale amphibious operation ever attempted in modern warfare—Gallipoli—wasn't exactly a success, and it took Americans to perfect this technique. With this war, Air Corps engineers made their debut.

They're men whose motor-driven steel giants push trees, houses and underbrush off land, fill ditches and set up



One of the most effective pieces of equipment is the sheep's-foot roller, studded with spikes, which packs down the loose surface soil

U.S. ARMY—FROM BRITISH COMBINE



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You could buy a pre-war tire like this?

It was made of natural rubber by top-flight Seiberling craftsmen. It was good to look at, and good to ride on because it delivered many an extra mile of safe, comfortable driving-per-dollar. Both those who rode on it and those who sold it recognized it as America's FINEST Tire.

AND NOW AGAIN . . .

in the new Seiberling Tire made from *synthetic* rubber . . . you get that "something extra" you've learned to expect from Seiberling. Rich experience, engineering skill and manufacturing craftsmanship have transformed wartime synthetic rubber into handsome, durable Seiberling Tires. They are the latest achievement of "Experts in Rubber" devoted to building the *best.*

And when you get your new Seiberling Synthetic Tires, you get still another "best." You get a personal, "interested in you" service that's extra valuable now. Your Seiberling Dealer is an *Independent* Dealer—a self-reliant man who has had the initiative to build his own business—the kind of man who has helped create freedom and opportunity in America. *He has the strongest of all incentives to serve you well . . . his success and his future depend upon it.*

Although tires are more plentiful than they have been for a long, long time, please remember this: *We still cannot risk creating another severe tire shortage through abusing the tires we have. This is especially important now because synthetic rubber is a* new *material that requires extra care.* Don't drive your synthetic tires either under or *over* inflated, and be sure to have small cuts and bruises repaired promptly. There's where your Seiberling Dealer can help you. He is an "Expert in Rubber."

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wells, grade soil and then knead and roll it into a smooth earth runway hard enough to withstand the terrific impact of alighting planes. This runway must be at least as hard as a good dirt road and have a one per cent grade from the center line to the edges for drainage. Such a runway would require four months' work by the average civilian contractors.

The sun was well up on D-Day plus one when Giles, who hails from Nashville and who has an inordinate love of the soil, arrived with his battalion at the site designated on the air reconnaissance photos and on the maps. These had been prepared weeks in advance from information furnished partly by the Maquis and by our rekky photographers. The site was everything that the planners back at Mediterranean Allied Air Force headquarters had promised.

It isn't always so. Often what looks on maps like a good place for an air-strip will have a hundred faults too serious to overcome even with those great equalizers, bulldozers, which shove earth out of the way at a rate of nearly two cubic yards a minute, and judiciously placed charges of dynamite. But this one was okay—about nine million square feet of vineyards with a few trees and a house or two, some eight-foot poles set by the French at the point of Boche guns to impede glider landings, and a considerable but not alarming number of mines.

There was a well down where the center line was to run, and it had to be filled, so that water wouldn't come up and make a soft spot to trip the wheels of a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of airplane. Captain Wilson ran the center line with the transit, staked it and flagged it with bits of red and white rag.

It sounds easy and, as a matter of fact, any first-year civil-engineering student can run a center line, but Choo-choo had to avoid as many obstacles as possible and place his survey line so as to provide the easiest approaches through hills and down the valley for planes to land and take off. If there's room enough, the engineer must also give thought to wind, although aviation engineers aren't too fussy about this.

The Loss to the Farmer

With the center line laid, Choo-choo measured off half the width of the air-strip on each side and before he'd driven his first stake, bulldozers were at work digging deep into the ancient vines and the French soil. Giles was fretting about what a shame it was that years of farmers' work was being destroyed by the big Diesel-driven dozers. He needn't have fretted so. Two French peasants, one barrel-shaped, tanned and middle-aged, the other skinny and gray and old, watched the Americans work from the edge of a ditch.

I asked the barrel-shaped one whether he minded too much and he said he didn't.

"C'est la guerre," he said and deprecated the quality of the vines. "They make only ordinary wine," he said, "and they are in poor health."

The old one nodded affirmation and explained: "It does not matter too much that *les vignes* shall go. It is better to have *les airplanes* than *les Boches.*" He spat. Frenchmen always spit when they say "Boche."

Their loss wasn't as great as it seemed. The U.S. Army requisitioned land and charged the cost to the French government via Lend-Lease. The French government pays for destroyed property, theoretically at least; and, equally theoretically, Germany will be given the bill when reparations are calculated. I explained all this to the barrel-shaped one, and he seemed to approve the Lend-Lease part of the operation but made a gesture of complete incomprehension beyond that point. The old one suggested we go to his house for some wine, which we did.

Choo-choo and Captain Waddell weren't nearly as sentimental about those vines as Giles was. To Choo-choo and Buster, vines were nasty things that left sharp, spikelike roots sticking up and, unless removed by backbreaking hand labor, could knife a tire. There were hundreds of these to be pulled, and here R.A.F. ground crews helped a lot. By nightfall of D-Day plus one, a rough strip had been hacked out, and Choo-choo had surveyed the parking places for planes and the taxiways and approaches.

Now the sheep's-foot rollers went to work. These are huge steel rollers studded with spikes six inches long and two inches square. These pack the sandy surface soil down with the help of water sprinkled from 1,500-gallon tanks mounted on six-wheel, six-drive trucks, known to the trade as "six by sixes."

Water is one of the biggest problems in making an air-strip. Sea water is preferable, but it keeps trucks busy going several miles to the beach, with the consequent loss of time, and consumption of enormous quantities of gasoline. The battalion used 1,300 gallons of gas in the first twenty-four hours of operations, and that's a lot of coupons' worth. The boys prefer sea water; the salt crystallizes out and absorbs moisture from the air and keeps the strip damp, smooth and hard. But fresh water will do, and here's one outfit which cheers when it rains.

It rained the night of D-Day plus two. While the rest of us were wondering how we would keep dry up in our bivouac without a proper tent, Buster was down on the field dancing up and down like mad, yelling, "Rain—beautiful, wonderful rain. Hot damn! Hot damn!" All through the night, the sheep's-foot and the regular rollers and the special wide-rubber-tired rollers worked, the drivers sitting up in their exposed cabs, soaked to the skin.

By morning of D-Day plus three, we had a landing ground. From the hilltop it looked as though it had always been there. One house and shed and well were gone, and many acres of old vines. A bulldozer was knocking down poles in other vineyards, to clear the approaches to the field.

Giles yelled at the driver to back out of there.

"Dammit," he said, "don't let that guy destroy any more of those vines. You can knock those poles over by hand."

"Hell, yes," said Choo-choo, in what for a dry Yankee from Quincy, Massachusetts, was practically an outburst of sentiment, "you can push them over by hand. The Krauts told the Frenchmen to stick those poles three feet into the ground, but when the Krauts weren't looking, the Frenchmen would put them in loosely and usually not more than a foot down."

By eleven A.M., we had an airport complete with rough control tower and wind sock. The runway wasn't quite smooth yet, but there it was, and one second lieutenant, named Denks—a Chicagoan, it turned out, who'd worked in the pressroom of the Tribune before he became a fighter pilot—saw it. He was in trouble. There wasn't a friendly airport in all southern France, and there were many miles of sea between him and his base. So he came down, and we all felt that perhaps the 809th Aviation Engineers had already saved a life.

The next morning the field was completed on schedule, just as Giles Evans had promised Area Engineer Colonel Staunton Brown (a redheaded fellow from Meriden, Connecticut) it would be. Ground Captain Duncan Smith brought in his Spitfires, and we were all down at the field to wave him in and to hold our breath, wondering whether all the obstacles on approaches had been removed—power lines, houses, odd trees, and those doggoned vine stubs. But Duncan Smith, an R.A.F. veteran, said the airport was jolly good.

That afternoon, a whole squadron of liaison planes came in and went through all the formalities of circling our field and buzzing it and landing, just as though they were real fighting ships instead of single-motored two-passenger flivvers.

Pride in Accomplishment

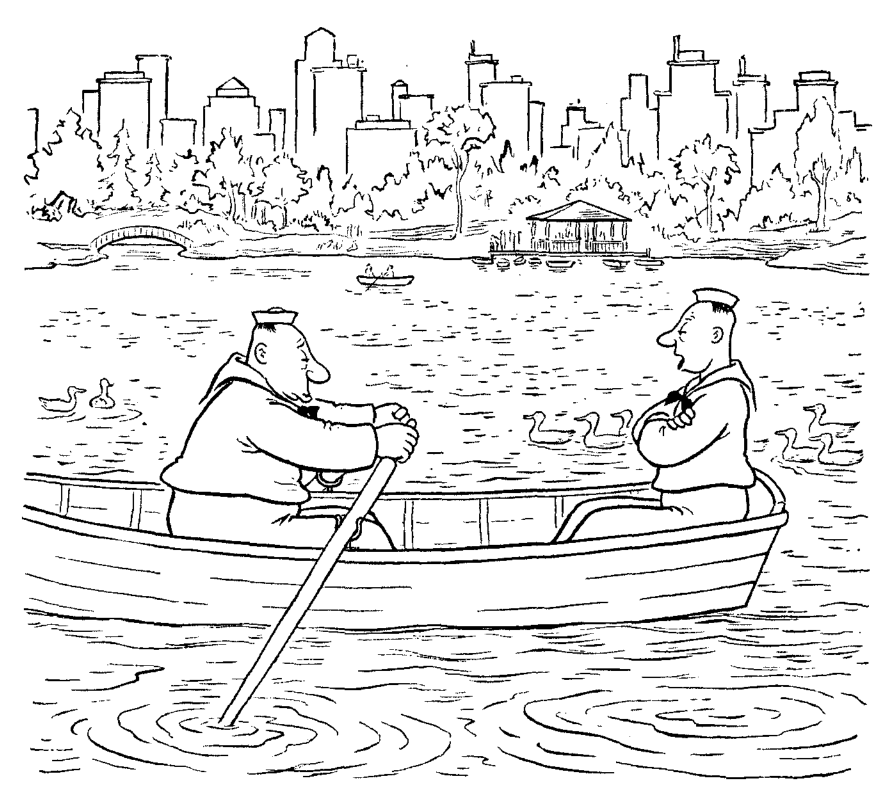
That night a Spit squadron came in, and Buster was saying, "Ain't this fun, though?" and he said it very quietly and meaning it very much. Then I knew what he'd meant that night when he said he'd bust right out crying if those Huns made holes in his airfield. I guess he would have.

These hills that were silent only four days ago except for the belching sputter of Diesels and the roar of truck motors now echo to the louder, full-hearted roar of airplane motors and to the woodwind music that wings and tail surfaces make as ships cut power to glide in for a landing. There's a dust haze over the valley that rises from the strip we built, and the engineers' job is done. They are moving up the coast where Colonel Brown has found other sites.

And that's the story of the Aviation Engineers Battalion and the strip they made on schedule, in spite of one day's delay in landing. As you see, there was little drama except for a couple of raids and the capture of three Krauts—potential snipers—whom one of the boys found lurking in the canebrakes. They surrendered when he threatened them with a sickle he was using to clear the canebrakes. And in a mine field just off one end of the strip, there are three white crosses where three dead G.I.s are buried. They'd tripped on booby traps.

THE END

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**

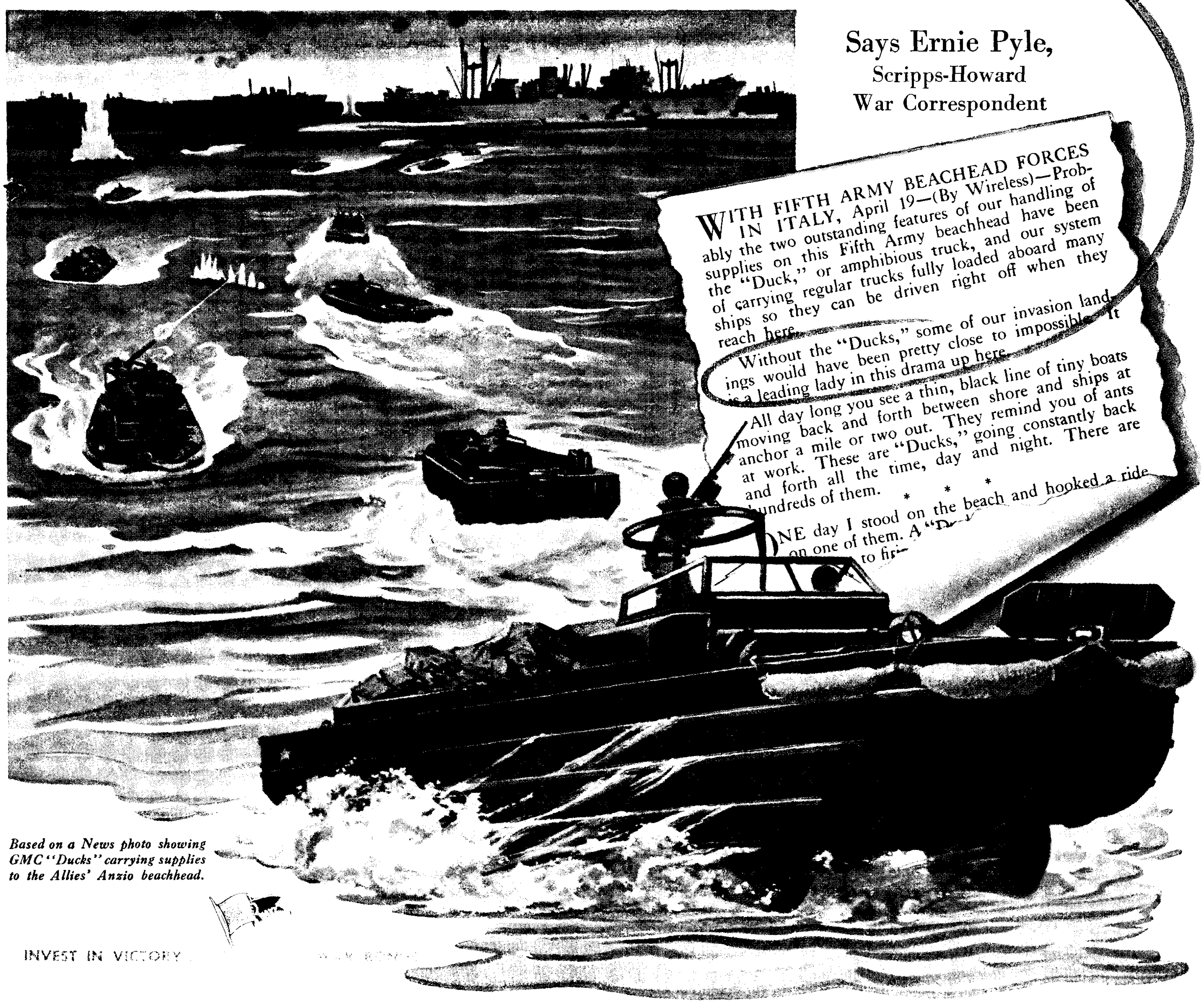


"All right, Alfred—just once more around and then it will be *your* turn to be captain"

THE GMC "DUCK"

LEADING LADY OF ALLIED LANDINGS

Says Ernie Pyle,
Scripps-Howard
War Correspondent



WITH FIFTH ARMY BEACHEAD FORCES IN ITALY, April 19—(By Wireless)—Probably the two outstanding features of our handling of supplies on this Fifth Army beachhead have been the "Duck," or amphibious truck, and our system of carrying regular trucks fully loaded aboard many ships so they can be driven right off when they reach here.

Without the "Ducks," some of our invasion landings would have been pretty close to impossible. It is a leading lady in this drama up here.

All day long you see a thin, black line of tiny boats moving back and forth between shore and ships at anchor a mile or two out. They remind you of ants at work. These are "Ducks," going constantly back and forth all the time, day and night. There are hundreds of them.

* * *

ONE day I stood on the beach and hooked a ride on one of them. A "D
to fi

Based on a News photo showing GMC "Ducks" carrying supplies to the Allies' Anzio beachhead.

INVEST IN VICTORY
WAR BONDS

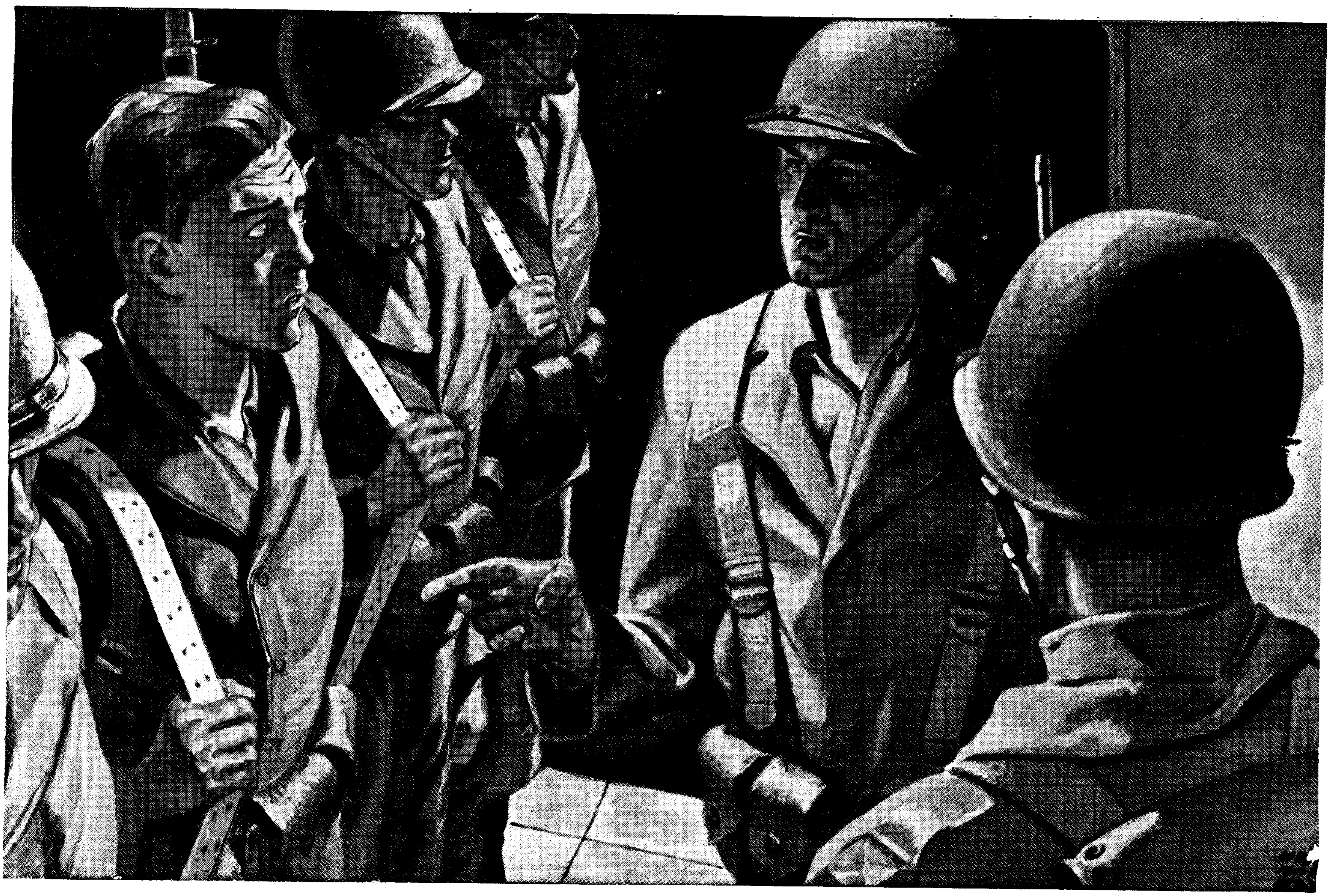
Ernie Pyle, Pulitzer Prize winner for war reporting, is only one of many war correspondents to praise the performance of the GMC "Duck."

The "Duck" is a leading Lady of Allied landings because its amazing amphibious ability enables it to perform many tasks that can be duplicated by no other vehicle. It has carried men, munitions and materials from ship to shore to inland fighting areas. It has charted invasion shores the night before "D" day. It has hauled howitzers from freighter to firing position. It has rescued disabled landing craft. It has blasted enemy beaches with barrages from multi-mounted rocket guns. It has served as a radio broadcaster, ambulance and mobile fueling station.

And in France, this versatile GMC amphibian truck again played a leading role in that greatest of all invasions, the attack on Fortress Europe.

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS

HOME OF COMMERCIAL GMC TRUCKS AND GM COACHES . . . VOLUME PRODUCER OF GMC ARMY TRUCKS AND AMPHIBIAN "DUCKS"



"Ford, take off your helmet," Brinn said. Ford fumbled with the catch, then lifted the helmet and swung it down to his side

NO MORE *Alone*

BY LIEUT. WILLIAM FRANCIS GUESS, U.S.A.

War, to Brinn, was a lonely thing, but when the moment of combat arrived he learned that no man stands by himself

THE light came from a frosted bulb, caged in wire against the ceiling. It fell wearily through a blue cumulus of cigarette smoke and came to rest on the helmets of the second platoon. The faces beneath the helmets, and the bodies, were a shadowy mass filling the narrow ship's corridor. The men stood there in ranks with the strange lassitude of the very patient or the very tired. But the look was deceptive. A moment later when their lieutenant appeared, they came to life like puppets drawn up with one quick twist of the strings.

Brinn returned the sergeant's salute and put the platoon at ease. "They can smoke," he said, and drew a cigarette from his shirt pocket.

Spain, who was platoon sergeant, offered him a light, then said to the men, "You can smoke." He rolled a cigarette reflectively through his fingers, grinning wryly. "The last thing you get when they shoot you . . . in the movies."

They all laughed, spasmodically, as men do when their throats are tight, and the hard little hammers of anxiety are beating time in their foreheads. Most of them smoked, and in spite of the joke, they held their cigarettes gently and sucked the smoke deeply into their lungs.

"We've got a few minutes, men, for final inspection," Brinn said. "Remain at ease and smoke if you want to. Keep your rifles slung."

The front rank pushed back as Brinn and Spain passed down the line, then moved forward against the wall to make room for inspection of the second rank. Brinn's long, thin hands traveled swiftly over each man's equipment, testing straps and buckles, feeling for slackness, for emptiness where a regulation bulge should be. His hands moved mechanically, in a pattern, while his eyes went slowly up the length of each man and rested finally on the face, surveying it with professional interest, as a doctor might —or a salesman.

Down the line of the front rank, he spoke only once, to Casey, the lank Georgian with the gold tooth and the rawish red face. "Feeling all right, Casey?" he asked.

Casey tilted his helmet back from his forehead. "No, suh, I'm a sad, sad sack. I tell you, my stomach's like a churnful of cream been sloshin' all day long, and butter won't come for nuthin'. Now if I could make that butter come and dip it out . . ."

"You'll make it all right, won't you?"

"I made it this far, suh, and it's closer to land goin' than it was comin'. It may be hell goin' in, but it's good old solid dirt—hell . . ."

"All right, Casey," Brinn said shortly, moving on to the next man. He was impatient with Casey because the man seemed a caricature of his own type—like a Hollywood Southerner with a mouthful of whimsy and molasses.

But Spain lingered with Casey a moment, as though to soften Brinn's slight. "If you find a way to make that butter come, let me know," he said, smiling, and in fond solicitude poked a finger under the sling of Casey's rifle.

BRINN didn't speak again until he came to Ford in the third squad. He sensed a nervous anxiety in the man that was unnatural, even for Ford.

"What's wrong, Ford?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir." Ford spoke through his teeth, quickly, but Brinn could detect a tremor in his voice.

"Take off your helmet, Ford." Brinn was quiet, professional.

"I'm all right, sir." It came out in a rush as though the man had to catch his voice unawares.

"Ford, take off your helmet," Brinn said. Ford fumbled with the catch, then lifted the helmet and swung it down to his side. Without it he was naked and exposed. He couldn't hide now the heavy sweat on his forehead, the pallor of his puffy cheeks, the chatter of his teeth. His great blue eyes—those earnest cowlike eyes, offering you his soul to keep—were fixed in a military stare.

"You've got a chill, Ford, haven't you?" Brinn put the question as a fact.

"I'm a little . . . seasick, sir. But . . . I'm all right. I'm all right, Lieutenant."

Brinn studied his face for a moment. It might be, he thought, the way it would take a man like Ford. The others, himself included, would give in to fear, let it co and go like a bad smell in the air you had to breathe. But Ford would fight it with every nerve in his body and lose, as a man does lose when he puts his nerves against the insidious and invisible.

Ford shuddered—his whole frame. He was helpless against the chill. Brinn saw now that he was really ill. "You had malaria a couple of months ago, didn't you Ford?"

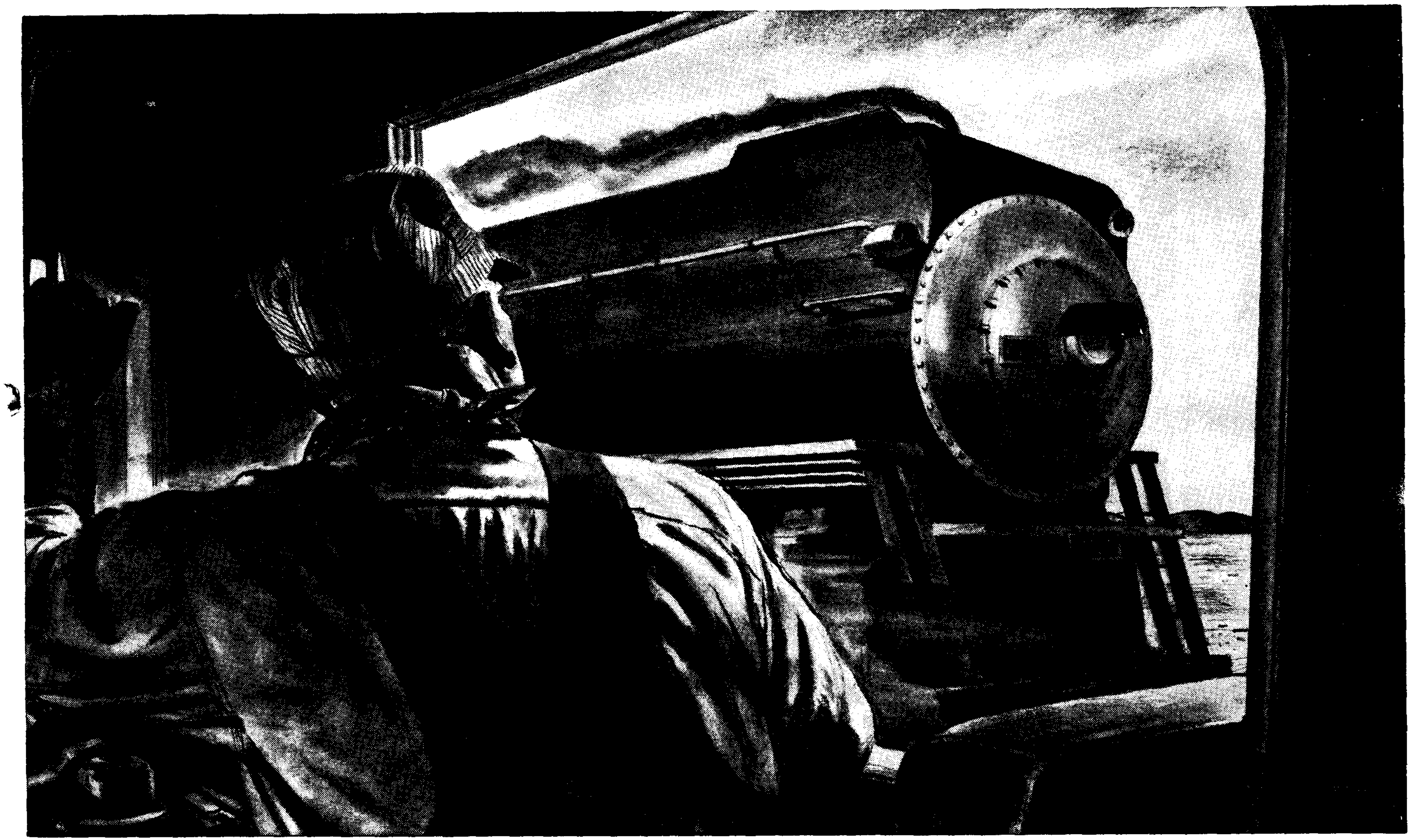
"This, sir . . . this . . ." The chill shook the man violently, rattling his teeth. Then he said quickly, "This ain't malaria, sir."

Brinn had made up his mind. "Fall ou and report to the sick bay, Ford."

"I tell you I'm not sick, sir. and I don' want to fall out." Ford had brought himself under control with a hard exertion o

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



Make your future secure—invest in War Bonds

Know why this picture is unusual?

This picture illustrates a story that couldn't be told very many years ago . . . a story that — but let's start at the beginning.

You're on a train, S.P.'s Streamlined *Daylight*, let's say. (That's its engine you see passing above.) Four and a half hours ago you left San Francisco for Los Angeles.

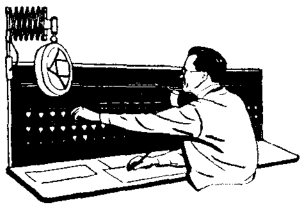
For the past two hours you've been racing through the lettuce fields of the Salinas Valley . . . past towns the Spaniards named—Gonzales, Soledad and Paso Robles . . . past the very front door of the old Mission at San Miguel.

Now your train is climbing up to the crest of the Santa Lucias—up the winding steel path that is the Santa Margarita grade.

But wait . . . look—there ahead. Another train is coming down. A long freight train. Closer and closer. One train or the other has to stop and take a siding—*you're riding on single track.*

And then it happens. The thing that makes the picture above so unusual. *Neither train stops.* Yes, you're on single track, but neither train stops. Like the picture shows, the two trains pass.

The answer?



The answer is one of the most important developments in railroading. It's a $17,000-a-mile "gadget" called C.T.C.—Centralized Traffic Control.

Miles from the meeting point of the *Daylight* and the freight, a dispatcher sits before a C.T.C. board. Colored lights show him the progress of both trains. At the right moment he moves levers connected electrically with track signals and switches. In response, the freight glides onto a passing track, proceeds at reduced speed—the *Daylight* "highballs" past. Then the freight rolls back onto the main line track.

Running time is saved, for once a heavy freight is stopped it takes a while to regain full speed. And C.T.C. eliminates delays for delivery of train orders, as well as for hand-opening and closing of switches by the train crews.

The great sweep of West and South where S.P. lines run for over 15,000 miles is a land of vast distances and tough mountain grades.

Here single track has been adequate in many cases to handle normal traffic. But with the abnormal war load, some of this line required greater capacity. At a time when new rail is hard to get, and we are pressed for manpower, C.T.C. is a bottleneck buster which helps us make the existing trackage carry maximum traffic.

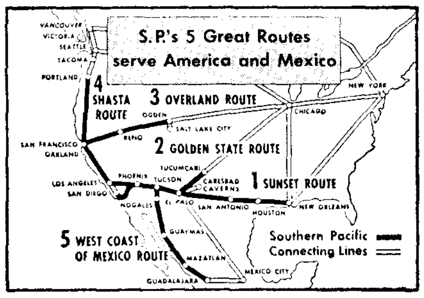
Today, besides the installation over Santa Margarita grade, we have C.T.C. in California from Redding to Black Butte, from Colton to Indio, from Sacramento to Stockton and high in the rugged Tehachapis.

We also have this invaluable control over Paisano Pass and other points on our Sunset Route through Texas. Just east of Reno, 43 miles are now under construction on our Overland Route and work will start soon to install 53 miles of C.T.C. on the famous Lucin Cut-off across Utah's Great Salt Lake.

What does all this add up to?

Just this. S.P.'s transcontinental routes bring troops and an immense volume of war material from Chicago and New Orleans and through the Pacific Northwest to Pacific Coast ports for the war with Japan. Where C.T.C. is installed on these routes, the train handling capacity of single track sections is expanded 50 to 75 per cent.

The Victory trains must keep rolling. C.T.C. is just another way S.P. is making sure they do keep rolling—faster and faster and still faster.


S.P.'s 5 Great Routes serve America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
RENO
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
TUCUMCARI
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
GUAYMAS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
MAZATLAN
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One of America's railroads—ALL united for Victory

Conference Concerning your Comfort

***IN ADDITION** to providing regular transcontinental commercial service in the war effort, TWA has been serving its country through:*

- ***OVEROCEAN AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE***
- ***ARMY AIRCRAFT MECHANIC, RADIO OPERATOR AND RADIO MECHANIC TRAINING***
- ***4-ENGINE FLIGHT TRAINING***
- ***NORTH AMERICAN AIR CARGO SERVICE***
- ***MILITARY AIRCRAFT MODIFICATION***
- ***PILOT, NAVIGATOR AND AERO ENGINEER TRAINING***
- ***ENGINEERING RESEARCH PROJECTS***

IT'S an hour till plane time, so you probably haven't left your home or office yet.

But out at the airport, your **TWA** Captain, his First Officer and the Flight Superintendent are busy making sure you have the best possible trip.

At their command are weather maps that are right up to this minute. Winds aloft and cloud formation data that's hot off the teletype. Information to give them a clear picture of just how things are going to be through every minute of your trip.

So, very carefully, they'll work out and agree on the one best way to make this particular trip. They'll choose from several alternate routes. Pick the best flying levels. Agree on course, speed and altitude that are best for this particular day and time.

They'll actually draw a picture of your course in the way they agree the flight can and should be made. Either Captain or Flight Superintendent can say "No" and halt the flight—neither can say "You must" and make it stick.

A wise precaution? It's more than that. It shows the manner in which **TWA** points the way in all matters concerning your interest. We don't want even a bump to disturb your swift, easy flight if a bump-free way can be found.

Some might call that going pretty far.

But after all—we want you to try **TWA** *first* and it is attention to such little things that makes that worth while.

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, INC.

TWA POINTS THE WAY

Lay That Pistol Down

Continued from page 19

his clerk home early and I had a terrible time getting away. I feel all sticky from his hands."

"It looks," I said, "as if I might have some business down Alexandria way tomorrow."

"You can't go," she said, holding me tighter. "I won't have you getting beaten up again."

"Hey, wait. I don't always lose."

She patted my face and found the lump Stuart's knuckle duster had left. "You always lose the first punch," she sniffled. "Please don't fight him again."

"Okay. Sit down and take it easy and tell me about things."

"There isn't much to tell. All I learned was that he has a phone book with the numbers of about sixty girls and they send him their photographs with the most sickening bleats written on them. And he combs his hair every five minutes and reads books on steel and carries a pocket emery wheel and lives all alone except for a daytime maid in a house three miles from his shop and he invited me to move in and—"

"Forget his love life," I said. "It makes me envious. Is he a gunsmith as well as a dealer?"

"No. He used to have a gunsmith working for him but he was drafted. Why?"

"I wondered about the books on steel. And why does he carry a pocket emery wheel?"

"Maybe to smooth out nicks in old weapons."

I went to the drawer and brought out the *Spare Naught* pistol. Arab gasped, and I explained about its being returned while I was away that morning. "I'm wondering," I said, "if the scratched place on the barrel was made by an emery wheel. What do you think?"

"It could have been. And look! You didn't tell me about this." She pointed to a narrow bright groove on the underside of one barrel.

I studied the mark and said, "I didn't know about it. I just chucked the thing in the drawer when I found it. That groove wasn't there last night. It's new, and it was made by a file. Maybe—"

"What's that noise?" she whispered.

I jumped. "Don't do things like that," I complained.

Then I heard it, too. The front-door knob had clicked as somebody turned it. I jumped to the door, yanked it open. Jake Snyder darted into the room, breathing hard.

"Jeez," he said, "don't you people ever pull down shades?"

"Hello, Jake," I said. "Why should we?"

"Handling that rod right out in plain sight. I could of plugged the both of you."

"Thanks for holding off," Arab said. "But why would you want to shoot us?"

"Don't get me wrong," Jake said. "I don't carry no rod. But this Stuart would put the blast on you in a second if he thought you was cutting into his racket."

I said, "He isn't around, unless you let something slip."

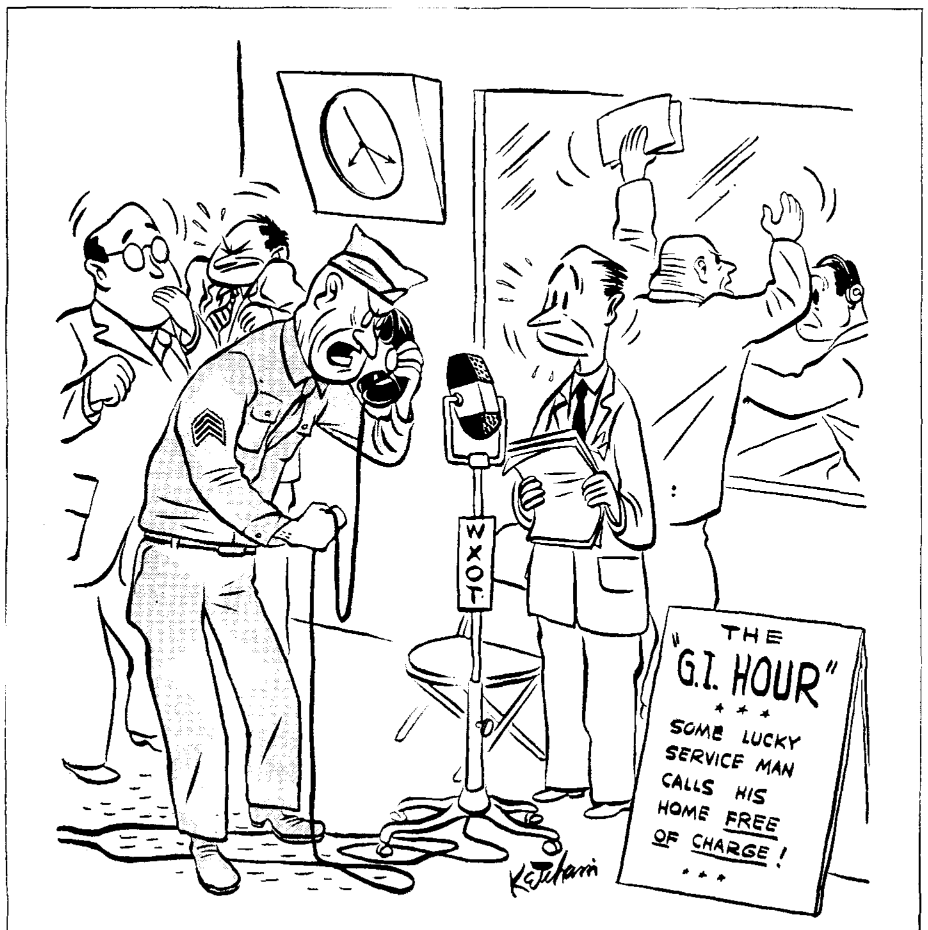
JAKE sidled across the room to a chair away from the windows, and lowered himself into it as if he were testing a hot bath. "I had a feeling as I come up that somebody was casing the joint," he explained. "I guess it was nerves. There's too much country up here. I don't like country. You got the two hunnert?"

I took the envelope out of my pocket and put the little pile of twenties on the living-room table in front of me.

"Jeez," Jake said, "I haven't seen that much since the last race at Bowie. I got something for you." He unbuttoned his coat and hauled out a walnut case, a little wider and flatter than a cigar box. "It's one of them old rods," he said. "I held it out on this Stuart. I wouldn't know how to shoot the thing. It—"

"Let's see," Arab said.

"Lemme give you the story first." He pulled a bottle of aspirin pills out of his pocket, munched one for a minute, then swallowed. "This Hawley dame," he said, "done a tour last year with a USO unit. You know, one of them floor shows that goes out and gives the boys a little more to look at than pin-ups. Her unit done some one-night stands up through Italy. She picks up some hot dope about a bunch of old rods some guy


WXOT
THE "G.I. HOUR"
SOME LUCKY SERVICE MAN CALLS HIS HOME FREE OF CHARGE!
Ketcham

COLLIER'S "Yeah? Well, let me tell you a thing or two!" HANK KETCHAM

For all *you* know you may be a *Virgo!*

IF SO, you're a pretty nice person to know.

According to the Zodiac, people born under Virgo* are practical, clear-headed, optimistic, and loyal. What's more, you like good music and literature and nice clothes.

Which means you know all about Arrow Shirts . . . the perfect fit and expert needlework; the neck-flattering Arrow Collar; the Sanforized label (shrinkage less than 1%).

And by the way, even if you *weren't* born under Virgo, you'll find Arrow the finest-fitting shirt you've worn since you were *this big!* $2.24 up. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Don't blame your Arrow dealer if he is out of your favorite Arrow Shirt. Considering war restrictions, he's doing a swell job! Try him later. Arrows are worth waiting for!

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I wish it would rain Beech-Nut!

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The wounded are coming home. Army hospitals need 22,000 female technicians immediately. This is women's work . . . important work. The Surgeon General asks you to join the Women's Army Corps today. You will receive thorough training in a new career. Remember the motto of the Army Medical Dept. . . . *"SERVICE ABOVE SELF."*

For additional information, call or write today to U. S. Army Recruiting Station, 4411 Munitions Bldg., Washington 25, D. C.

So do a great many people. But of course our fighters need the refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum more than we do. They get it first.

Meanwhile, don't wait for final peace. Work for it. We're climbing the last hill. Let's get to the top fast.

With the peace will come plenty . . . plenty of the pleasant things of daily living . . . and, of course, plenty of fine-flavored Beech-Nut Gum.

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

got out of Europe, early in the war, and sent over here."

"Where did she get her dope?" I asked.

"I don't have all the answers," he said. "Nobody ever put out no more to me than they had to. The rods had been sent to a party in D.C. She gets back here six months ago and it's too big for her to swing alone and she cuts this Stuart in on it. The party who got the rods didn't know the score and had broke up the set and sold them all over the District."

"The one at the auction was in the set?"

"Yeah. This Stuart and her had to trace each rod and he makes a big play for her and she falls for it only she finds he is giving her the cross and wants everything for himself."

"When did you get in on the deal?"

"Right at the start. If she located a rod and told Stuart, he would slip the word to me and I would lift the thing before she got to it."

He got out another aspirin pill, held it delicately between thumb and forefinger, and studied it like a jeweler appraising a pearl. "It worked good," he said, and popped the pill into his mouth. "All told I lifted seventeen rods. One more I had to snatch off this Hawley dame on the street. I missed another and had to try for it at the auction. That makes nineteen. I got number twenny here. There was twenny-five in the set, only we got no description or names of buyers on the others. This Stuart has been looking all over for them. The nineteen we got ain't the right ones."

He handed me a slip of paper. "Here's the name of the party got the set to start with. A guy named Wainwright, a dealer. He kicked off a couple years back and his old woman sold the stuff. She lives at that address in Georgetown. Maybe you could get some dope from her but I never figured it was worth a try."

"Did Kit Hawley," I asked, "ever think of calling in some law?"

"Why would she do that? She has nothing on this Stuart except the kind of cross that gets guys elected to boards of directors every day. And if the story comes out, whoever has the real rod may get wise and clean up. Besides," Jake said dreamily, "I got an idea the Hawley dame is wanted. I got an idea maybe the cops found some long red hairs, and a powder compact with fingerprints on it, and a few other items in the last couple houses where the rods got lifted."

"Nice framing, Jake."

"Did I say I done it? Anyhow, when she and this Stuart had their fight a couple weeks ago, he told her about these ideas the cops might have and what would happen if she yelled for the law."

I said, "Now I know everything . . . except the one thing that really matters: What the hell is everybody looking for?"

"I don't know," Jake said. "If I did, I wouldn't be cutting you in. The way I figure, it ought to be at least diamonds."

"Sure," I said. "At least diamonds. Or something better."

"They could hide a lot of glass in one of these rods."

"Well, goodby, Jake," I said. "It's been nasty knowing you."

"You ain't even looked at the rod," he wailed, opening the walnut case and holding it out to me.

"I don't want to look at it. We aren't going partners, Jake. The whole business is crooked and all the pistols are stolen and I don't want any part of it."

He took his right ear and rolled it into tight folds, working from back to front. His fingers were trembling. "You mean," he said hoarsely, "you won't go for this just because it's crooked?"

"Yeah. Sorry. I hate to wreck your faith in human nature."

"You . . . you mean I crossed up this Stuart . . . for nothing?" His voice went up to a squeak on the last word, and his ear snapped back into place.

"It looks as if. It—"

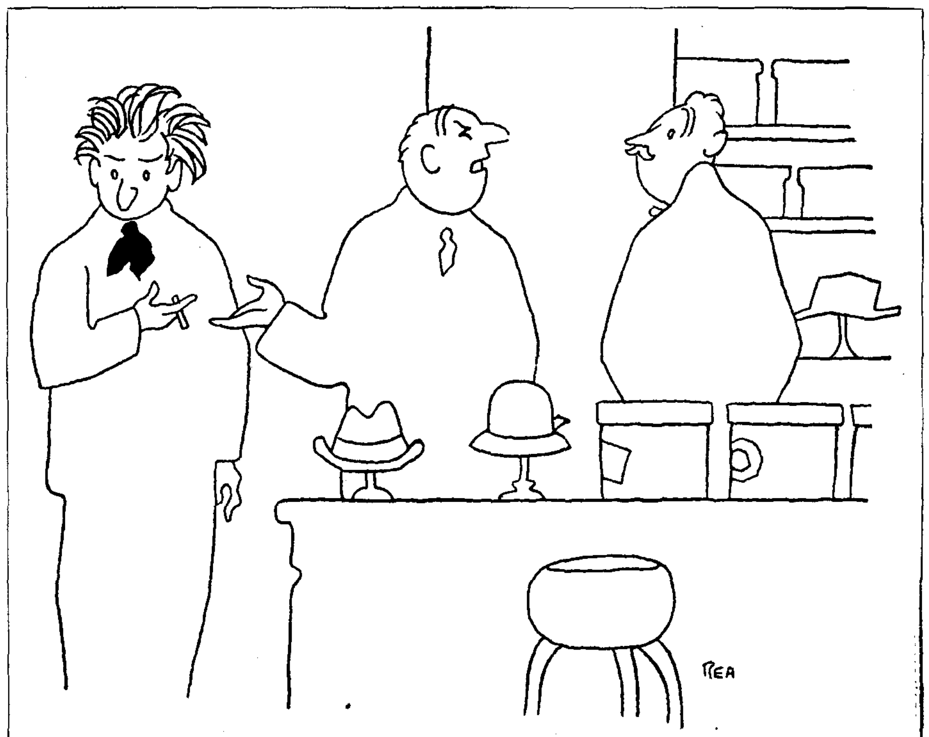
Sound ripped into the room. Flat, vicious sound, riding on a lemon-colored squirt of flame. Jake's hat spun around on his head. It hadn't stopped spinning before he was out of the chair, diving for the cord of the floor lamp. The walnut case and its contents clattered onto the floor. I wasn't two spins of Jake's hat behind him in grabbing at the wall switch. The spring hung for a couple seconds, as usual. In that breath of time the floor lamp crashed down and there was another crack outside and splinters whisked from the doorway right beside my shoulder. The spring clicked suddenly and the room went dark.

I GROPED across the room to the wall and felt along it until my fingers touched a window frame. I gripped the bottom of the window shade, yanked it down. Then I slid to another window. The man outside might be waiting for this shade to move, but the job had to be done. My body was shielded by the wall but my hand and arm acted as if they were starting to examine the left rear molar of a lion. My hand almost waved goodby to me. I zipped the shade down.

Suddenly something went WHISSSSHHHH past my nose and there was a hideous clatter and my heart bounced around like a fumbled football.

An arm tensed around me, and Arab whispered, "Andy, get hold of yourself! It was only the window shade."

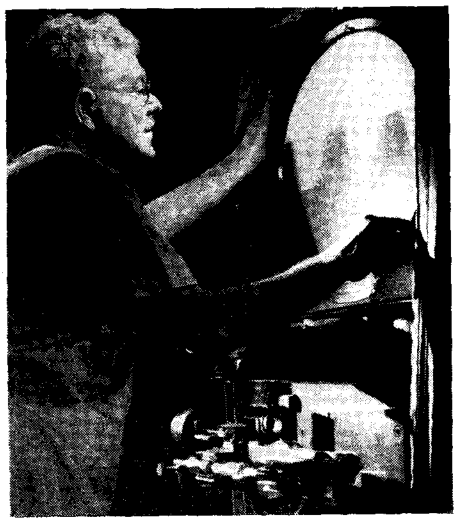
I looked. The devilish thing was at the



COLLIER'S

"Oh, Mr. Terwilliger, may I have your assistance for a moment? This gentleman wishes to try on a hat"

GARDNER REA



B&L Contour Projector magnifies tiny gear with accuracy to .0001"

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B&L Range finders enable U.S. Navy gunners to hit a ship 17 miles away

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Bomber navigators use B&L Sextant to plot course by sun, moon, stars

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B&L Multiplex Projector plots topographic maps from aerial photos

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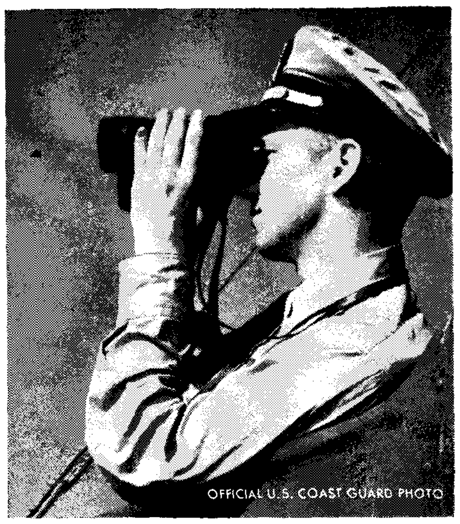
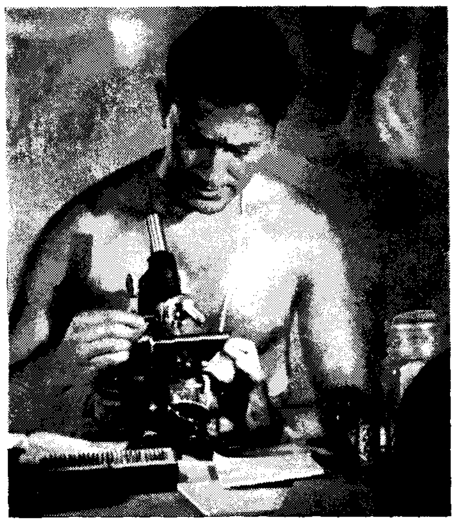
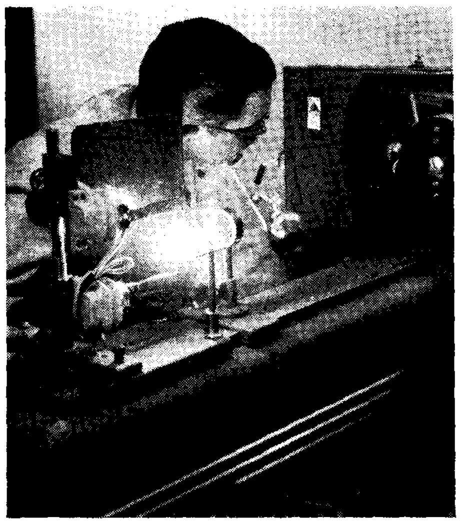

OFFICIAL U.S. COAST GUARD PHOTO

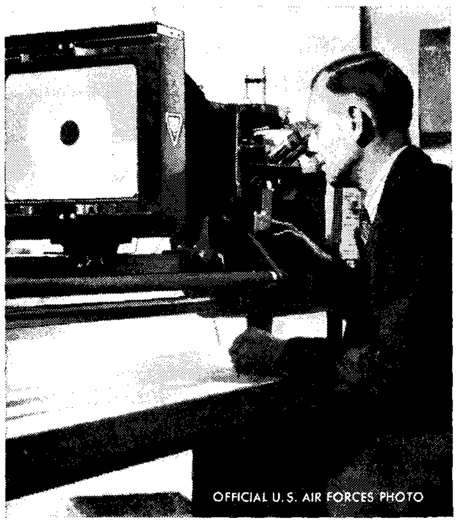
Coast Guard officer on convoy duty scans horizon with B&L Binocular



Medical Corps uses B&L Microscopes



B&L Spectrograph for metal analysis



B&L Research Metallographic Outfit

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The B&L Anti-aircraft Height Finder

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Allied might is rolling up a smashing record of individual victories that point to ever-more-imminent *total* victory.

The way in which American industry supports its fighting men is astounding our allies and confounding our enemies. In the production of war materiel, industry and science have cooperated to make our hard-hitting forces the most completely equipped in the field.

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Because Bausch & Lomb was prepared with manufacturing facilities (including its own optical glass plant) and a personnel highly trained and experienced in optical science, an otherwise certain shortage in vital optical equipment was averted.

As long as American men are fighting, Bausch & Lomb will continue to center its efforts on military needs. After that, Bausch & Lomb knowledge and capacity will again be devoted to making life better through optical science, optical instruments and optical methods.

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ESTABLISHED
1853

Makers of Optical Glass and a Complete Line of Optical Instruments for Military Use, Education, Research, Industry and Eyesight Correction and Conservation top of the window, still maliciously coiling its cord around the roller. "Our dream house," I said weakly, "will have Venetian blinds."

"We're likely to have to settle for a morgue if somebody doesn't do something," Arab said. "Step aside, darling."

She moved to the window and swung a long, shiny gadget to her shoulder. Before I could grab her, the muzzle of the thing started blazing like an acetylene torch and concussion rocked the house. Arab stood calmly at the window, spraying the landscape. Finally the shotgun clicked.

"There," she said.

"I don't think the cops will like this," I groaned. "Did you count the bodies?"

"That was only bird shot, darling. You're the nearest thing to a body I see."

I peeked out. Sheet lightning wavered in the distance and no bodies were to be seen. I pulled down the window and shade, then repeated on the others.

"It's okay, now, Jake," I said.

There was no answer.

"Keep your shadow away from the windows, Arab," I said. "I'm going to turn on a light." I switched on a floor lamp and peered around the room. He wasn't in sight. "Jake," I called. "Jake." I went through the house and found the back door slightly ajar. I came back and said, "You scared him away."

"He wasn't so scared that he forgot your two hundred dollars," she pointed out.

I looked at the table and saw that the little stack of twenties had vanished. "Maybe he earned it," I said. "He's had a tough evening. He . . . what are you doing with that pistol?"

"Loading it."

I gawped at her. She had just finished ramming a charge into the muzzle of a flintlock duelling pistol from her collection. Now she was tipping powder from a priming flask into the pan. "What," I said, "do you think you're going to do with it after you load it?"

SHE ran to the center hall closet, got out a shooting jacket and jammed a few things into the big pockets. Then she skipped up to me and began stuffing things into *my* pockets.

"Nobody's going to use my nice house as a bull's-eye," she said. "I'm going out to see about it. I don't have any shotgun shells left or any modern pistol cartridges so I'm going old-fashioned. That's a pistol in your pocket and powder and bullets if you feel like coming, too. See you later."

I lunged at her but she twisted and ran out through the kitchen. By the time I got to the back door she had disappeared, and the night was black and still and empty. I moved across the back yard with grass hissing softly around my ankles. "Arab!" I whispered. "Arab!" The sound didn't seem to carry. The air was hot and thick, and whispering into it was like whispering into a blanket. In front of me were the squat dark outposts of the woods: small pines and runty firs, hunching on their roots like crouching men. I slipped past them, called louder. Heat lightning shivered in the sky. The brief glow sent shadows scurrying, and suddenly the rabbit in me took charge. The next thing I knew, I was on our back steps, dripping with sweat and my voice hoarse from yelling for Arab. There was no answer. Off to the northwest thunder chuckled deeply.

"This is swell," I told myself. "You broadcast the fact that Arab is outside, and then run away and leave her. You'd have done better crawling under a bed. Remember what they teach you in the Army? They teach you that the other guy is at least as scared as you are."

I started walking back toward the woods. My jacket bumped heavily against my right hip. I put a hand in the pocket and found the pistol that Arab had shoved in there. It was the *Spare Naught* job. I gripped the butt and it felt good. Maybe I couldn't load and shoot it, but it might discourage a guy if I tagged him with the heavy barrels.

I began circling our property slowly, keeping a few yards inside the ragged screen of woods. Off to my right the lights of the house filtered dimly through trees and bushes and vines. Now and then I lost the glow and began sweating.

No Hard Feelings

THE LOCALE	THE GENEROUS GESTURE
Kinston, North Carolina	When a lawyer notified a woman her husband was suing for divorce, she replied, "He can have it with my best regards."
Las Vegas, Nevada	A businessman testified against a youth accused of stealing his truck and then hired the suspect as a truck driver.
Chewelah, Washington	When the Treasury Department notified a merchant he owed $45 additional income tax, he sent it with this note: "If you need more, let me know."
Kansas City, Missouri	A fugitive from an Oklahoma penitentiary wired the detective on his trail, "I think you're swell and hope you can catch me."
Los Angeles	A film studio executive acted as best man at his ex-wife's wedding.
Seattle, Washington	A man shot by his wife had the bullet made into a watch charm.
Indianapolis	A casket company offered to bury Hitler, Goebbels and Goering free.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

Something crackled ahead of me. It was a faint sound and might have been cheery if it had come from an open fire. It wasn't cheery, coming from the spider web of vines, I called Arab's name softly. No answer. I dropped flat on the ground and waited. There was no sound.

My fingers touched a small stone buried in the humus. That gave me an idea. I switched the gun to my left hand and scrabbled quietly around until I had half a dozen stones. I began slamming them at the spot where the crackling had seemed to originate.

Four of the stones clicked off harmlessly through vines and brush. The fifth ticked a leaf and then went THOCK against something. I listened carefully, and after a moment heard a stealthy rustling. It was moving away from the house and I followed.

It was like a nightmare. Trees slammed into me without warning. Vines slipped judo holds on my arms and legs and throat. Twice the rustling stopped, and I crouched, wondering if I had taken one step too many. Each time I felt around for more stones and laid down a barrage. Maybe I got some more hits. Anyway, the rustling started again both times.

I went on for perhaps fifteen minutes, then heard the pad of feet running on packed earth. I broke through a screen of bushes onto an old path. Lightning flickered. A dark figure was sprinting down the path fifty feet away, and I let out a yell and followed. If it had been a long chase I would have remembered to get my brains out of storage. But it wasn't. Within a few dozen strides the path began swooping downhill. I raced down it, catching glimpses of the figure ahead. I was gaining.

THEN a spurt of orange reached out for me and a steel jacket went SKREEEEEE-EEE off a rock ten feet away. I dove for the nearest bush. There was a sizable boulder in front of the bush and I hunched up behind it and prayed that Arab would have heard the shot and would have sense enough to call the cops, instead of coming down by herself to help. Meanwhile things were going to be unpleasant.

I wriggled a bit and another slug took a divot from my bush and wailed off into the distance: pine needles drifted down onto the back of my neck. I tried to brush them off and found my left hand nudging my neck with a pistol. It was the double-barreled flintlock that had started all this trouble. I had intended using it as a club and had forgotten it.

I remembered now that Arab had also jammed a primer flask, a powder flask and bullets into my pockets. Very carefully I loaded the gun and shoved it over my rock. The gunman was hiding in a clump of bushes marked by a light-colored boulder. I aimed ten feet above his boulder, and squeezed. Flame spouted from the pan and I squinched my eyes shut and it didn't go bang and I started to lift the pistol and—BLAM! The bullet whistled up at the clouds and my right hand came back and bashed me in the nose. I had forgotten that flintlocks don't go off the instant the hammer falls.

I CAN make more mistakes with guns in a second than most people can in hours, but luck was with me after all. Lead shrieked off stone and the guy yipped and I had hit his boulder.

"Listen," I yelled. "You hurt?"

My pal answered with another slug. I huddled behind my rock and decided not to reload and shoved the pistol into my pocket. The thing was murderous. You tried to shoot way over a man's head and the pistol sneaked its muzzle down and refused to miss. If I went on shooting I might kill the guy. Stones were more my speed. And there were thousands of assorted ones around. I collected a heap of two-inch stones and started lobbing them over.

I began getting on target. I heard yelps and thuds and sounds that might be profanity. The stones weren't big enough to break the guy's head, and the only force behind them was gravity, but apparently they were annoying. I stepped up my barrage.

That flushed him. A dark figure exploded like a partridge from the bushes and made a break for it. I got my feet under me and went in fast and low. Two strides away I feinted a tackle, timed his swerve nicely and smashed him just above the knees. He crumpled like a pile of cardboard boxes. I didn't give him a second. I slapped on a leg scissors, half nelson and finger lock. Then I lifted my head and took my first real look at him . . . and could have crawled under a boulder. Inside a frame of tumbled red hair was the white, tearful face of Katharine Hawley.

"You . . . you goon!" she wailed.

"There's been a mistake or something," I gulped. "Let's talk it over."

Somewhere behind me Arab's voice said, "It's going to need a lot of talking over."

"Arab," I cried. "Gosh, I'm glad you got here. I think something awful has happened."

"So do I," Arab said.

There was a queer note in her voice. A suspicion began to nag at me, and I asked, "When did you get here?"

"Just this second."

"You . . . you mean," I stammered, "you didn't see this wildcat shooting at me?"

"I heard shots," Arab said, "but what I see is you and this hussy practicing Boy Scout knots without a rope. Could you bear to untie yourselves?"

"You got this all wrong!" I yelled, and my voice began going soprano. "You—"

Kit Hawley sobbed, "He chased me and jumped at me and . . . and it was terrible. He was like a beast. A ravening beast!"

"I guess I'm not good enough for him," Arab said. "He never does any ravening around *me*."

I began unwrapping my leg scissors and half nelson and finger lock. It took longer than it should have done, partly because Kit was secretly making it difficult. I had a little trouble with myself, too. My mind wanted to get away fast but my body wasn't cooperating.

Finally I managed to get to my feet, and I said, "She was shooting at me, and I can prove it. Stand up, will you?"

Kit got up, sniffling. She was wearing brown slacks and a dark jacket, and under the jacket either a very tight jersey or a loose coat of tan. She was not one of those girls who wear slacks the way 196 pounds of flour wears a barrel. Arab searched her . . . not roughly, but Kit winced at every pat.

"She doesn't have a revolver," Arab announced. "She doesn't have anything bigger than a funny kind of nail file."

I WALKED grimly to the boulder where Kit had hidden, and found a nickel-plated .32 and brought it back. "Laugh this off," I said.

Arab broke open the revolver and sniffed at the cylinder. "Is this yours, Miss Hawley?" she asked.

"Of course it is," Kit said. "I never claimed I didn't shoot at him. I did shoot, and it didn't help me a bit. A girl needs more than a little pistol to fend off that goon of yours."

"I can hardly believe you needed to shoot at him," Arab said. "The way he usually acts around girls, you could fend him off with a rubber band and a paper clip."

"You chilly blondes don't know how men can be," Kit said.

"I am *not* chilly!"

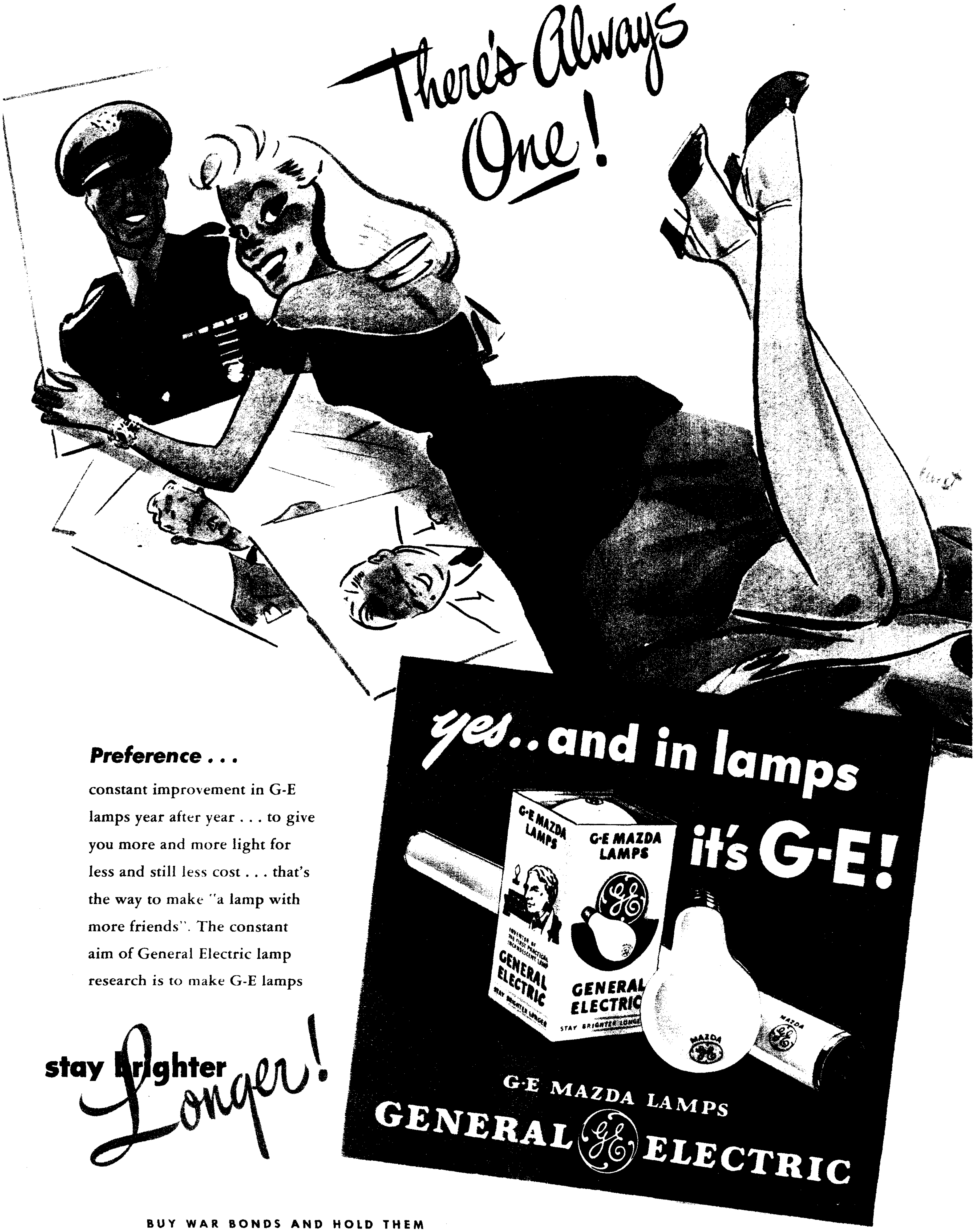
"Listen," I said, "will you two stop this nonsense? And, Miss Hawley, maybe you'd like to explain why you shot at us back in the house."

"I didn't!" she said indignantly. "I just came out to have another try at buying that flintlock pistol from you and as I arrived I heard two shots and then a whole war and it scared me and I hid in the bushes. And your husband came along, Mrs. Blake, and he grabbed me and I broke away and ran through the woods and then he cornered me down here. You'd better get in your claim for alimony fast. When I finish suing, there won't be enough left to keep you in peroxide for your hair."

"Let's go back to the house," Arab said. "There's an easy way to settle all this. We'll just check the bullets that came into our living room. If they're thirty-two caliber . . ."

"Of course they're her bullets," I growled. "She fired two shots up there and had two more cartridges in her pocket and filled the empty chambers and then fired at me. You wait and see if she doesn't beat it on the way home. And I won't chase her again for a million bucks."

Kit didn't try to make a break, though, and when we entered the house and Arab went to the cellar to get tools to dig out the bullets, she sauntered into the living room as if coming for an evening of bridge. She dropped into my favorite chair and swung her long handsome legs over the arm and stretched herself luxuriously. She tossed shining red hair back from her face. Green eyes looked at me like the eyes of a cat star-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ing at a saucer of milk. She helped herself to my cigarettes.

"You act as if you owned the place," I growled.

"After I finish with you," she said, "I will. Have you any last request before I throw the switch?"

"If I had a last request it would be for a hairbrush and fifteen minutes alone with you."

Arab came in from the kitchen with an ice pick, a small chisel and a knife. "What," she said coldly, "was that about wanting fifteen minutes alone with her?"

"I wish," I snapped, "that you would eavesdrop on my whole conversation and not just part of it. I said I wanted a HAIRBRUSH and fifteen minutes alone with her."

Kit said, "They call it sadism, don't they?"

Arab snorted and went to the doorway beside our delay-action light switch, where the second slug had tried to give me a haircut. There was a ragged black hole in the wood. She enlarged the hole, probed inside, and finally something rolled out and clunked on the floor. Arab picked it up. She studied it a moment, then tossed it to me. I caught it one-handed and looked triumphantly at Kit and casually at the hunk of lead.

And then I went cold all over. You couldn't have coaxed this slug into a thirty-two with a sledge hammer.

Kit said, "If you're hunting for words, big boy, you might do worse than scream for your lawyer."

"Lawyer?" I cried. "What I need to protect my interests is a chaperon. Where's the other bullet, huh? Where's the other bullet?"

Arab was already going after it. It had ticked Jake's hat and bored into the overstuffed chair in which he had been sitting. Arab cut the upholstery at the back of the chair, located it and gave it to me. The padding had stopped the lead bullet without flattening it. At a guess, the bullet would go over .50 caliber. In addition to being almost twice the diameter a .32 revolver would take, it was unmarked by rifling and must have been fired from a smooth-bore pistol.

I whirled toward Kit, shouted, "Where's your other gun? Where did you hide it?"

"I don't have another gun," she cooed. "I *think* that anything bigger than thirty-two caliber is unladylike, don't you?"

I had trouble breathing. It felt as if I had gills instead of lungs. Finally I managed to say, "I didn't do anything. She's lying. She had another gun."

"Sit down, Andy, please," Arab said. "Now listen, darling. I understand. You've been working hard in The Pentagon. You got a leave. It must have been like a soldier coming back from months and months on a beachhead. You saw this . . . this pin-up girl. You lost control."

I let her push me into a chair. I mopped my forehead, and said, "I tell you *she had another gun!*"

"Andy, you haven't thought this out. Whoever fired these bullets was an expert. He missed you and Jake by an inch. How close did she come to you out there?"

"Ten feet," I muttered.

"Ten feet. So she isn't any good. And besides—" She broke off suddenly and scrambled for something under the couch. It was the weapon Jake had brought: a heavy military pistol of the percussion type. She peered at it, then said, "I got a good look at this when Jake opened the case. There were no marks on the barrel. Now look."

She brought it to me and I stared at it and saw the same kind of shiny scratch on the barrel that had been on the *Spare Naught* pistol when I bought it back from Stuart.

"That was done," Arab said, "while we were all out in the woods."

"Stuart!" I said hoarsely.

"Of course, it was Stuart," Kit said. "Anybody could figure that."

I jumped up. "He may still be around," I cried. "What are we sitting here for? He might start blasting. He—"

"He's gone," Arab said. "Why would he hang around? He scared Jake away, and he tested this pistol. Don't worry about *him.*"

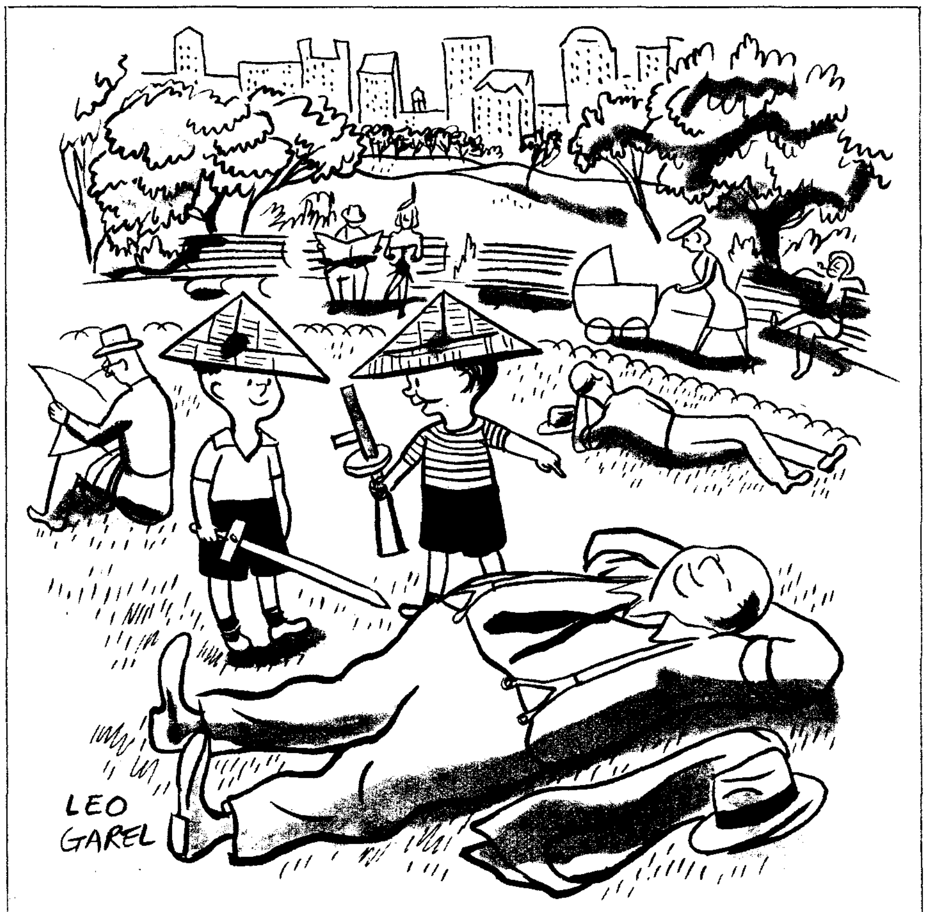
I lowered myself slowly into the chair. My body felt old and shriveled . . . a body that would interest no one but an Egyptologist. I had remembered Kit again.

Numbly I said to her, "What do you want? I don't have much. There's the stamp collection I made as a kid, and some fishing rods and some old silver spoons. I cleaned out my bank account today for Jake. What do you want?"

"Right now," Kit said, "a mirror. I must look awfully secondhand."

She got up and swaggered with her showgirl stride to the mirror beside the doorway. She peered into it. The floor lamps didn't throw enough light for her. Her hand reached for our delay-action wall switch, pressed it down. *And held it down until the spring clicked and the lights went on.*

I rocketed out of the chair, and walked



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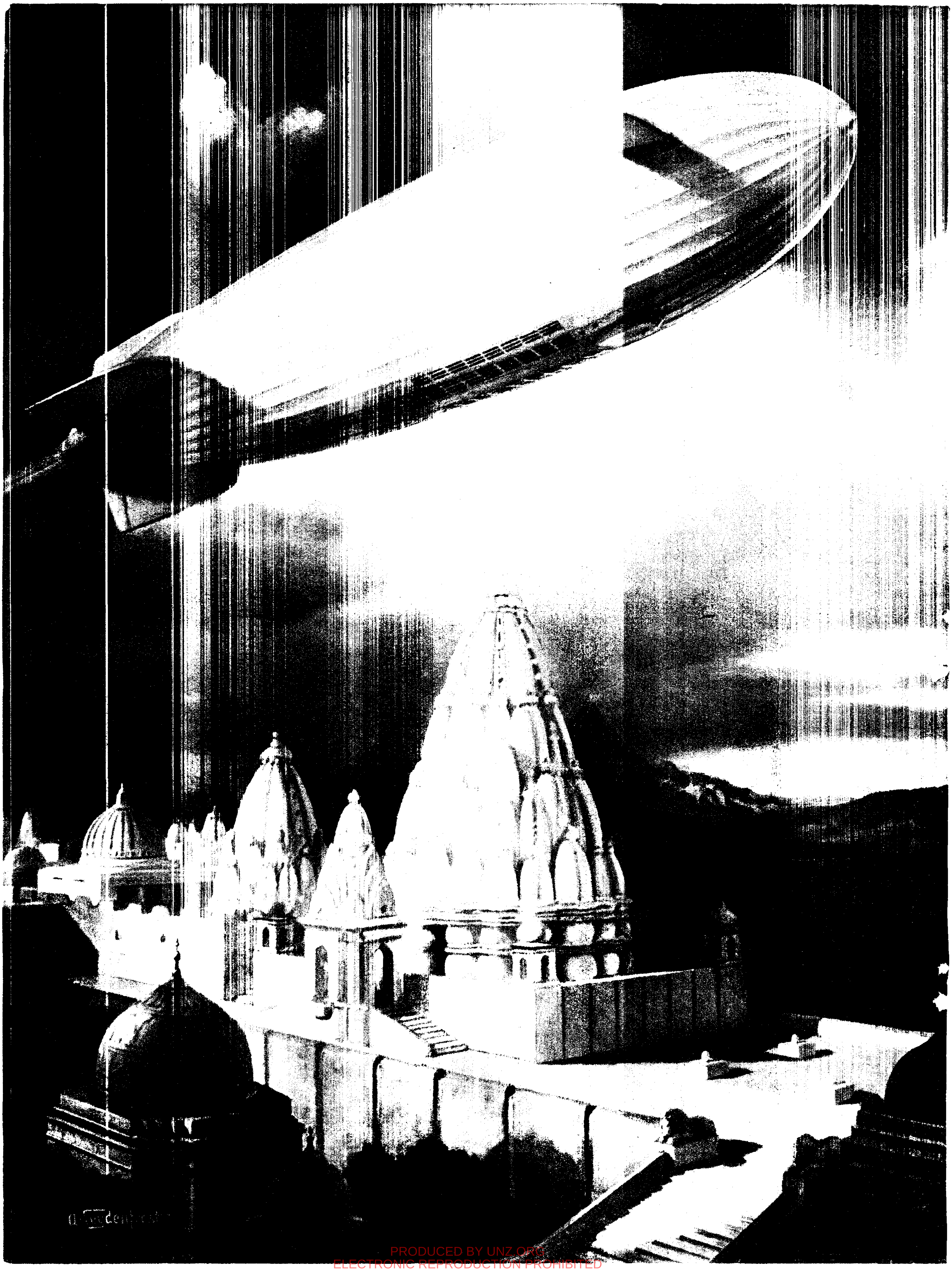

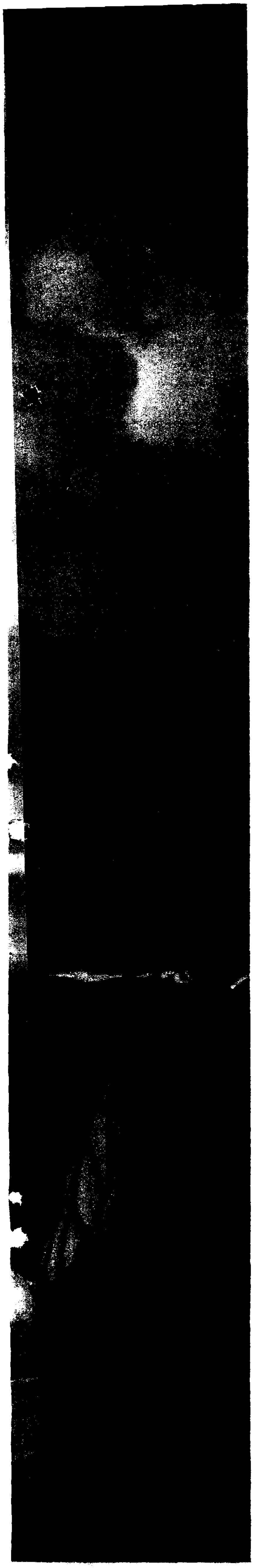

Is this the Luxury Liner of the Future?

In the coming age of world-wide flight there is a special and unique place for the great dirigible airship.

It is not as an express flier for busy executives who wish to dine in New York and breakfast in Europe. That service will fall to the airplane by virtue of its superior speed—although commercial airships have already spanned the Atlantic in less than two days and the Pacific in less than three.

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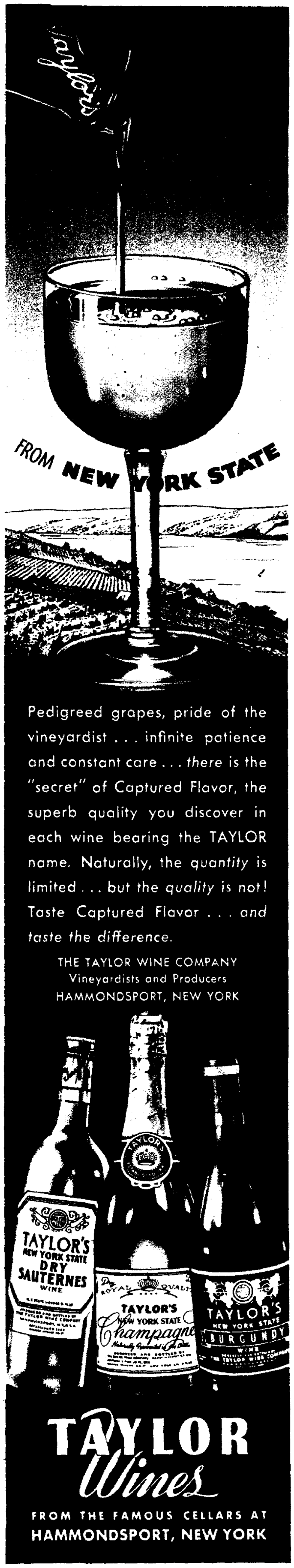

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toward Kit, smiling. She flattened against the wall, her face white.

"Heh-heh," I said softly. "Have you any last request to make now that you *have* thrown the switch?"

"Keep away from me!" she cried. "What are you talking about?"

"Outside of my wife," I crooned, "only one person knows that this wall switch must be held down for a couple of seconds before the spring works. The other person was here last night, held me up and stole a pistol. All I saw was the person's hand, wearing a glove. You wore two gloves on that hand, didn't you? No wonder I didn't suspect you. The hand looked too big to be yours."

"Make him stop," she wailed. "He's lying. It's a frame. I never—"

Her right hand sneaked into her jacket pocket and brought something out and I grabbed her arm before she could get rid of the object. "Watch this," I told Arab, and began prying open Kit's hand. It was like opening an oyster but finally I unclenched her fingers. On her palm lay a tiny three-edged file. "You've certainly been a big help, darling," I said to Arab. "You searched her and said she had a funny kind of nail file. What do you think she has, talons?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Arab gasped. "But . . . but what does it all mean?"

"It's a metal file! It's the one that made the file marks on the *Spare Naught* pistol."

Arab took it and tested it in the groove on the pistol. "It fits, Andy," she said.

"Any three-edged file would fit," Kit cried. "Let me go!"

"Tell you what," I said. "Let's call in the police and go scientific. It shouldn't be difficult to find out if the metal in the teeth of your file came from this pistol. Shall we, Kit? May I call you Kit? I don't like being formal with a girl after assaulting her. Shall we be scientific, Kit?"

Her arm went limp and her eyelashes fanned down over sullen green eyes. "No," she muttered.

"You admit you held me up last night?"

"Yes."

"Did I assault you tonight?"

"No."

"The prosecution rests," I said. I took a deep breath. "It needs a rest," I said weakly.

"Can I go now?" Kit asked.

"Oh, no," Arab said. "Now we want the whole story. Or else."

Kit said slowly, "All right."

"Then let her arm go, Andy. But don't start talking until I get my notebook and pencil. I want to take this down."

ARAB raced up the stairs, and I freed Kit's arm. She rubbed her wrist, then the plumed lashes lifted and she said, "You aren't such a low-gear guy after all, are you?"

"Once in a while," I said, "a man has to push right up to the speed limit."

She smiled and took a step toward me. "They set speed limits awfully low. Did you ever think of breaking one?"

The look in her eyes made me feel like a visiting steak in a lion's den. I wished Arab would hurry. "Yes," I said. "I've often thought of breaking speed limits. Often and unfavorably."

"Then stop thinking. Let your impulses take over."

"My usual impulse," I said, "is to run away."

"Are you going to run now?" she asked softly.

Her lashes fluttered and she came very close and I shrank back and suddenly there was a flicker of motion and a right hook caromed off my ribs. It wasn't a ladylike hook. I teetered backward, and Kit darted to the front door. It stuck for a moment. I got off my heels, caught her just as she yanked it open and hung on dizzily. Arab heard the commotion and her shoes rattled on the floor overhead as she raced to the stairs.

Kit melted suddenly. A slim, breathless body pressed against me and arms looped silkily around my neck and lips quivered on mine. When I breathed it was like inhaling the fumes of a warm, sweet liqueur. I'll never boast about my impulses again.

The next thing I knew, Arab was standing on the bottom step and calling, "Andy! Andy!"

I managed to tilt my head back and croak, "It's her fault."

"Andy Blake, you let her go!"

"She tried to run and I'm stopping her!"

"You're the one who'd better run! If you don't let her go . . ."

I dropped my arms. Kit went through the half-open door like a quarterback spinning through guard. I slammed the door and threw the bolt.

Arab's lips were trembling and tears made blue mirrors of her eyes. "She was kissing you," she wailed.

"Before you got here she was killing me."

Arab blinked and the tears vanished and her pointed chin was suddenly very firm. "I've been too quiet and refined for you, have I?" she said. "I'm a chilly blonde, am I?"

"I never said that. She did."

"Andrew Blake, come here."

"What for? Now listen, Arab, you've got a funny look in your eyes. I—"

A slender hand pounced at my wrist, seized it. "Come here," she said.

"What do you mean? Hang off, will you? I didn't do anything!"

She trapped my other wrist. Her eyes were the blue of volts hurdling a spark gap. "Kiss me," she said. "Kiss me the way you kissed her."

"I didn't kiss her," I said.

"Then," Arab flared, "kiss me the way you *should* have kissed her!"

"Arab, I—"

A soft warm mouth caught the words as I tried to form them. I tried to be stern and dignified. I tried to appeal to her finer instincts. But I couldn't get out a word. The fragrance from her hair and skin made me dizzy and my blood cells went skipping through my body like little boys with matches. I swept her up into my arms and started upstairs.

"You beast," she murmured happily.

A CAROLING voice, clear and untrained as the voice of a child skipping rope, wakened me the next morning. Now and then the song was punctuated by gasps and screams and the clatter of a broken dish. Arab was preparing breakfast.

I showered and grabbed a quick shave and hurried downstairs. I turned the toaster adjustment back to light brown and shut the kitchen window to stop the breeze from blowing out the gas and turned a cup rightside up a split second before Arab started pouring coffee into it. She was wearing a skimpy white playsuit, and had a blue ribbon around her sunny hair. She looked young that it seemed wrong to kiss her anywhere except on the forehead. She showed me a warm new blister on her hand.

"The fat in that horrible old pan jumped at me," she said.

Two eggs were frying in the pan. It was half full of bacon fat and the gas burner was on all the way and the eggs were leaping like trout. I shut off the burner.

We set the table and had our usual argument over Arab trying to give me the best pieces of toast. Halfway through breakfast, she asked, "What's the schedule for today?"

"I want to start a beautiful friendship with a cop. Any cop."

"What can you offer to interest a cop?"

"Crimes. I understand cops like crimes."

"How do you propose to do it, Andy? You haven't much to offer right now."

"What!" I yelled. "You mean people can break into my house and clip me with knuckle dusters and hold me up at the point of a gun and steal my property and shoot up my house and fire bullets at me and it's no crime?"

"Let's take them up one at a time," she said happily. "I'll be the cop. You tell your story."

I peered at her suspiciously. "I got the idea I'm not going to like this," I said.

I was right. Inside of about ten minutes she not only had my story shot full of holes, but had proved that any right-thinking cop would wind up by having me tagged for conspiracy, assault and battery and sundry other chargeable offenses.

It made me sore. I forgot that this was just a game. I shouted, "A fine country where an innocent citizen can't get justice! A gang of crooks pulls all kinds of stuff on me and, when I report it, all I get is a boomerang right back in my face."

I got up. I got up angrily, without pushing back my chair, and my side of the table got up with me. It made a satisfactory crashing

(Continued on page 52)

Jogging your Jargon

IV

The following sentences are in the special argot (you can call it slang, jargon, lingo, vernacular, or terminology, according to your personal taste) of seven different occupational groups using the English language. Can you tell—(1) to which group each sentence belongs; (2) what each sentence means? (Answers on page 65.)

1 The ork boss and the sax got together on a schmaltzy number with blue lines for the sepia thrush in the nitery, and it wowed the tab lifters, so it soon got waxed, with the warbler chanting two stanzas and turning in another on the black-and-whites.

2 After riding the rods for two days, the jocker and the prushon started counting ties till a cinder bull chased them, and they made a Charlie Paddock for the nearest burg, where they battered the drag for scoff jack and a flop in a flea house.

3 This ear-banger Henry was full of brew when he went out on the target range, and all he could score was Maggie's drawers.

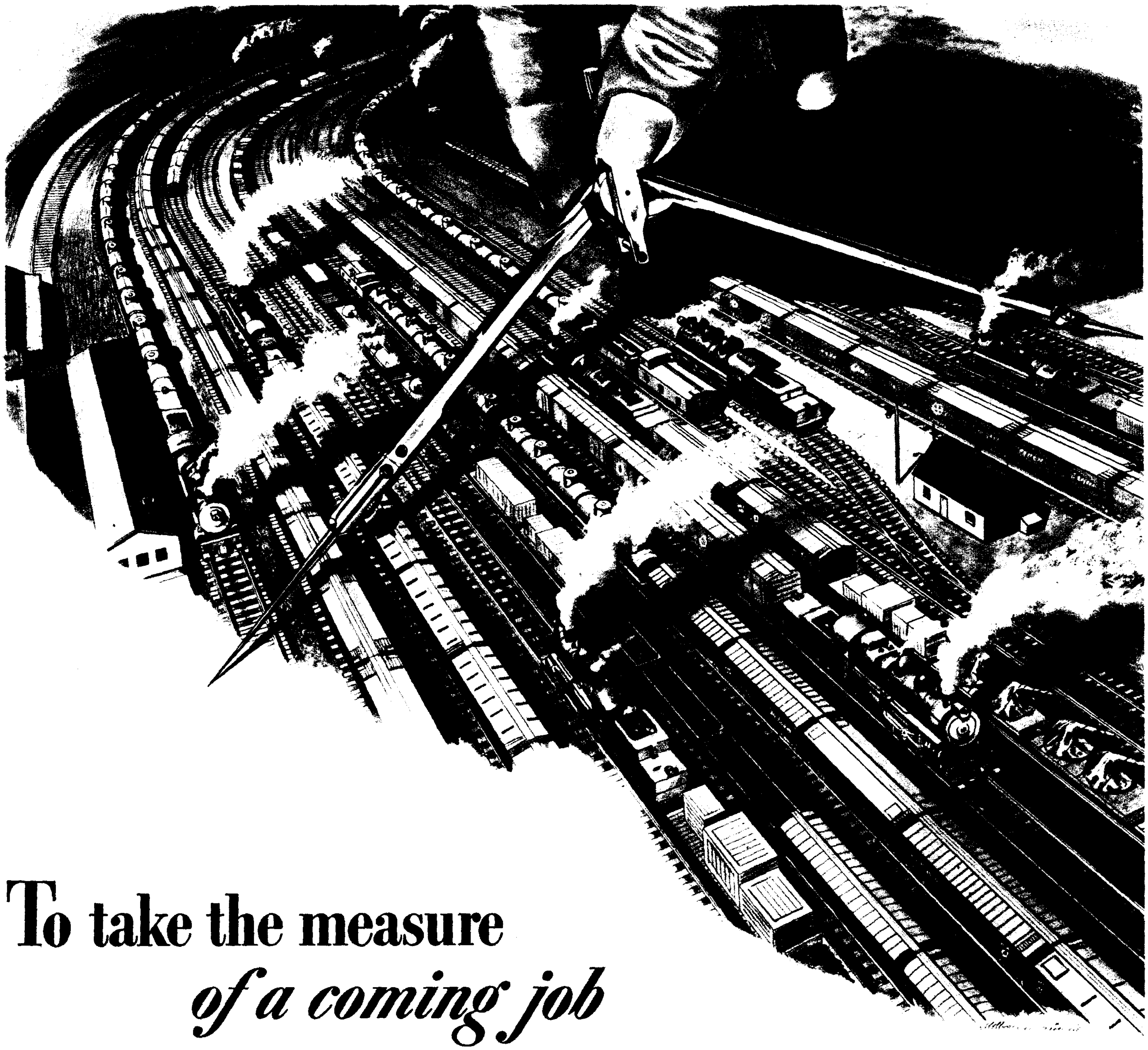
4 Even though he was a mugwump and owed his election to a gerrymander, the solon started a filibuster in the House to defeat the globaloney legislation, and denounced its sponsor as worse than a copperhead for masking his designs with gobbledygook.

5 After kicking the gong around for years, Lenny gave it up for Mary Warner, and now he's high most of the time, as he gets his reefers regularly from a pusher.

6 The timber beasts got ugly when the bull of the woods told them to fall the wolf tree, and they'd have put the calks to him, only a cat pilot and a couple of sawdust eaters interfered.

7 Harve got it right from the feedbox that the roarer was right for the sixth, so he put his clams on it to show, and, thanks to a scratch, it managed to take place money.

—Cliff Macon



To take the measure *of a coming job*

Few people notice or even think of the many special abilities the railroads have been required to develop. One of these is accurately anticipating the need of agriculture and other industry for rail transportation.

Because they do this, freight cars for years have almost always appeared at the right place, at the right time and in the right number. This has been a *must* for orderly marketing and efficient low-cost transportation.

Today, while everything they have is working day and night to hasten victory, the railroads are busy also taking the measure of the jobs that lie ahead.

What new kinds of goods will have to be carried? What kinds of cars will they need? Where will they come from and where will they go? What service and rates will be needed to develop business, shipping and employment?

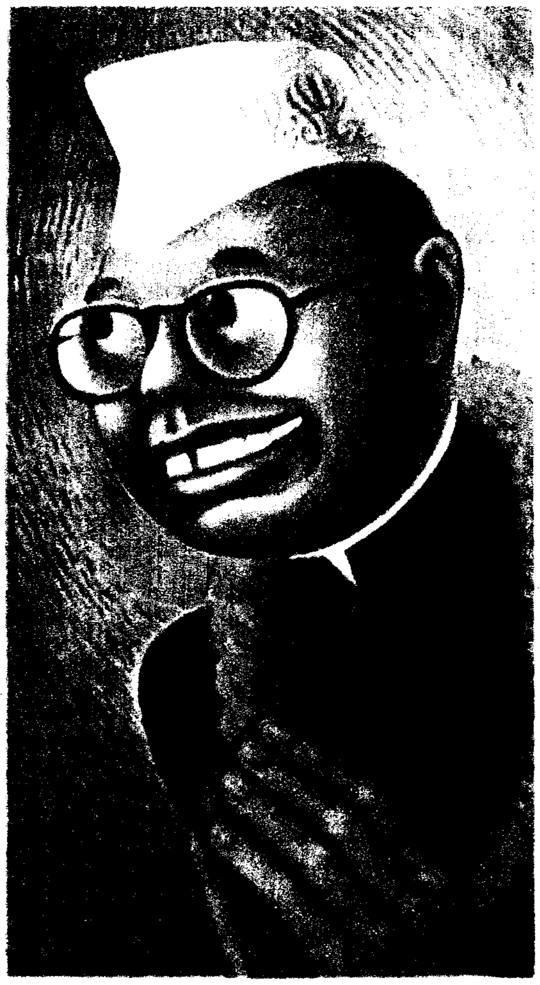
Long before the call comes for postwar action, the answers to these and hundreds of other questions must be ready. Finding the answers to these questions is the work of a separate group of seasoned railroaders—the Railroad Committee for the Study of Transportation.

In this way, the railroads are looking ahead to the time when America turns again to peacetime work—and planning their necessary part in helping to make it a wonderful land to live in, just as they have helped make it strong in time of war.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

THE Guilty



SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE

LIII

THE methods of Mohandas Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru may be questioned, but the purity of their motives is not open to doubt. The fight of the two for an independent India has never been soiled by shameless bargains for the advancement of their selfish interests. No such lenient judgment can be passed on Subhas Chandra Bose. Throughout the whole adult life of this man, patriotism has been a cloak for a ruthless ambition that took no account of honor, honesty or love of country. Not once has he ever risen above baseness.

Even with the opportunities offered by war, Gandhi and Nehru held back from the offers of Germany and Japan, the former declaring that "we do not seek independence out of Britain's ruin." Repeatedly, vehemently, Nehru has said that Allied victory was the one hope for a free world. Bose, on the other hand, took German money and is today a "general" in the Japanese army, fighting in Burma, sweatingly eager to have India brought under the rule of Japan so that he may be her quisling.

Bose's utter lack of character is his country's tragedy, for the force and brilliance of the renegade may not be denied. Born in 1897, a native of Bengal, he was an honor student at Cambridge, and rose to high place in the Indian Civil Service. Quitting in 1921 to become a follower of Gandhi, he rose rapidly, and soon stood at the Mahatma's right hand. More and more, however, it became apparent that he put his own personal fortunes above loyalty to the cause, and in the early thirties he was expelled from the movement for his insubordination and secret plotting.

Straightway Bose attacked the Mahatma as a muddleheaded old mystic, preaching a mealymouthed gospel, and he began the organization of terrorist gangs for the avowed purpose of pillage and massacre. All India was scoured for lawless, desperate men, and to swell his strength, the rabble-rousing Bengali went into the universities and attracted a following of reckless students.

Now began a series of outrages that made Gandhi's policy of mass disobedience seem tame and futile. Trains were wrecked, buildings fired and mothers cut down by hatchet men as they fought to protect their children. As if to flout the Mahatma's insistence on nonviolence, there were outright massacres in Bombay, Malabar and the village of Chauri-Chaura, where twenty-one policemen and watchmen were drenched in oil and burned alive.

Prison sentences only served to increase Bose's popularity with the masses. While in jail, for example, he was elected mayor of Calcutta. By 1938, he was strong enough to win the presidency of the Indian National Congress over Gandhi's opposition, and would have served a second term but for certain shrewd tactical moves by the Mahatma that forced his resignation. At the outbreak of war, Bose formed an All India Anti-Compromise Congress of his own, and raced up and down the land, screaming that the Empire's peril was India's opportunity. Open in his praise of Germany, Italy and Russia, Bose advocated for his country a government that was a combination of Nazism, Communism and Fascism.

That Bose had been in secret communication with Hitler soon stood proved. Fleeing India, he escaped to Berlin and took his place as a stooge of Doctor Goebbels, side by side with the Mufti, Haj Amin El Husseini, the perjured old Arab. Even as the Mufti broadcast to the Moslem world, urging a holy war against the British, so did Bose call on India to rise in revolt, skillfully inferring that the Fuehrer was waging a war in behalf of the world's subject races.

Pearl Harbor, however, changed the picture. Overnight, Japan became the country that was to give India her independence, with Germany standing by to aid and protect. Plentifully supplied with Nazi funds, Bose made his way to Tokyo and, after conference with Tojo, was sent to Singapore as the best field for his operations. Preaching the war as one between colors, he painted the paradise that would come into being for every native race when the white man was driven out of Asia. Americans, no less than the Dutch, the English and the French, were cruel and rapacious, despite the pretense of democracy.

With the Japanese invasion of Burma and the desperate attempt to capture India's Imphal Plain, Bose's activities gained in size and importance. Made a general by Tojo, he formed an Army of Liberation, and is now at the front—not as a fighting man, of course, for he was always careful of his own skin, but as a propagandist. Day in and day out, he broadcasts to India, damning Gandhi and Nehru as false and discredited leaders, and urging the people to kill and burn.

In the hour of Allied victory, it is certain that Subhas Chandra Bose will plead patriotism as his defense. It is a lie and has always been a lie. Repudiated by India's patriots, the Bengali stands revealed as a criminal type, ever willing to stoop to any baseness out of an insane egoism and passion for power.

Remember him! . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

Lay that Pistol Down

Continued from page 50

noise. I stamped into the living room, and suddenly my foot skidded on something and my legs went out for the high hurdles without telling the rest of me and I hit the floor. The crashing noise was not satisfactory.

Arab ran to me and knelt and cried, "Oh, darling, are you hurt?"

"Sure, I'm hurt," I moaned, rubbing myself.

Arab looked at the floor and said, "Why . . . why you slipped on a bullet! It must be one of the bullets from the cased pistol that Jake brought. You remember he jumped when Stuart shot at him and the case and pistol and bullets scattered all over the floor?"

"Yeah, but what was a *half* bullet doing in the case? What . . . ah!"

I FORGOT my aches and dived at the thing. There were *two* half bullets, close together on the floor. Half bullets don't roll, so it was obvious that one of my angry steps had smashed down on a whole bullet and it had rolled and split. That seemed mighty odd. Even if I were as tough as I'd like to be, I could stamp all day on a solid ball of lead and it wouldn't split. I turned the halves over carefully, and Arab gasped.

The bullet had been slightly larger than .50 caliber. It had been cut in half after casting, and a quarter-inch hollow had been dug in it and then the halves had been fused together. The hollow in each half was filled with fine sawdust. I carried the pieces of lead to the living-room table and carefully dug out the packing.

"Is . . . is it an explosive?" Arab asked breathlessly.

"Sawdust."

I prodded the stuff, felt something hard. There were eight tiny objects in the packing. I worked them loose and Arab brought two cups of water and we washed them. They were crystals. Several were the size of pinheads; the largest no bigger than the head of a match. They had facets, but no sparkle or luster.

"Oh, gosh," Arab said, "I thought we had struck diamonds."

"Weren't there some more bullets in the case?"

"Lots. A dozen or so. I saw them in the case when Jake opened it and I heard them bouncing on the floor."

"See if you can find them."

While Arab scrambled around on the floor, I got out the magnifying glass and studied the crystals. There was an interesting similarity among them. Each had a many-faceted point at one end, and a flat base at the other. I began to get an idea.

"Andy," my wife said, "I can't find any others."

"Uh-huh. We had a visitor, remember? While we were playing tag outside with Kit."

"Of course. That man Stuart. He put that funny scratch on the pistol Jake brought. Oh-h-h, and he took the bullets!"

"Yep. And when I bought the *Spare Naught* pistol from him, I didn't get the bullets that had been in its case. Stick with me, kid, and you'll be wearing diamonds."

"Diamonds? But, Andy, they can't be diamonds! They're too small and ugly."

"That," I said, "is because you're not a machine tool. Machine tools love diamonds like these."

"I don't get it."

"Machine tools are used to make production-line machines. They have to cut and grind and bore hard metals. They use diamonds or diamond dust for doing it. That's what these are for."

"They can't be worth much, can they?"

"I don't know. Maybe some of your ordnance people can tell us. They may not look like much but a lot of work must be involved in cutting them, and that would add to the value. At a guess, I'd say diamonds like these wouldn't tempt Stuart to break many laws, but they might pay his expenses while he went after something bigger."

"Andy, I think it's wonderful the way you thought all this out, and I'm sorry I made you angry playing cop."

"You were right. My story would sound fishy to any sensible cop. I should have started yelling for a lot of law at the start, but there was always some reason for not doing it. Maybe I better dig up some more answers before I get the cops."

"Wonderful! We'll—"

"Correction, please. I'll, not we'll. Your thirty-six hours are up. Whatever this pistol game is, you're dummy. Get tough about it and I won't even let you kibitz."

"You're mean."

"So I'm mean. Call Stuart's shop and tell him you have another job and can't come back."

"But, Andy—"

The telephone bell cut her off. I answered it, and a voice whispered in my ear, "This is Jake. Jake Snyder. Listen, did that guy give you any more grief after I pulled out last night?"

"How do you know it was a guy?"

"For my money it has to be this Stuart. He trails your dame home and hangs around and tries to scratch me from the card. Listen, watch yourself. That guy's a killer. You better go slow. Don't do nothing till you hear from me. I got a tip to run down."

"What kind of tip?"

"I can't give out now. I'm in a pay booth in a drugstore. Listen, this Stuart is on the prowl for me. I get back in D.C. last night and head for my room and I see some guy hanging around across the street. So I duck into an alley and watch him, and it's this Stuart. So I lam out of there. So I got to stay on the lam until the heat is off. In a couple days, if it looks safe, I'll get this new dope to you."

"Forget it," I said. "I'll cross off the [illegible] hundred bucks. Peddle your dope sheet somewhere else."

"Okay," he said. "But don't you and the missus go snooping around on your own. This guy's a killer. He—jeez, what was that!"

"What is it, Jake . . . Jake!"

His voice came through again, hoarsely, "Jeez," he said, "a guy just looked in the front window. I think it was this Stuart. Listen. I got to lam out the back. Don't take no chances. I'll buzz you when it's safe. I—" Something clacked in my ear and the line went dead.

ALL this time Arab had been listening over my shoulder, breathing like a tame locomotive. "I didn't hear it all!" she cried. "What's happening?"

I told her. Then I started for the hall closet to get my hat.

"Where are you going? Take me along, Andy, please!" she begged.

"I'm going to ask about industrial diamonds and scratches on steel, and then I'm going to this Georgetown address Jake gave me. The address of the woman whose husband received the collection from Europe. I want some answers, fast. This thing is getting too hot. And you're staying here."

"Andy, no!"

"Yep. Right here. Stuart won't be back, so I want you here where I know you'll be okay."

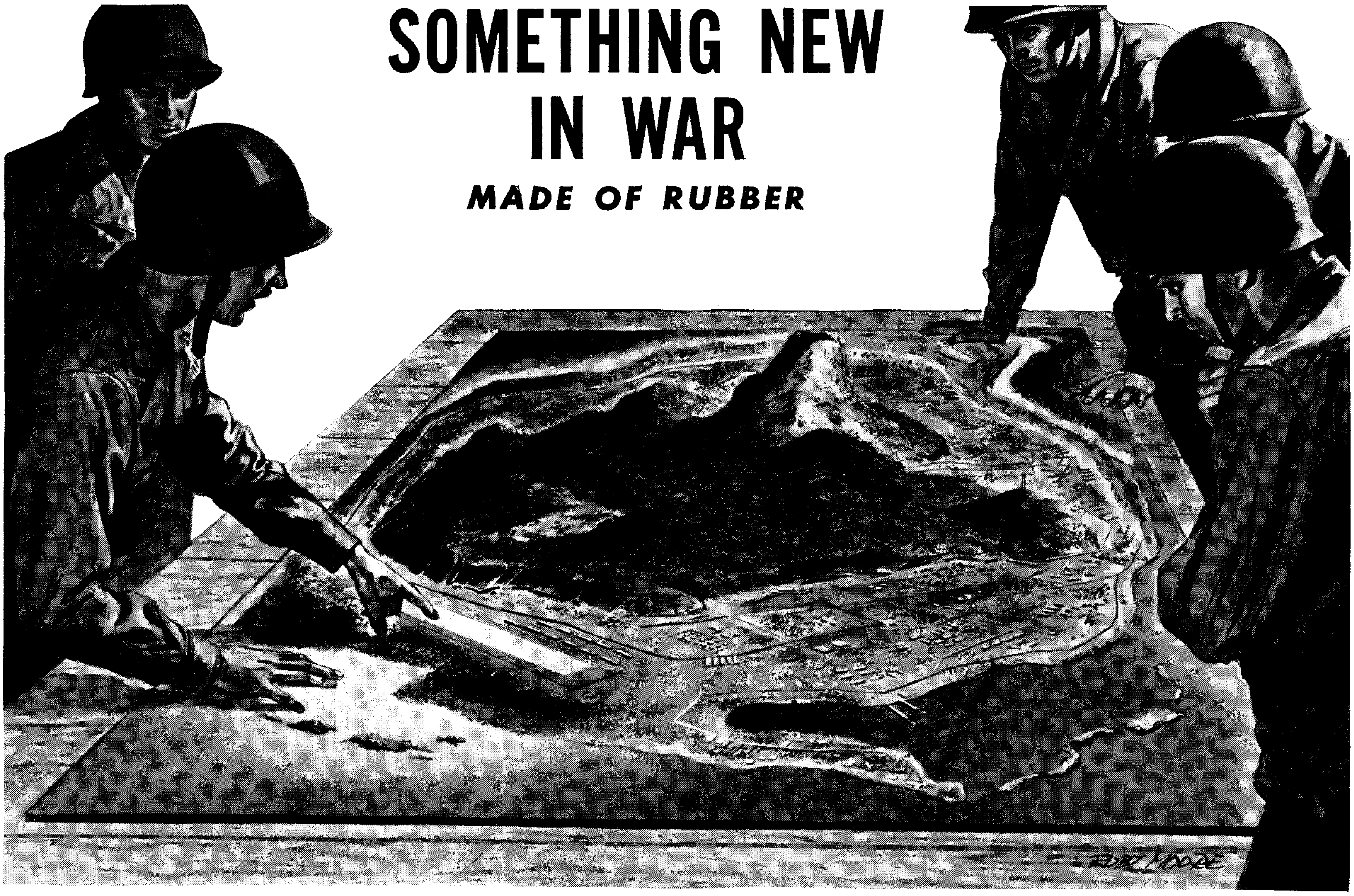
"All right," she said wistfully. "You go ahead, then. And stay away from trouble."

"The warning came too late," I said, kissing her. "The guy in question is already married. So long."

I turned right from our house onto the high-crowned road that leads to the main highway, a mile distant. As I went along I began to worry about Kit Hawley. If Stuart was trying to discourage competition, he wouldn't stop with Jake. He would go after Kit, too. I should have asked Jake what time he arrived home last night and

SOMETHING NEW IN WAR

MADE OF RUBBER



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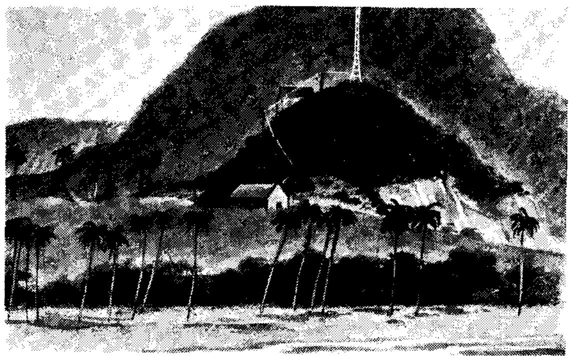

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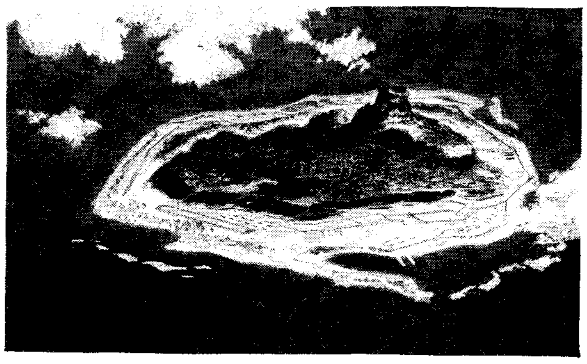

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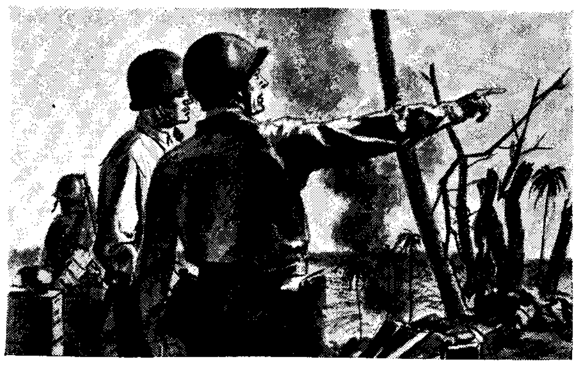

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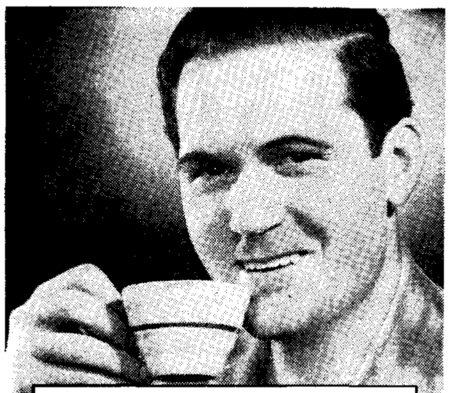

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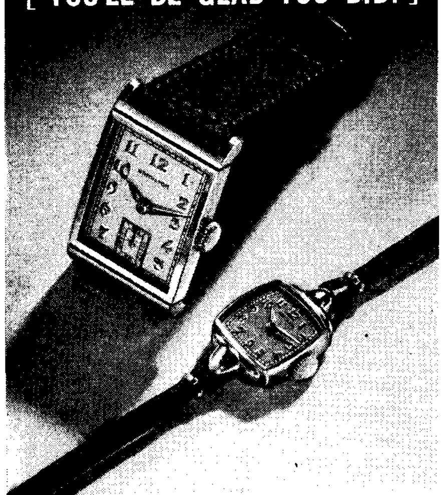
OVALTINE

WAIT

[YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID!]



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found Stuart waiting. It might have been very late. Maybe Stuart had still been around last night when Kit ran out of our house.

Where our road sidles into the main highway there is a small settlement, and the terminus of a bus line. A bus was waiting. Only four drivers make this final stop and I had come to know them fairly well. I sat down beside the driver to pass the time until the bus left, and an idea tiptoed into my head.

"Al," I said, "by any chance has a redhead been riding your bus out to here, lately?"

"You mean a redhead . . . woo-woo?"

"Yeah. You couldn't miss her. Don't give me that honest-husband look. Neither could I."

"Since you put it that way," he said, "I rode her back three days ago on the six-twenty P.M. trip."

"I was hoping you'd seen her last night."

"Johnny rode her out last night on the seven-twenty from Twelfth and Pennsylvania, and I was hoping I'd get to ride her back," he said. "I had the ten-thirty schedule outta here, and the owl trip. But I didn't hit the jack pot. One of them wolves musta got the break. I ain't had time to check with them yet."

"When does the trip before the owl leave here?"

"Eleven-thirty."

"Just our house," I said, "between eleven-thirty and midnight. She couldn't have made Clayton's bus and she didn't make yours. I wonder if she got a pickup?"

He looked startled. "Gosh," he said, "there wouldn't usually be any cars on your road around then. And only a few on the highway. That's a bad time of night for a pickup."

"Just what I was thinking," I said. "I'm going back to the house and do some phoning."

I got out of the bus and started walking back, keeping to the right side of the road; if I tried to check both sides at once, I might miss something. The rain had swept the road fairly clean and apparently only three cars had used the road since the rain. No new footprints showed on my side of the road.

When I reached our place I began snooping around the front gate, trying to stay out of sight of the house. If Arab caught me at something as fascinating as this, it would take more than her promise to restrain her. It might take a strait jacket. On the road side of the gate I found plenty of footprints: mine and Jake's and the milkman's and postman's and maybe Stuart's. I also spotted the marks of the high-heeled shoes Arab had worn last night. Kit had worn low sports shoes with her slacks. Their prints ought to be easy to identify. They . . . ah!

Just beyond the gate was a narrow print. Just the sole mark dug in at the toe as Kit ran. The next two prints skidded sideways as she swung right onto the road. For the next thirty yards there were only sole prints, still tipped down at the toe. Then she stopped, maybe to listen for pursuit, and finally walked on.

These were the prints of a girl walking toward danger. Toward Stuart. He had been waiting for her. I knew it. I knew it because the gamble of a pickup was so slight and because Stuart wasn't a guy to miss a chance like this and because the skin on the back of my neck was shivering. And I knew where he had been waiting.

LAST night Stuart must have come by auto and parked close by, out of sight. There was a perfect place about four hundred yards from our gate: a clearing in the underbrush, partly curtained by vines and big enough for one car. It might have been a turn-around in the days when our road was a two-rut wagon trail. I followed the footprints toward it. The sun was hot but it didn't warm the back of my neck. The footprints reached the clearing. And suddenly they tried to sprint.

I didn't really need the evidence of the tire marks, but there they were in case I was interested. A car had turned into the clearing soon after the rain, judging by the splash marks, and had come out some time later.

Kit's sprint had only carried her a few yards. A wide-soled impression leaped out to meet hers. Then there was a wild dance of footprints. It was ghostly. You stared at them and half listened for sound effects. There should have been a scream lingering in the air, the quick scrape of leather on clay and gravel, a thud. But only this record of frightened jitterbug feet remained.

(To be continued next week)

One of Our Cameras is Missing

Continued from page 24

WE MADE our way to where tanks and troops were grouping in a tree-hemmed swale. We learned an attack was about to be launched against enemy positions fifteen hundred yards ahead. After a while, when the tanks and troops were moving to the attack, I decided it would be a good time to make some notes. I reached for a pad and pencil in my knapsack, but never made it.

A thrashing, screaming roar, mixed with a sharp tattoo of rapid gunfire, swept over the ridge. Four strafing Me.-109s bore down on the tanks. In a split second the hail of orange tracers and unseen bullets ripped into us. Branches from near-by trees cracked and spun crazily into the air.

As I ran for cover, my camera bag was torn from my hand and whirled away. I felt a sharp, heavy blow on my left arm and I was flung violently around and down. As the planes shot overhead, hot air gushed against the back of my neck. I glanced at my numbed arm, expecting the worst, but I had been hit only in the wrist. I could move my fingers, so I thought it must be all right.

About ten yards away lay my camera bag. It was torn to shreds. Parts of a smashed camera glittered in the grass. Packs of undeveloped film upon which had been recorded practically all I had seen during the past several days were strewn around, broken open, exposed to ruinous light.

I started gathering up the camera, but that terrible noise dawned again in the distance. The strafers were coming back. We scurried for cover, and I slammed myself behind a truck, huddled tight against a great, fat wheel. I saw a soldier standing upright. He was firing his puny rifle at the onrushing planes. He was cursing. He didn't realize that the German fliers were after the tank column and not us. He was inviting their wrath.

They were upon us with the crashing roar of an express train crossing a trestle just over your head. The soldier kept firing his rifle. Chunks of grassy soil jumped up on both sides of him as the planes streaked past. His mother's prayers were answered then and there; he wasn't touched.

An order was given for all those who had been hit to proceed to the ditch that ran through the bottom of the swale. Medical Corps men arrived. They dressed our wounds and gave two of the more painfully injured morphia. They then made certain the casualties still in the grass were beyond help. We were loaded into jeep stretcher carriers.

Being the least hurt and liking the idea of having my legs under me, I sat beside one of the drivers. We began a slow, careful journey back to a field hospital. We passed the artillery belt, edged through horribly mutilated little villages, past more machines of war, more supplies, more men, more and more of everything moving to the front.

The boy resting on the top stretcher directly behind me asked for a cigarette. Handing him a lighted one, I told him he would now get the Purple Heart.

He sucked in a deep drag, wheezed out the smoke through bloodstained lips and, looking into the sky, replied, "Yeah. The people back home are sure missing a lot, aren't they?"

THE END

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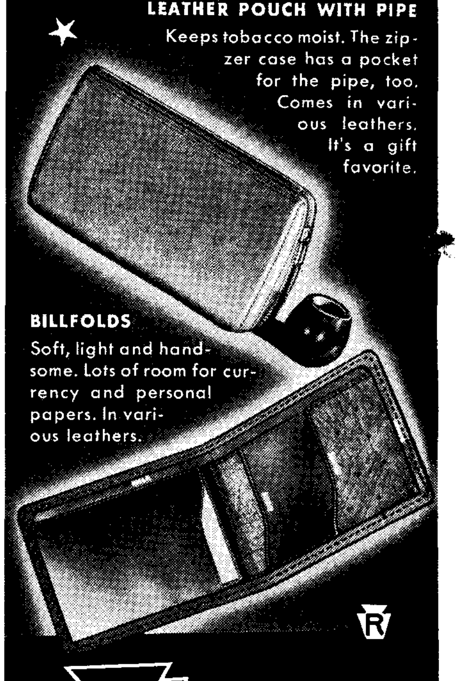

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The Battle of Synthetics

Continued from page 21

chemical price curve has come down (save only in wartime), from an index number of 428 in 1800, to 93 in 1940, while the price of "all commodities" registered then 118 and now 112.

With these three examples in mind—indigo, vanillin, rubber—examine a clause in the Rio de Janeiro Act. We pledged ourselves to "avoiding in so far as possible the establishment or expansion of production of substitute or synthetic commodities, which is economically artificial and might displace the consumption of natural products available in other American nations." The remainder of that resolution is an escape clause that is very broad.

That astonishing promise commits us to a policy of thwarting scientific progress. It simply cannot stand up. We are in the midst of a chemical revolution and we have to reckon with chemical values.

To help make that Rio de Janeiro Act effective, we have been pouring millions into Brazil, not only to revive the collection of wild rubber, but also to establish new rubber plantations. It is a quite grandiose plan involving the forced migration of several hundred thousand native laborers, housing schemes, medical and sanitation projects, elaborate research laboratories, and improving the navigability of the world's largest river system. We are told that this lavish Brazilian rubber subsidy is a measure of hemisphere defense. Obviously, some of its collateral expenditures are a humanitarian gesture of good neighborliness. Neither reason nor sentiment makes sense.

Remember that synthetic rubber is a fact, not a theory. My conservative friends in the rubber industry forecast a synthetic that will cost less than 15 cents a pound and make a nonskid, puncture-blowout-proof tire good for 100,000 miles. Real enthusiasts talk glibly about rubberlike materials so cheap that we will smear them over our streets, a paving that will be impervious to frost, skidproof and noiseless. What will natural rubber be worth then?

That will be a life-and-death question throughout Malaya, Indo-China and Sumatra. Why drag Brazil into this political-chemical whirlpool? By greedy extermination of the wild trees, she eliminated herself from the rubber market years ago. Rubber is no longer an asset upon which she depends for income or for export tax.

So far as rubber is concerned, our Rio pledge cannot and will not be fulfilled. When the State Department was asked bluntly if it meant the scrapping of our synthetic rubber plants, the diplomatic reply was that this is all a matter of hemisphere policy. Is it wise policy to make a false promise to a good neighbor?

Any technological advance can profoundly influence either domestic or world economy. Take a case right here at home. As tractors replaced horses and mules on American farms, these animals declined in number. We had 20,000,000 horses in 1910, half that number in 1940. In this same period mules dropped from 5.4 millions to 3.8 millions. With what result? Remember the wails of the '30s about overproduction of farm crops—corn, oats, hay? Yet production of these crops stood at about the same levels as they did in 1910. Horses or mules might have eaten this overproduction, but tractors couldn't. Still, we didn't try to legislate tractors out of existence.

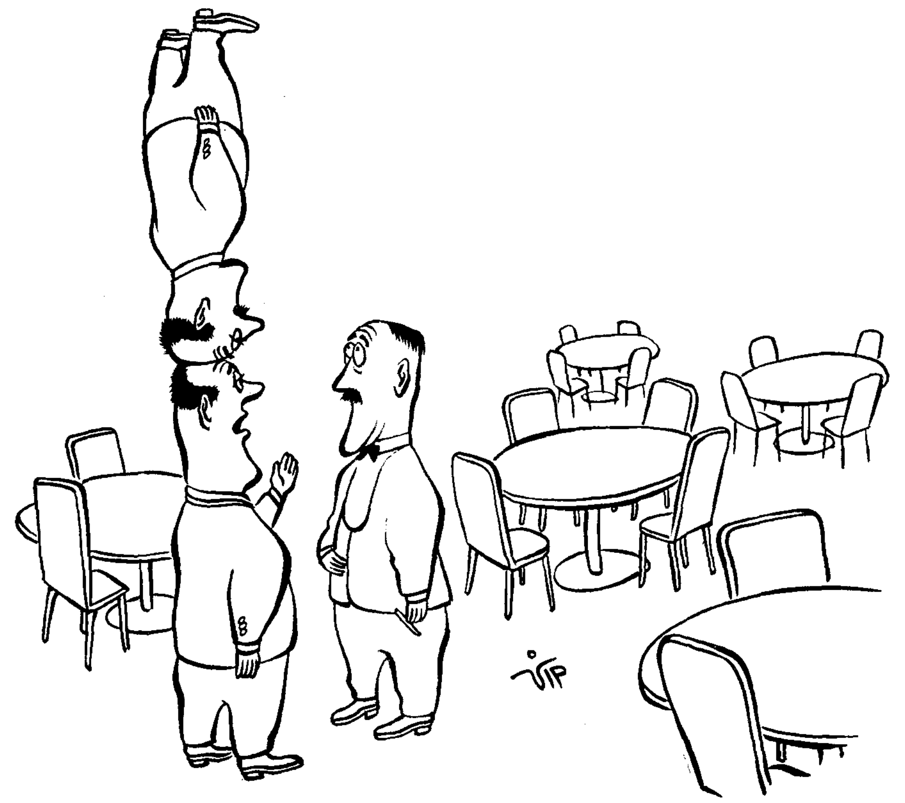
Or take another case: During the last war we depended on Chile's natural nitrates to make our munitions and fertilize our fields. Then we built a vast synthetic industry which could fix atmospheric nitrogen. From an importer we turned into an exporter—and Chile nearly went on the financial rocks.

A Chemical Viewpoint is Best

At the present time we are taking a political approach to problems of this nature that will arise in the postwar years. We would be on much safer ground if we took a chemical approach.

Cotton is a good example of the chemical approach. In the '30s the bureaucrats pegged the price to save the planters. They figured that cotton ought to be worth ten cents a pound to give the cotton planter "parity value." They simply ignored "chemical value." Although set with the best intentions, the pegged price robbed the cotton planter of markets by promoting the use of wood cellulose in rayon, lacquers and plastics. Long before the present war, the best truck tires were made with high-tensile rayon cord, which had been tested and proved superior to cotton duck. Yet just this last summer, the farm bloc raised a great hullabaloo to forbid the Army to specify rayon in its heavy-duty tires!

The cotton market cannot be saved by legislation. It might, however, be saved by research. The late Doctor Charles H. Herty, a chemist and a Georgian with an abiding



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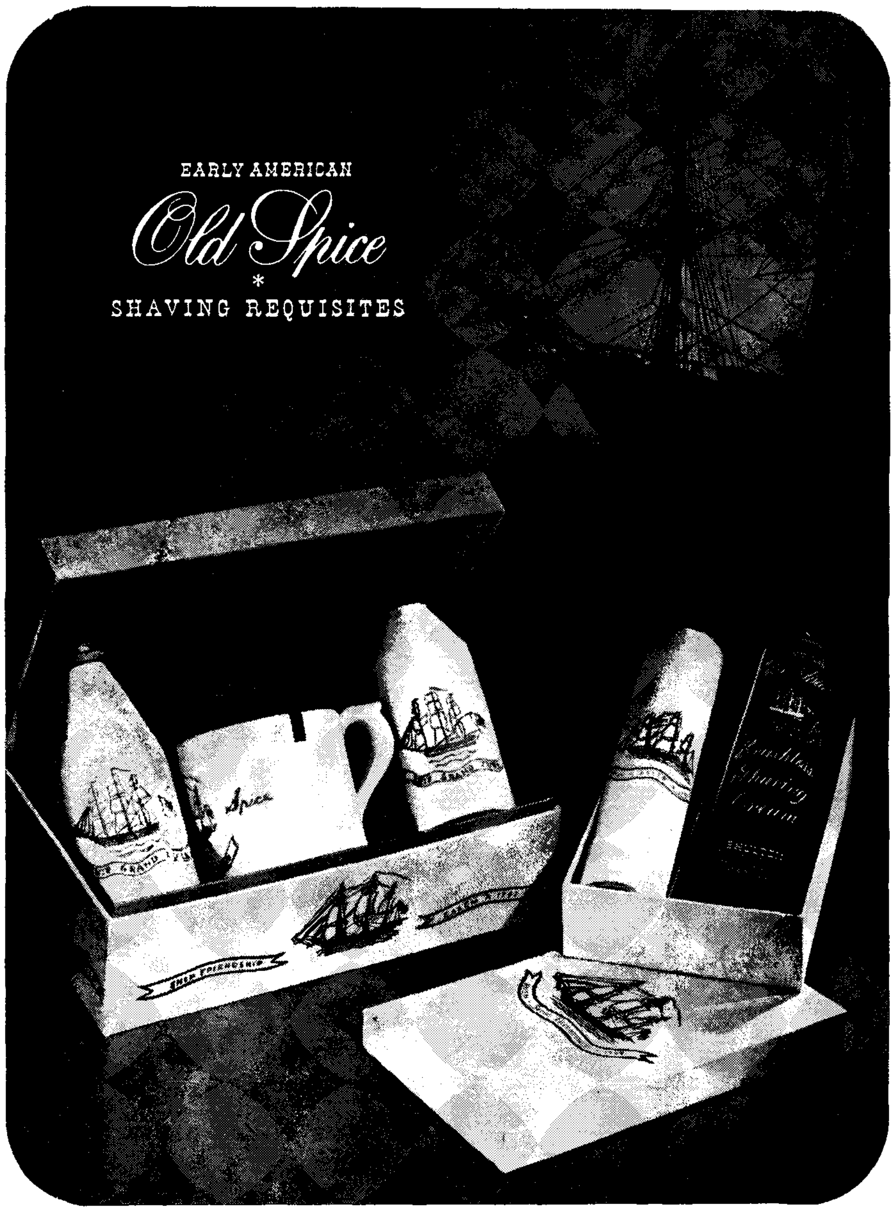

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faith in the New South, calculated that with cellulose from wood pulp at four cents, cotton is not worth more than five cents gold.

A dime or a nickel a pound? Plenty of leeway there! Government planners, using tax money for subsidies, artificially maintained their parity price within this country. Then Brazil and Egypt and India began growing more cotton. The price in open, international markets adjusted itself to within a tiny fraction of five cents gold. Here is a plain fact for farmers and planners to ponder soberly. Though government control has held up the domestic price of cotton, it has been powerless to stop technical progress. Chemical values have prevailed.

The rayon maker substituted wood pulp for cotton linters. The rayon industry grew like Jack's beanstalk and between 1932 and 1942 it increased its consumption of wood pulp from 43,000 tons to 280,500 tons, of cotton linters from 31,000 to 49,000 tons.

A War Demand for Substitutes

The story of how cotton has lost ground to wood as a source of cellulose is only one of many such stories. This global war has pitchforked us into new researches and turned up many similar substitutes.

The Japs grabbed the world supplies of quinine and tin, of insecticides and cinnamon. To fight in malaria-infested jungles, quinine is as necessary as ammunition, and we turned to the coal-tar synthetic, atabrine. It does control chills and fever, but it has serious aftereffects upon the patient, so a nation-wide hunt in the laboratories to synthesize the complex quinine molecule was begun, and it ended in another chemical triumph—real synthetic quinine.

What is to happen to this tin-addicted nation is a question that your pantry shelf, with its array of bottles, fiber boxes and plastic jars, has already answered.

Next to salt and pepper, cinnamon is the most important condiment, and it comes from Jap-held Ceylon, Indo-China and the Netherlands Indies. But Doctor Ernes Crocker, of the Arthur D. Little Laboratories, blended synthetic flavors to make an ersatz cinnamon.

The pulverized flowers of pyrethrum make an almost universally used bug killer. It comes from China, and the international market has long been controlled by the big Japanese trading houses. Because it is harmless to people, it is the best insecticide for fruits and vegetables.

The dangerously short supply is eked out with synthetics: one from pine oil was discovered by Hercules Powder; another from coal tar by Du Pont; a third from petroleum by Shell Oil. Already two of these are proved to have greater bug-killing power than pyrethrum. Others are being developed in the laboratories.

When the war is over, are we going to want Java's quinine, Ceylon's cinnamon, China's pyrethrum? Not likely. Or will our own rayon industry prefer cellulose from cotton linters to cellulose in the form of American or Canadian wood pulp? We know the answer here. Our postwar planners had best keep these things in mind. They cannot stop the war between land and laboratory, nor can they stay the victory of the laboratory. Whether we like the inevitable upsets or not, we are going to have to live with them.

From these facts, it is apparent that we can't use prewar economy in setting up a postwar world. Our synthetic rubber industry will mean millions of unemployed in the Far East; and the expanded wood-pulp industry can spell havoc to Southern cotton farms.

The great plantations of rubber and quinine, the orchards of tung trees, the fields of pyrethrum have increased the ancient problem of feeding the people of the East. The most elementary plan for a brave new world must encompass an abundance of food. To help release industrial acres throughout that vast area of chronically undernourished populations is a realistic approach to peace and plenty.

THE END

Miss McDonald Has a Form

Continued from page 14

"That," interprets Miss McDonald, "was his way of saying that a girl has to have more than a nice pair of gams and bright eyes if she is to become a success."

Eventually Marie came to the Coast with a touring company of Scandals, but the film colony was slow in reacting, possibly because she had failed to master the art of whistling like a frog. In time, Metro signed her for Ziegfeld Girl; but Marie took a powder when she learned she would be just another girl in the line. "My pride was hurt," she explains. Her mother, also known as Marie McDonald, had been a Ziegfeld girl, too—a real one.

Our Marie did have the satisfaction, before she left, of being voted Sweeter Sweater Girl—and on Lana Turner's home lot!—by a jury consisting of those two last-word authorities, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy.

"I wore a red sweater, red slacks and tumbling black hair," she sighed, with a fond glance backward. "Can't you just see me?"

One could—except for the black hair.

"Oh, that," she laughed. "I became a blonde in 1941—the day a magazine came out with a big spread of me as America's typical brunette!"

One of the startling things about The Body is that she looks different in every photograph. There are 100 blond McDonalds and 100 brunet McDonalds, and you'd have to study each one to detect a resemblance to any other one.

What really gets her goat, though, is to have people confuse her with Grace McDonald, who started in pictures about the same time she did, and who is the sister—just to keep it straight—of Ray McDonald, the dancer.

The big play The Body got in the pictorials and newspapers while on tour with the Hollywood Victory Committee is what cinched her place in the hearts of the boys everywhere. "There was one photograph of Groucho Marx and me (in a nurse's uniform, yet!) that really had a pin-up history," she related. "I heard about it from someone who had been in the South Pacific. One of the officers mounted a cutout and built a little shrine around it, with tiny steps leading up to where I was. All the boys would give me a cheery 'Good morning, Marie!' and a salute as they passed."

After a slight lull, Marie confessed that she plays the piano, adding, "And, between us, the uke. I don't talk about it any more than I do about the experience I've had in comedy. I'm afraid somebody might ask me to play it again."

"Comedy—or the uke?"

"Both. You know, I've had some of the best comedy teachers. But what I really want to play is drama, only—"

Only nobody, including her husband . . . Uh-huh!

Planning for Their Future Home

Marie and Vic Orsatti were married in January, 1943, at Reno. It was a second time for both. Vic's ex was June Lang, Marie's Dick Allord, an electrical engineer. Recently Orsatti was injured making test flights for both Army and Navy, and received a medical discharge. He and Marie live in a modest little mansion near Beverly Hills they rented from Gene Markey the producer, now with the Navy. After the war they hope to build another modest little mansion "where we can have everything the way we want it."

The line with which Marie speeds the parting guest is a caution. "So long," she calls. "See you in the funny papers."

This is always good for a laugh, since Marie's face and figure were Artist Alex Raymond's original inspiration for Dale in Flash Gordon, and the body of Queen Fria is The Body's, too.

THE END

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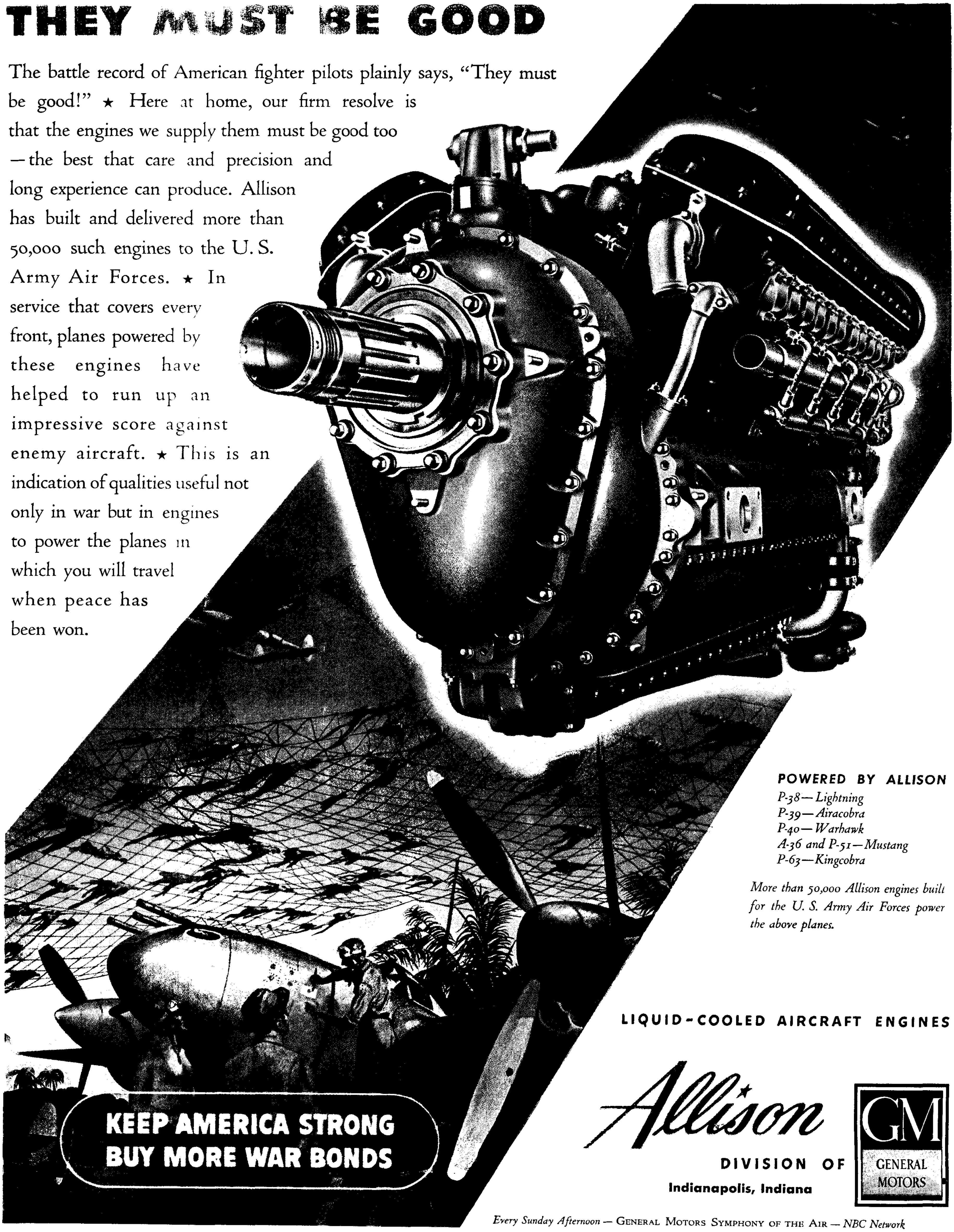

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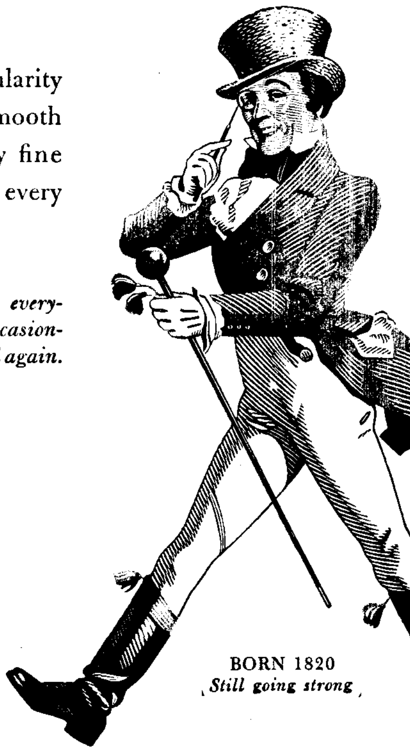


JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

No More Alone

Continued from page 38

will and muscle. His fists were clenched tightly at his side, and his shoulders were drawn up in a rigid square.

Brinn's voice was quiet but edged with impatience. "It's not a question of what you want to do, Ford, or I. You're sick. You'll have to fall out." He turned to Spain, "Tell the captain we'll need a man to take his place."

Spain was silent for a moment, his head bent thoughtfully. "Lieutenant," he said slowly, "about him. I was just wondering." He raised his eyes and looked at Brinn gravely, in challenge or reproach, it was hard to tell which.

Brinn sensed defiance in the tone of voice and it made him mad. He had met it before in Spain, this obvious sentimental concern for the men thrown bravely in the face of tyranny. He didn't trust it and didn't like it. But now what could you say? Now was too late. He looked away, dismissing the matter, and took a step toward the next man in line. But he knew that Spain was standing there, holding his challenge proudly unanswered for the whole platoon to see. He spun back quickly, facing Spain.

"I appreciate your feelings, Sergeant," he snapped, "and Ford's. But we haven't got room for feelings. Get going, both of you!"

FORD stepped out of his place in line, and now his body drooped. He was a sick boy, and whipped, in spite of himself, and because of himself. Suddenly he leaned toward Brinn; his hand gripped Brinn's arm. "Lieutenant," he said, and he was near to crying, "I want to go. If you let me go, I promise . . . I'll make it all right . . ."

Brinn had never before felt himself so completely at the mercy of their eyes—as though he stood exposed in a blinding arc of light with a sentence to make or renounce.

Then he shrugged off the feeling and said quietly, "You can't argue with malaria, Ford. You're sick, you go to the hospital. That's the way it is. You or me or somebody else." His hand went out impulsively, then fell to his side. "Fall out!" he commanded.

Ford jerked to a strained attention and, as he did, the chill swept over him. "Y-y-y-es, sir," he said, and saluted solemnly, his head thrown back and his pale, credulous eyes fixed on a military point in space. Then he faced about and marched down the corridor, his arms swinging six inches to the front and three to the rear.

Brinn finished with the last two men hurriedly and took his place again before the platoon. The men had finished their smokes now and they stood slackly, their eyes gazing down endless cones of space. But when Brinn spoke, they came to instantly.

He spoke quietly and reasonably, without feeling or belief. He had arrived at a psychological moment, but he lacked the emotion for it, the honest profanity, or the wit. The tight fist of nausea in the pit of his stomach had relaxed: he was calm, but he had nothing to say.

"There's nothing new to tell you, men," he began, and looked away over their heads. "Everything goes just as we heard it yesterday. We head in first, but you know that."

He lowered his eyes and rubbed his chin absently with his thumb. "When we get the signal, climb down as quickly as you can, but watch your step." Again he paused. "Don't be in too big a hurry."

He emphasized the last to end his say. It was all and more than he had intended, and yet it left him with a sense of incompletion. Somewhere, buried under layers of rationality, there was an impulse. And their eyes asked for something more. For a moment, he lost presence, looked down at the floor and fumbled with the sling of his rifle. Then he glanced at his watch and recovered himself.

"We're due on deck now," he said. "Face to the right and follow me. Column of files from the left." As the column moved silently down the corridor, Spain and Ford's replacement fell in at the rear.

The cool air outside was a relief, though the men felt momentarily lost coming from the light into total blackness. As they groped to their places at the rail, they spoke in hushed voices. In a few moments, all movement ceased and there was silence. All down the deck it was the same, the shuffle of feet, the muffled collision of bodies, soft cursing and then silence.

It seemed to Brinn, leaning against the rail, that he had come to a strange stop somewhere on a dark reach of space. He felt alone, solitary, as he hadn't felt in weeks or months. For the moment, he seemed free of the endless chain of responsibility that had shackled him, even in sleep. He couldn't place himself back in the corridor with the weight of thirty-six pairs of eyes bearing down upon him. Now that his eyes were accustomed to the darkness, he could make out the lines of a ship anchored close by. She seemed asleep.

A sibilant whisper cut through the silence, "Cryin' to go. Beats the hell out of me." Brinn heard it and dropped back into place. He thought of Ford standing grotesquely at attention, pleading with his great bucolic eyes. He resented the picture: heroics in the true blue style. Flash O'Conner with a busted shin limping home for Hillcrest Hi.

He remembered his first hike with the platoon, over Georgia hills in July. He hadn't sorted out their faces at the time, but he had watched Ford and had smiled to himself at the dogged get-there-or-bust look on his face. When it was over, Ford went to the hospital with a ruptured appendix; the pain had hit him at the start. Somebody said, "What a guy!" and that was Brinn's sentiment, too. At least, he thought it was, until he lectured the platoon on taking care of themselves.

"Sometimes," he had said, "it's better to use your head and spare your guts. If you're sick, fall out. Don't punish yourself without cause. At this stage of the game, we haven't got room for stupidity."

The men didn't like it. They thought he had taken an unfair poke at poor defenseless Ford. They turned down the corners of their mouths and smiled resentfully and went away cursing under their breaths. But Brinn took it and went on as if he didn't know what they felt. He did his job well, he had the know-how and the spirit, and if the men didn't warm to him, they followed where he led.

AFTER that, Ford was Brinn's man, as the saying goes in the Army. He became the very cast and shape of irritation for Brinn. If there was trouble, Ford witlessly made it. If a problem went wrong, the chances were that Ford had mucked it up.

There was more, too, than petty irritation. There was the time, for instance, on maneuvers when Ford lost his footing in a swollen stream. He could swim, but the current was unexpectedly swift. Brinn pulled him out.

The man was grateful beyond all reason. He came to Brinn's tent that night in camp, and Brinn could feel the warm melting gratitude flowing toward him in the dark. Ford's voice had the unbearable tremor of naked feeling.

"Lieutenant, sir," he said, "would you let me shake your hand, please? I wouldn't know how to thank you for what you done this afternoon."

Brinn held out his hand. He was deliberately casual. "Certainly, Ford. But you don't have to thank me."

"Yes, I do, sir. At least I wish I could, some way. And maybe sometime I'll know how to tell you . . ."

Brinn interrupted, out of acute discomfort, "Now, listen, Ford, don't feel that you're under any obligation to me. If I hadn't done it, somebody else would."

Ford let go of his hand reluctantly. "No sir, that's not it. It was especially you . . . I can't explain it . . . But I won't forget it. I'll never forget it . . . as long as I live . . ."

"Thank you, Ford," Brinn said. "Now you'd better go along and get some sleep."

"Yes, sir," Ford said plaintively. "I guess . . . I'll say good night, sir."

"Good night, Ford." And Brinn ducked into his tent.

Then, to finish off the scene in absurdity, Ford clicked muddy heels together, saluted stiffly, about-faced and marched away, stumbling over bushes in the darkness.

Brinn was embarrassed and incredulous. Why, he wondered, did men have to go about making gods to worship or devils to hate.

The war, as he saw it, was one of survival and had nothing to do with the sound of trumpets blaring.

Now, less than an hour away from his hardheaded war of survival, Brinn felt the ship roll nauseously beneath him. His stomach climbed slowly upward toward his throat and then fell back with a sickening thud. He stood on his toes and pressed his belly against the rail as though to hold it down. He glanced at his watch and resented its look of ordered serenity, the remote and reasonable world it lay in.

Minutes were fidgeting by, tumbling toward the hour. Nerves raced and quivered, and the vibrance seemed to flow from one man to the next. Brinn felt himself an unwilling link in an electric circuit and powerless to break away.

Someone retched over the rail, and the sound had its effect all down the line. Brinn felt his stomach rise, and he gave in to it gratefully. And fleetingly he felt his mother's hand on his forehead, wishing it were there, as a child does when he wakes in the night with his supper in his throat. But when he was through with retching, the impression lingered of a hand or a presence, or a pair of gentle eyes fixed sadly on his head. Suddenly it crossed his mind in angry flash that Ford was standing behind him like a dumb, devoted angel. But he wouldn't turn his head to look because he knew it wasn't so.

"First wave get in your boats! First wave get in your boats!"

The voice came from the loud-speaker, calm, correct and hollow. That's how the moment came, on waves of mechanical sound. No trumpets, no drums. Just "First wave get in your boats!" Neat, tidy and reasonable. But they were men and they went over the rail nervously, their hands and feet fumbling with the rope net.

Brinn had said calmly, "All right, men, let's go. Take it easy now. Watch your step." But he fumbled, too. He teetered once and almost fell, and somebody stepped on his hand. A voice beside him said, "All right, damn it! You'll get there!" That said what he wanted to say.

As they dropped into the boat, they were a tangled, unordered mass. They floundered against one another, they heaved over the rail, they swore fervently at themselves, at the sea and at the calm, unctuous voice still sounding across the water, "First wave get in your boats!"

Brinn wondered in a kind of panic if he or anybody else could ever get them out of this and going in a semblance of formation. He felt himself trapped, caught in a mindless welter and swirl. He was unprepared for darkness and confusion, for men uncertain and sick with fear. In a kind of desperation, he pushed his way to the far rail and hoisted himself up as far as he could and began to retch again. There was little for his stomach to give up, but the exertion relieved him. And the boat was moving. That was a relief, too.

"You all right, Lieutenant?" It was Spain's voice, gentle and firm, just behind him. He swung toward it with a sudden sense of guilt and humiliation.

"It's better now we're moving," Spain said.

He's got me where he wants me, Brinn thought. Nursemaiding me, too. Aloud he said, "We'll have to get them into place, Spain. We floundered in like a bunch of sheep."

"Squad leaders got 'em pretty well in hand, sir." It was the same steady voice in spite of Brinn's sharpness.

There seemed nothing more to say, and they stood silent for a few moments, Brinn cherishing his resentment. There was no stir in the boat now; the men had settled down. They had pulled out of the terrible slough of waiting and seemed almost happy to be moving through the water with the rich familiar music of a motor behind them.

Finally Spain touched Brinn's arm. "Lieutenant," he said, "there's something I guess you ought to know."

Brinn turned to face him. "What?" he demanded.

"About Ford," Spain said without hesitation or apology. "He's with us back there."

BRINN felt the blood rush to his face and he could have smashed his fist into that sweetly speaking mouth. "Damn it, Spain!" he said, and his voice quivered. "You knew he was coming! You knew he was coming!"

Spain stiffened. "No, Lieutenant, I didn't know it until we were coming down the net. But he's here now. Let it go."

"No, I won't let it go! Stupid ox! He'll go right back with the boat. Get him over here."

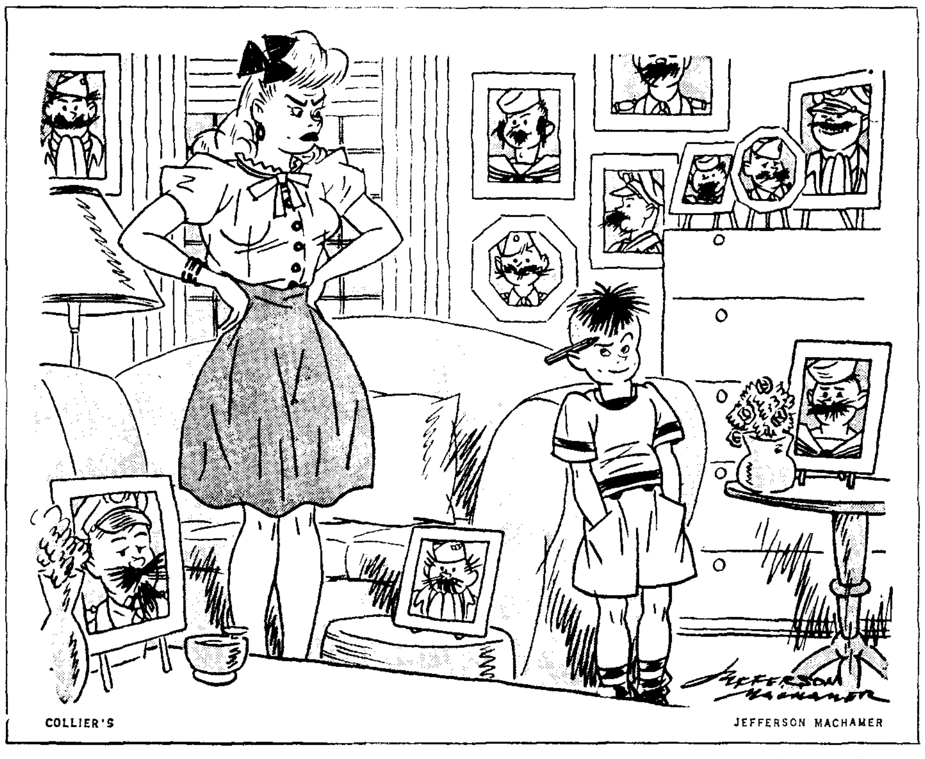
"Listen, Lieutenant. He's not sick. The guy's tied up in knots with thinking he couldn't take it. And he never had a word. He'd crawl all over the world for you, Lieutenant. And he never had a word." Spain had never said as much before, and now that he had, it seemed useless.

"Ford!" Brinn shouted. "Ford! Over here!"

Ford pushed his way through the men to Brinn's side. He was curiously self-possessed, like a boy who has stood and won his ground against the neighborhood bully. "Yes, sir," he said.

There was a difference, but Brinn was too angry to notice it. "I'm not wasting any words, Ford," he said harshly. "You deliberately disobeyed my order. Now get yourself out of the way, and when the boat goes back, you go with it."

"Yes, sir," Ford said without a trace of



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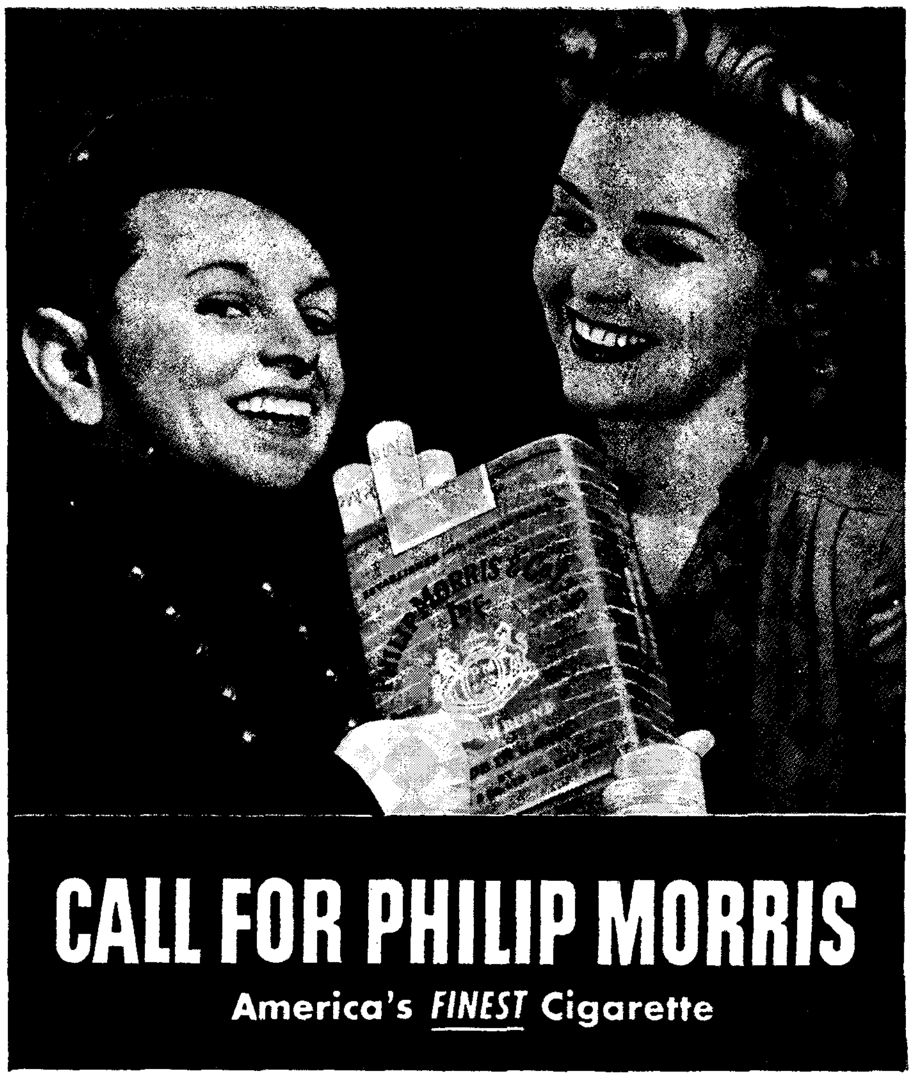

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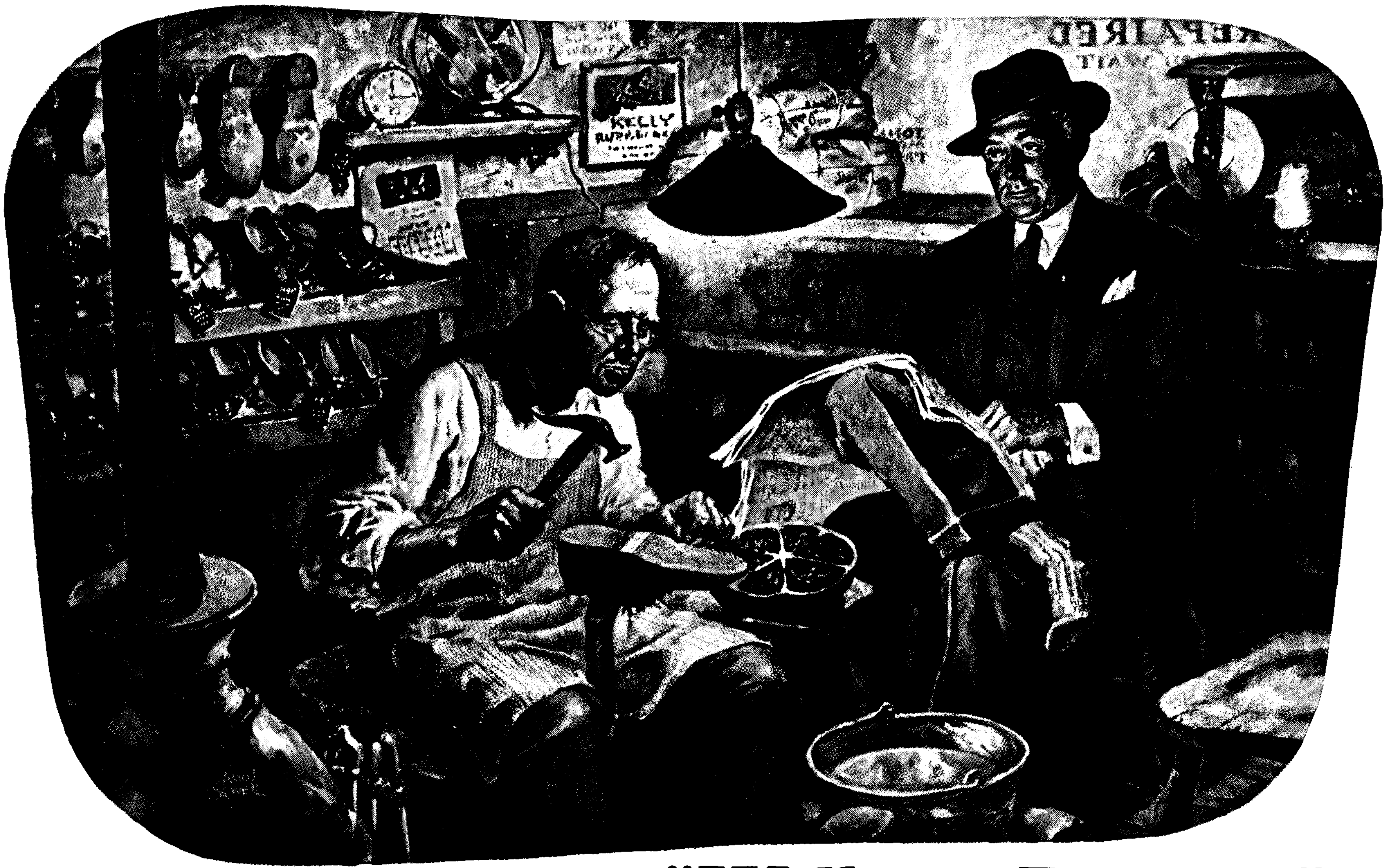

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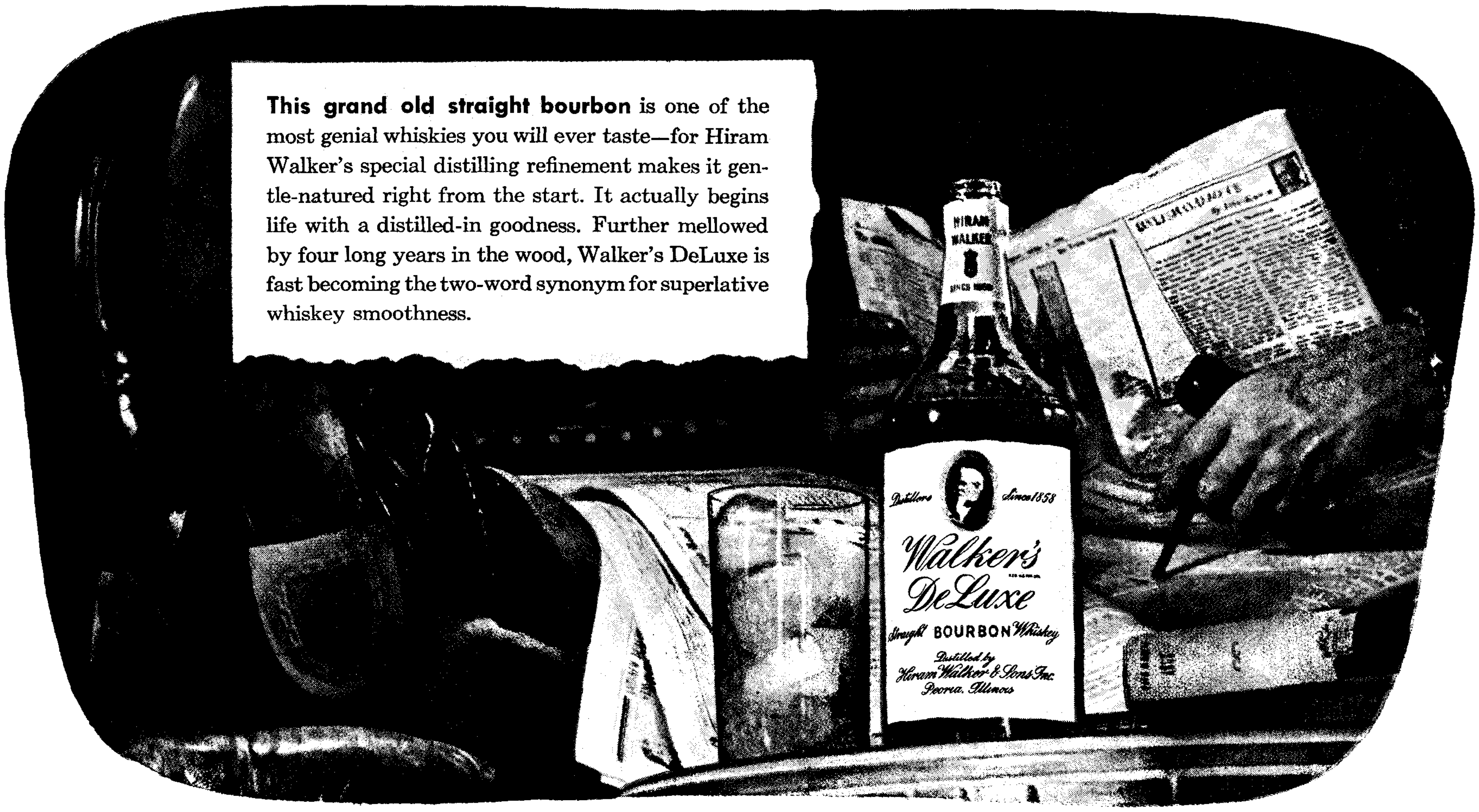
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Walker's DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whiskey
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This grand old straight bourbon is one of the most genial whiskies you will ever taste—for Hiram Walker's special distilling refinement makes it gentle-natured right from the start. It actually begins life with a distilled-in goodness. Further mellowed by four long years in the wood, Walker's DeLuxe is fast becoming the two-word synonym for superlative whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

feeling, and he turned and slid away to the rear of the boat.

Brinn dismissed the incident from his mind. At least, he tried to. But he was conscious of those baleful, yearning eyes somewhere back there in the darkness. And then the lights came up ahead like swift needles stitching through the sky and he could think of nothing else. At first, he wouldn't admit what they were.

"Gosh!" someone breathed incredulously. "Tracers! Look at 'em!"

They all looked, dazzled, not wanting to believe.

ALL the way across, Brinn thought, I've got to get them across! And his flesh went cold, shrinking involuntarily from those hot needles of steel and light spitting through the sky. He lost all sense of time, he stood still, not moving a muscle.

When the boat grazed against the sand and ground bumpily to a stop, he wasn't aware of it. The dull ping of lead against the sides of the boat brought him to, and he remembered wildly: I'm the one. I've got to get them out. But he didn't hesitate. He stepped forward into the space that was clear in front and turned around.

"All right, men!" he shouted. "Let's go!" But when he swung back, he saw that the ramp was still up. He was seized with panic. He couldn't think what was wrong. Here was a solid wall, and they were trapped.

"Damn it," he shouted. "The ramp! Let it down! Let it down!" But it didn't go down.

Brinn saw a man stumble past and wanted to laugh, because somehow he'd known right away that Ford would do it. He saw the awkward body plunge against the ramp, cumbrous as a sandbag, and laughed inside at the hero whom God never made to wear the laurel. But the ramp gave way and fell forward into the water. And Ford followed it down, fell with ludicrous spreading arms and feet, sprawled head down on the ramp and was still. The stream of bullets flowed on through the spot where he had stood, digging into the steel side of the boat.

Later, Brinn couldn't piece the scene together in his mind, but he remembered dropping to his knees in the boat and he remembered the feel of a damp warm forehead under his hand. Somewhere inside, a dam seemed to break before a scalding hot flood which spewed out into his guts. And he couldn't stand it. All he could say was, "Damn it! Ford, damn it!" out of a throat that was filling up and choking. Then someone knelt beside him, and together they drew Ford with gentle hands back into the boat.

Brinn stood up and looked back at his men. He couldn't see their eyes, but he knew they were watching him. They no longer asked a question or raised a doubt, because Brinn himself had found the only possible answer. He belonged to them now and they to him. Nothing else mattered. Perhaps it wouldn't last beyond the moment. But in the crystal drop of this and now, he and they were together. And there were no words to say except, "Come on, men, let's go."

THE END

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

"One tablespoonful of waste fat supplies the nitroglycerin for five bullets, or the glycerin needed for seventy-three smallpox inoculations, or two applications of sulpha ointment."—News item.

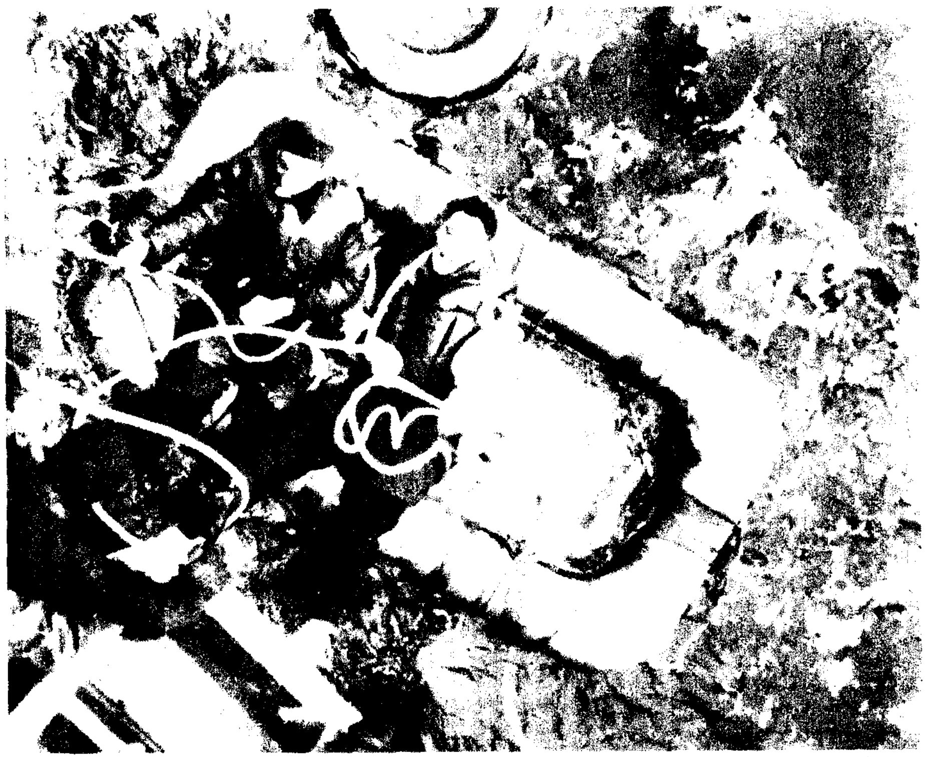
Fat that once went down the drain
Saves our soldiers scars and pain.
Fat we used to throw away
Lives to fry another day.
What a joy to fry a Jap!
Save that grease and set your cap
For a Nazi on the side.
He'll be nicer too, when fried.

—Margaret Fishback

LIFESAVER WEED

By Wheeler McMillen

Through the efforts of a Russian physician, the humble milkweed has become a No. 1 war material



U.S. COAST GUARD

Life preservers for our sailors will soon be filled with milkweed floss. Tests have shown that it's at least as good as kapok

A YOUNG Russian physician fled Moscow in 1920 and made his way to North Chicago. As a result of his flight, highway departments all over the country were asked this summer not to mow the milkweeds along the roadsides. This autumn, Boy Scouts and school children are making extra money picking the milkweed pods. And next year no American fighter or mariner will need to set out to sea without a first-class Mae West life jacket to keep him afloat should disaster overtake his ship.

Doctor Boris Berkman had a good job, for a young fellow, in Moscow in 1920. He was director of the Pasteur station and, as such, was a respected member of the community. But he wasn't happy; he couldn't see much future in turbulent Russia. In the United States, he thought, life would be more stable, and opportunities were bound to be greater. He didn't resign his job. He couldn't. He merely left. That wasn't easy, but by hiding and traveling afoot, he found his way across the Polish border. Eventually he obtained a visa from the American consul at Warsaw.

A Crop for Eroded Lands

Why a Russian-born diagnostician, prospering with his practice in North Chicago, should have become concerned about soil erosion is difficult to explain. At any rate, about 1930 he began thinking about America's eroded lands. He reasoned that a plant which thrust its roots deep into the soil and far outward would tend to hold the soil in place. If it were a perennial, which year after year would grow from the same roots, so much the better. On vacations among the Lake Michigan sand dunes, he observed that the common milkweed filled both requirements. He carefully studied the root system. He observed that where there were clumps of milkweed, the sand neither blew nor washed away.

But milkweed was regarded by farmers as a pest. They were always trying to exterminate it. A commercial value would have to be discovered for milkweed. Then farmers would want to produce it as a crop, and it might be planted where thousands of acres of soil would be preserved.

"I knew that Thomas A. Edison had studied milkweed as a source of rubber," Berkman says, "and had given it up. I didn't believe I was smarter than Edison, so I looked for some other value."

The microscope revealed something interesting about the floss, the silvery fiber that in autumn floats the milkweed seeds through the air to new growing places. Each tiny fiber was hollow, a tube of air enclosed in walls of cellulose. That suggested a perfect material for insulation, a package of still air. Further observation disclosed that each fiber was completely covered with a thin coating of wax. It was impervious to water. Air in a waterproof package!

Buoyancy tests showed that a pound of milkweed fiber would sustain fifty pounds of weight in the water. Naturally Berkman soon thought of life preservers.

He also thought of quilting the fiber into a coverall suit which would keep an aviator warm in the substratosphere and then, should the flier have the misfortune to fall into the sea, it would keep him afloat for one hundred hours.

A few details had to be worked out, however, before there could be milkweed fiber for any manufacturing use. Pods had to be collected from some area where milkweed was really plentiful. Surveys indicated that the weed grew most densely in the cutover lands of the Petoskey section of Michigan. Farmers and youngsters there seemed a little surprised when an earnest man came to them with a car full of mesh onion bags and offered an attractive price if they would fill the bags with milkweed pods at a certain stage of ripening. Before long, pods were being gathered.

The fiber had to be emptied out of the pods. Nature, Doctor Berkman noted, waited for a dry day before releasing the seeds to be wind-borne for perpetuation of the milkweed species. So he devised a method of dehydrating the pods to the point of moisture content at which they naturally burst open.

Detaching the seed from the small fiber bundles was another detail. In time, that was solved. A "gin" was built in which strong air currents blew the fibers through a screen which, again at a given point of moisture content, separated the fiber from the seed. Bags and bales of milkweed fiber began to accumulate. But there was no market yet for milkweed fiber.

Pearl Harbor was attacked. Singapore fell. And rubber was not the only necessity for which the United States had depended upon the Far East. Another was kapok, the "tree silk" grown principally in Java, regarded as by far the best material for filling life preservers. There was a fair stock pile in the country, but it was not inexhaustible and what was more, Berkman knew, it would eventually deteriorate in storage.

The diagnostician's North Chicago practice had by this time been neglected in favor of the fascinations of milkweed. Now it was virtually abandoned. Certainly the Navy, the Army, the government would jump at the chance to obtain a home-grown material which, Berkman was positive, was not only as good as kapok but better.

No one in official position jumped, however. Hardly anyone even budged. Already Berkman had greatly interested a private manufacturer of life preservers whose kapok supply was enough for only a few months. The manufacturer had official government tests made, which sustained Berkman's claims. There was no other official encouragement.

Only after twenty-one expensive round trips between Chicago and Washington and after two years, did the ponderous machinery of government begin to move. Then the Army and Navy requested the War Production Board to accumulate, over three years, a stockpile of nine million pounds of milkweed floss. The War Production Board asked the Commodity Credit Corporation to take over the job. The Defense Plants Corporation was directed to provide finances through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to enlarge the processing plant Berkman and associates had opened at Petoskey.

LANGE-SARRA

Dr. Boris Berkman of Chicago, whose interest in soil erosion led to the discovery of milkweed's special qualities

A research fund of $122,000 was made available through the Department of Agriculture for Doctor Berkman to study additional uses for milkweed. But, in his own opinion, he has not yet achieved success. He must be sure that milkweed floss will be preferred for quality and price when kapok again pushes in from the Eastern tropics. The oil pressed from the seeds has been finding ready sale.

"About the equivalent of soybean oil," Doctor Berkman says, but he thinks it might be found to be better. He has several ideas for utilizing the pods.

Rope from Milkweed Stalks?

The bast fiber of the stalk is long and tough, and ought to fit somewhere in the cordage industries. If you have his confidence, he will display samples of far higher-priced chemical materials he has been producing on a laboratory scale. Milkweed grows north of the border, too, and the Canadian government, with Berkman's guidance, has been experimenting with the plant for its four per cent rubber content.

The Soil Erosion Service has made several plantings to observe the value of milkweed as a soil holder, and reports satisfactory experience. There is more to learn about the plant. Is it two years or three from seed to floss? Shall it be planted in rows or broadcast? What machinery will be required for economical harvesting?

In its wild state, milkweed grows abundantly on poor soils. A profitable poor-soil crop, especially for the northern tier of states where it is most widespread, would be a highly desirable addition to the nation's farm economy. Only one or two insects appear to take an interest in milkweed, neither of them destructive. ★★★

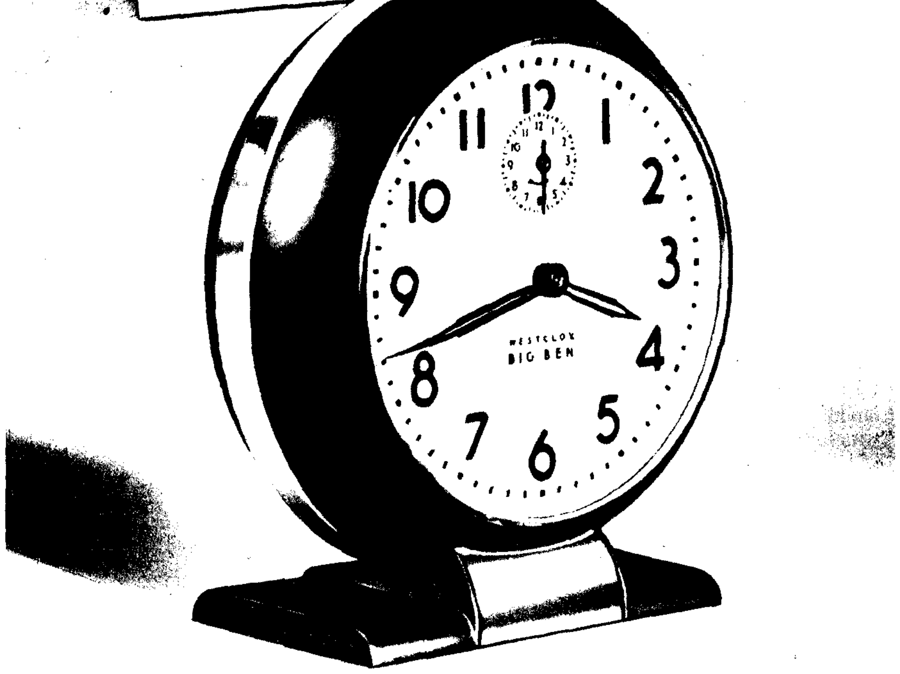
INVISIBLE PAINT

WANTED: Your idea*...
it may help shorten the war

Here's a "want ad", urgent, too
Uncle Sam's addressed to you
He is on the lookout for
New ideas to win the war
If you have a new invention
Bring it *now* to his attention
Don't hold back or be too modest
Ideas which you may think oddest
May provide the spark to win
Sit right down and *send them in!*
—Big Ben

WESTCLOX TIME is devoted to war work, so Westclox spring wound and electric clocks, wrist and pocket watches are not available. But they'll be back again as soon as permissible. WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois, Div. of General Time Instruments Corporation.

*Write National Inventor's Council, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., for information on how to submit ideas and inventions.



BIG BEN*
Keeps America On Time
WESTCLOX* G.T.I

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The Little Ride

Continued from page 12

go with him. You might as well admit it."

The taxi swerved around a corner, and the black suitcase toppled and cracked against her shins smartly. She looked out of the window in irritation, and saw that they were on Second Avenue.

She said a little sharply to the driver, "Why didn't you go up Third Avenue? This is taking me out of my way, and I'm in a hurry." She had told Barky she'd be at his apartment at five-thirty, so they would have time for cocktails and sandwiches before leaving to catch the seven o'clock train, and it must be a quarter of six now.

The driver said, "Well, lady, the truth of the matter is that I never ride on Third Avenue if I can help it. I just can't stand the noise of them Els."

She fell back against the seat and said softly, "Well, how do you like that?" She was so taken aback by his rejoinder that a sort of lethargy came over her, as if none of this was real but only a trancelike sequence in a dream.

SHE thought: Oh, well, let him take his time. What difference did it make if she was a little late? It wasn't like being late for your wedding. She stopped there and said to herself: "Well, now, don't get disgustingly maudlin. People are going off with other people on week ends all the time, and the world doesn't come to an end just because of that. And it's not as if you didn't love Barky. You do. You're crazy about him, and he's smart and handsome and sophisticated, and maybe he doesn't want to get married now but he will one of these days. And he loves you and probably would love you a lot more if you weren't such a stupe. He's been sweeter than ever, since you finally said you'd go out for the week end—"

A hot blast of air came in the window and hit her in the face, and simultaneously a cold chill scurried up her spine because there they were back at the week end again.

The taxi stopped for another light, and the driver turned around, frowning. He said, "You know, lady, I'm frustrated."

She thought: *You're* frustrated! She pointedly looked out of the window, hoping he would discontinue his self-revelations.

He said, "No kidding, I mean it. Have you ever been frustrated?"

She gave a sigh of exasperation and turned back to him. "Look, you've been reading too many stories about cab drivers who are interesting characters. Why don't you relax?"

He said, "Now, why do you say that?" and started the car with a sudden jolt. He was silent then—she hoped for the duration of the ride. But after a minute or so, he said, "As I was saying, I'm frustrated. It's this way—"

She suddenly saw what was looming ahead and gave a strangled shriek. They were approaching the Fifty-ninth Street bridge. They were embarking upon the bridge. They were on the bridge.

She screamed, "Where are you going? I told you Fifty-seventh Street between Second and Third!"

The driver nodded. "I heard you, lady. That's what I mean about being frustrated. I'm always taking people where *they* want to go. Can I go where *I'd* like to go? No. I no sooner drop one fare than I pick up another. I don't have a minute to myself all day. And does anybody care if I might want to go a few blocks out of the way along a street I like? No. They say, 'Go this way! Go that way! Why are you turning here?' In the evenings I take all these people to all these swell places. Can I go in with them? No. I leave them and go on. And somebody else tells me where to go. And maybe at that point I might just like to drive along by myself and go along some streets I like, thinking about things. But can I ever do it? No."

Vicky said sharply, "When you get to the end of this bridge, you just turn right around and take me back to Fifty-seventh Street as fast as you can! And no more nonsense about it."

Maybe he was a loony who had stolen a cab. She checked quickly with the photograph in the little case, but it was the same face, nondescript except for the odd nose with the crease down the middle that parted it neatly. Maybe he had suddenly gone haywire. You read stories every day about nice harmless souls who suddenly went out of their minds. But she was too furious to be frightened.

He said, "Don't worry, lady. I'll get you there. Nothing's ever so important that it can't wait a few minutes. This just happens to be my kind of day. So why don't we take a little ride? There's nothing I like better than going over a bridge at this time of day and looking at the water. The meter isn't registering, so don't worry. This part of the ride is on me."

She said with restrained fury, "This isn't funny. Stop trying to be an amusing character and get me back to Fifty-seventh Street as fast as you can."

They had left the bridge behind them now, and she was peering around wildly, not knowing if he was heading in the right direction or not. She said, "You're turning back *right* now, aren't you?"

He said a little coldly, "That was your orders, wasn't it?"

She thought he seemed to be making a great business of maneuvering through winding streets, but she was too concerned with the thought of Barky and how annoyed he would be with her lateness, and she looked at her wrist watch, groaning when she saw it was six-ten. The suitcase toppled over and cracked her shins again, and she kicked it away from her and pressed her lips tightly together to keep from screaming.

The driver said, "Say, lady, there's a soldier up ahead flagging the cab. You know, I like these boys. I'm too old for it, but I like to do anything I can for them. Do you want to do your bit and give him a lift?"

She said bitterly, "Certainly. Take him. Take anybody else you want. Perhaps you can find someone who'd like to have a trunk moved, too."

He shook his head. "No, lady. No trunks."

She found herself shaking her head, too, and saying in a dazed sort of way, "All right. No trunks."

The taxi drew to a stop and she was facing the soldier through the window. She noticed only the blotch of khaki he made against the landscape and she spoke to him without quite looking at him.

"We're heading back to the city. Fifty-seventh Street, to be exact. If that's on your way, all right. Otherwise—"

He said, "That's as good as anyplace else," and scrambled in.

SHE squeezed as far away from him as possible on the seat and she heard him give an enormous sigh and saw his legs stretch out in luxurious relaxation. He said, "Thanks for the lift, lady."

She said coldly, "You're welcome. And please don't call me 'lady.' I've been getting it for the last half-hour from 'Frustrated' up front."

The driver said, "Ben Hurley's the name, lady."

She explained with heavy irony to the soldier, "He's just taking me for a little ride. Because he's frustrated. And I had a date at five-thirty and my—my friend is going to be furious when I arrive this late."

The soldier said, "Oh, he won't be furious. How could anybody be furious with anybody as pretty as you?"

She edged away from him again and ventured a direct look at him. What she saw took her breath away for a moment, and she turned swiftly and encountered the sly eye of Ben Hurley leering at her in the back-view mirror.

She gave the driver an angry glare and wanted to say: So all right, he's handsome. He's very handsome. But what's that to me? I have a date with Barclay Thomas and maybe my whole future depends on it.

The soldier said, "I've got a whole week-end pass." He sighed happily. "I don't know a soul anywhere for miles around. I was just transferred up here a while ago and this is my first pass, and I'm wondering what I should do with it."

She said, "Really?" and looked out the window.

"Look," he said, "my name's Jim Benson. What's yours?"

"Why—Vicky. Vicky Moore."

"All right, Vicky," he said. "I think you're beautiful."

She turned to look at him and there was such blazing admiration and sincerity in his eyes that she was startled. She made herself say coolly, "One of these days somebody is going to cry 'wolf' once too often and they're going to find you-know-who."

He smiled and didn't try to make a smart comeback and she liked that. He said, "You've got me wrong, Vicky. I just said you were beautiful. Period. The fact that I've got this pass and want to get to know the terrain and have a good time, too, doesn't enter into it. Or does it?"

She said, "Look. From five-thirty or so when I entered this cab, I've been going into a slow sizzle that's gradually working into white heat. Now be nice and leave me alone."

He said, "Why certainly, Vicky."

He was quiet for a long moment while she looked ahead and to the side and behind her, and wondered why they hadn't got back on the bridge yet. She said sharply to the driver, "What's wrong? Are you lost?"

He said, "That's funny, lady. I never get lost. I have a feel for direction and places."

She said, "Well, feel your way back to Fifty-seventh Street as fast as you can."

The soldier said, "He must be pretty important."

She didn't answer, and a lurch of the taxi knocked her against the side of the cab and the little hat flopped over to one side, and she righted it angrily with one gloved hand.

The soldier chanted, "And she had a little rose, right in the middle of her forehead, and when she was good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad—but how can any of you horrid people presume to think she could ever be bad?"

She drew in a deep breath and let it out violently. "Look, I've had all the cartoon characters I can take in one day."

He was silent for a while and then he said, "Well, anyway, can't I take you to dinner or something? There's a whole week end ahead. I know you've got a date now. But maybe tomorrow? There are a lot of places I'd like to go, a lot of things I'd• like to see. How about doing some of them with me? You'll find me agreeable to anything, madame, whether it be a museum or a clip joint."

She said, "I'm sorry; I'm going to be tied up all week end." And she thought: Tied up. What an apt phrase! Even if I go screaming out into the night, as they say, I'll forever be tied up because I went on this week end.

The soldier said, "Oh, I see," in a sudden deep booming voice, and she looked around to find him smiling at her in a teasing way. He went on, "You know, I don't know a solitary girl in New York. Don't you know anybody else like yourself that you could wish on me?"

"Well, none quite so stupid. But I know a couple of pretty ones. I'll give you a number or two."

He said, "Fine. Fine." There was a little silence, and then he said, "Where are you going?"

She said, "What?"

"Where are you going? You have a suitcase with you and you say you're tied up for the week end, so obviously you're going away for the week end."

She said, "Obviously, it's none of your business."

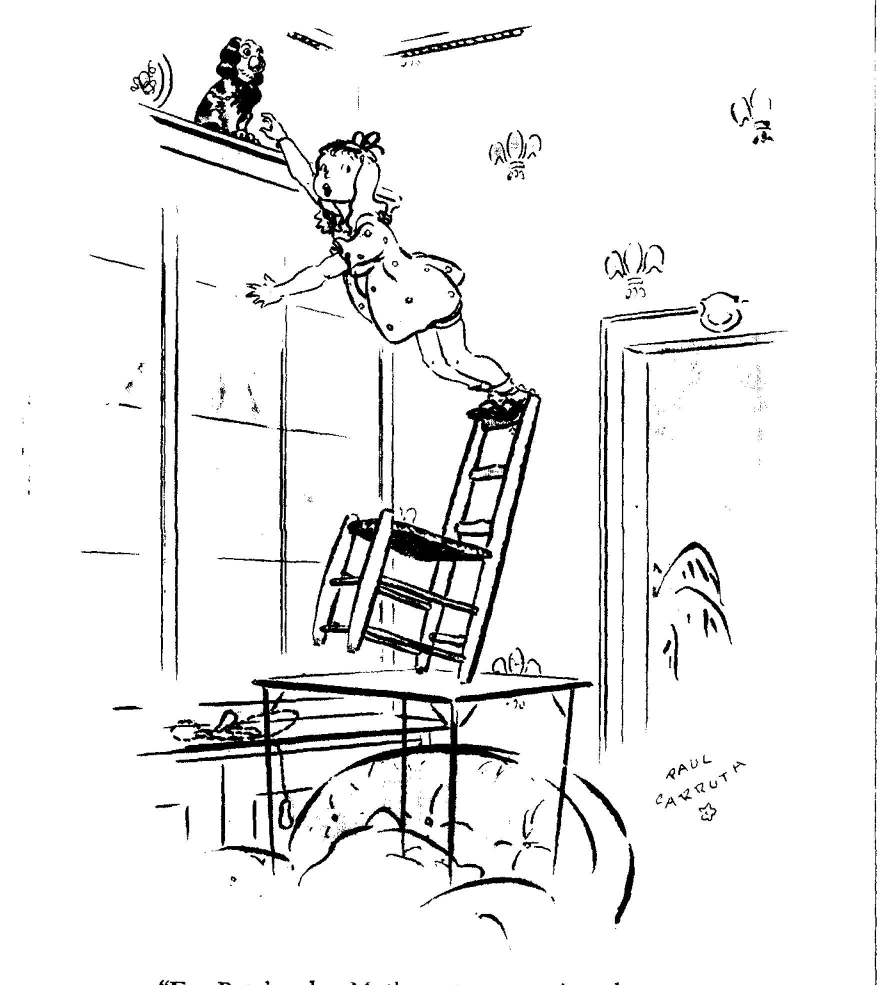
He said, "Now I wonder why you don't care to talk about it. If it were just some ordinary week end, you'd rattle off the name, either trying to impress me or not caring much one way or the other. I'm wondering why you don't want to talk about it."

She said, "There are possibly some people who don't care to pour their whole life's history out to every stranger they meet—even if it's just the name of a little place where they're going to spend the week end."

"Oh! So it's just a little place, and you're going with the friend who's going to be furious because you're late."

THE thought of Barky filled her mind—Barky sitting there alone, waiting in his handsome apartment, after all the talk that had ended finally with her consenting to go with him. And she thought of Barky waiting there for her now and thinking she had been too craven at the last moment to go through with it. She thought of Barky saying to himself: Well, I'm glad I found out what a little stupe she is, and going to the phone to call another more gracious and understanding female.

She said bitterly now, "Yes, I'm going with



COLLIER'S "For Pete's sake, Mother, stop worrying about where I am. I'm right here in the living room" PAUL CARRUTH

Jay Butler has taken to the tall timber

JAY is hiding because, frankly, he couldn't face what was ahead of him. He broke his precious Schick Electric Shaver, and after that it was scrape, burn and pull every morning, with an occasional nick or nasty cut for smarting good measure. Jay chose a beard and the tall timber instead. He says he'll come back when he can have a new Schick and a quick, comfortable, *civilized* shave. But that won't be until after Victory, because Schick's busy with war work.

Handle *your* Schick as tenderly as though it were a baby, and if anything does go wrong rush it to one of the offices listed below for expert repairs and genuine Schick renewal parts. (You can even have the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head for only $3.00.*)

And just to feel safe, why don't you have your Schick checked, cleaned, lubricated and adjusted? The charge is slim.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

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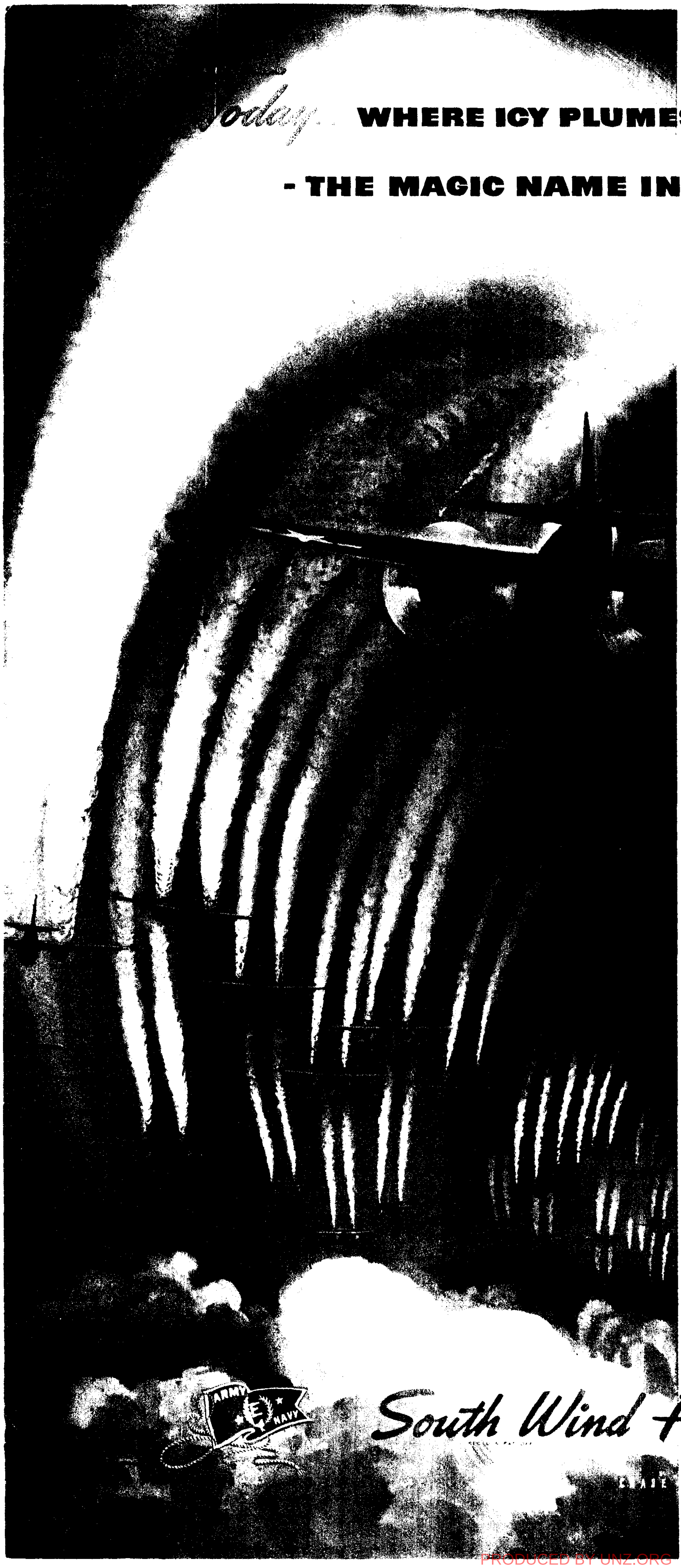

Today WHERE ICY PLUMES FILL HOSTILE SKIES – THE MAGIC NAME IN HEAT IS SOUTH WIND

FOR a moment, put yourself in the "flight deck" of a plane speeding destruction to some enemy target. You're miles high . . . in air so thin that only an oxygen mask keeps you alive. In air *so cold* outside that it freezes rubber to glassy brittleness—and could freeze an exposed hand in seconds, or paralyze vital parts of your plane . . .

Only minutes ahead, enemy fighters are waiting to pounce. To see you through the fight, you need a furnace's heat in that plane. A furnace's heat, in a plane where there aren't spare inches enough for a suitcase!

But . . . *you have your heat!* Life-saving billows of warmth from an amazing little South Wind heater so light and small it can hide in a wing—or wheel well—or inside the engine cowling.

You fight through—and home again to safety—with the aid of heating magic borrowed from the revolutionary South Wind "sealed-flame" car heater of peacetime, now adapted to the needs of war. And—like fighting men on frozen battlefields, in surface craft on arctic waters and in icy skies over every battle front—you know that the new magic name in heat is South Wind . . .

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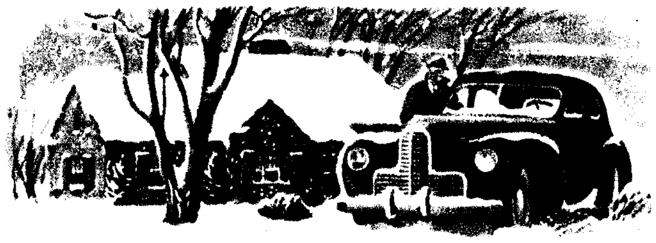

NOW VISION what such heating miracles can mean in your own life . . . when the lessons learned in war can be put to peacetime use in your post-war car, or when your architect can heat a home with a South Wind unit perhaps no larger than a suitcase, tucked into some cranny of unused space.

Just what that future South Wind will look like, we cannot tell you now. Until victory is won, such details must wait. But —it isn't a dream! For, hiding in bombers' wings today are little, lightweight South Winds *that give more heat than the furnace for an eight-room house!*

What's more, your post-war South Wind will come to you from the toughest of all proving grounds. In the worst climates in the world . . . under the severe demands of battle . . . scores of thousands of South Winds are serving our fighting men today, and proving the heating miracles South Wind can perform in homes and cars, planes and industry, tomorrow.

To Manufacturers: Available now for essential needs are compact, lightweight South Winds in sizes ranging from 10,000 to 200,000 Btu/hr. output. A South Wind scarcely larger than an ordinary wastebasket, for example, and light enough for a child to carry, supplies more heat than the furnace for an 8-room house! If you can use big heat from such small sources —now or post-war—write us outlining your requirements.

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the friend who's going to be furious—if he's not too furious. And in case it interests you, and if it will possibly shut you up, I happen to be in love with him."

"Well, that's fine. You're the kind of girl who should be in love. How long?"

She said, "What?"

"How long have you been in love with him?"

"Oh, two years." She caught herself up sharply. What on earth was she thinking of to be talking to this stranger this way? He was handsome and had a way with him. But what had that to do with her?

He was silent for a moment and then he shot out at her, "Is he married?"

She said indignantly, "Certainly not."

"Why isn't he?"

"Well, why aren't you? Or are you?"

He smiled and it was a lovely smile that almost threw her off guard. He said, "I never met you until today and I haven't known you long enough to ask you. Or have I?"

She gave him her best cold look. "To quote Jimmy Durante, 'Everybody's always trying to get into the act.' Why do I have to keep running into comedians today?"

"I'm not a comedian. I just can't imagine any guy having you in love with him for two years and not having you signed on the dotted line by now."

She said, "Some people don't take those things lightly, you know."

He said quietly, "No. I guess that's right," and lapsed into silence.

It was so quiet for a few minutes that it seemed very unnatural and strange to her. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye and he was slumped in the seat staring straight ahead.

She thought, "That's not like him at all," as if she'd known him all her life, and then because that seemed such a foolish dangerous thing to think, she leaned forward and said sharply to the driver, "When are you going to get back on that bridge? Do you realize what you're doing to me?"

He said, "It's coming right up, lady. As certain people said to certain people before: Why don't you relax?"

She thought, "Oh, you're very funny, you are. I'd like to wring your silly neck."

The soldier was still slumped quietly in the seat, the happy look of anticipation gone from his very handsome face. She thought, "Oh, Lord, I hope I haven't been too rude to him. After all, it isn't his fault that this this creep wants to play games with his little taxi."

SHE tried to catch the soldier's eye so she could give him a nice smile to show he was forgiven, but he wouldn't look at her.

She said hesitantly, "Where are you from? I mean, where do you live?"

He brightened instantly, and sat up very straight and beamed at her. And she thought suspiciously, "He put on that moping act just to get me to talk to him."

He said, "Columbus, Ohio. Look, what I wanted to ask you was this. If you change your mind about the week end, will you call me? I've been promised a shakedown in the apartment of a friend of mine and I'll give you his telephone number. By the way, what's this guy like? Is he in the service? Because I wouldn't want to cut in on—"

She said, "Don't worry, you're not going to be cutting in on anything or anyone. And he's not in the service. He's overage. He's forty. But he's president of a very important company that does nothing but war work. I know how important it is because I work there, too."

The soldier said, "Say, that doesn't sound right to me. Forty and he's never been married and he keeps a beautiful young girl like you waiting around while he makes up his mind whether he wants to get married or not." He called to the driver, "What do you think of a guy like that, Ben?"

The driver said, "It's a funny thing, but I always make it a rule never to butt into my fares' affairs."

Vicky said sarcastically, "Not much."

The soldier said, "What do your folks think about you running around with an old ba—bachelor like that? Do they approve?"

"He's not old. He's forty. And my folks don't know him. They don't live here. As a matter of strange fact, I'm from Ohio myself. Canton."

The soldier looked at her shrewdly, one eyebrow raised. "So you left the small town and came to the big city and got yourself a swanky little apartment and a high-powered job and a rich old man."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous. I'm only a secretary and I live in a two-room foxhole with another girl who works in the office."

He smiled broadly. "Well, that's better. Now, how are we going to get rid of this guy? How about you calling him and saying you ran into an old friend who's going overseas any minute and you just have to show him the town on his last leave? Is he dumb enough to fall for that?"

She turned her shoulder on him very pointedly and said to the driver, "Where are we? What in the name of heaven are you doing?"

He said, "I'm on the beam, lady. Just relax and I'll have you there before you know it."

She slumped dejectedly back in the seat and said to the soldier, "We were supposed to catch a seven-o'clock train at Penn Station."

The driver said over his shoulder, "Well, then why did you have to go all the way up to his place? I picked you up at Thirty-sixth. Why didn't he pick you up there? That's closer to the station."

She said, "Well, because—" and then stopped, and added, "It's none of your business."

She didn't feel like explaining in front of the soldier. And anyway, what was there to explain? Just that Barky had said to meet him at his place at five-thirty so she could fix the cocktails and sandwiches while he packed, and it wouldn't have occurred to her to say, "Why don't you pick me up?" because Barky liked to do things his way, and you couldn't expect a busy executive to think about what was the most convenient thing for her.

She saw they were back on the bridge now and she expelled a deep sigh. She felt better now that the uncertainty was over, and she turned and smiled at the soldier. "Well, he finally made it," she said; "due, no doubt, to his wonderful feel for direction."

The driver said, "Ah, I knew where we were all the time."

"Look," the soldier said, "how about it, Vicky? Call him up and tell him you broke an ankle, or a poor soldier's heart, or anything, and then you can show me the town. I've got a pocketful of pay and an open mind. There are a lot of things I'd like to see, and you're the one I'd like to see them with."

The driver said, "Listen, lady, why don't you do your bit for the Army? Why don't you show the guy the town like he wants? It's a funny thing, but I'm a good judge of character and I tell you you won't be making a mistake going out with him."

She said almost absently, "You keep out of this."

She turned from the soldier's urgent look, and her eye caught a passing street sign and she jerked stiffly to attention. She leaned forward and said ominously, "Did that sign say Forty-seventh Street?"

THE driver was pulling up to a gas station and he nodded without turning around. "I know you want to go to Fifty-seventh Street, lady, but I have to get gas. And this is the place I always gas up."

She said bitterly, "It must be a remarkably high grade of gas from the way it affects you." She looked about her a little wildly, and her gaze finally encountered the blue and white sign of a public telephone.

She opened the door and got out of the taxi and she said sternly to the driver, "I'm going to telephone him. I'll be only a minute or two. And you see that you're right here when I come out."

He was still there when she came out, elbows on the wheel, staring straight ahead. The soldier had got out of the cab and was standing by the partly open door, and he watched her with intent, probing eyes.

She was smiling happily, and the soldier said gruffly, "Everything all right, eh?"

She nodded. "Yes, everything's wonderful."

The driver said, "Was he furious?"

Again she nodded happily. "Terribly furious. He started yelling at me so loud I thought the phone would melt."

The soldier said, "But you fixed it up?"

She beamed up at the sky and then let her glance fasten on the partially bald head of Ben Hurley. "Uh-huh. I fixed it up. I told him to go to the devil. I asked him who he thought he was, an old man like him, stringing along a young girl like me for two years. I asked who he thought he was, asking me to go all the way up to his place to meet him to go to Penn Station."

She looked at the soldier, and her eyes were shining. "It was wonderful. I realized I'd been wanting to say things like that to him for a long time. It gave me the most glorious feeling."

The driver said, "Now, you see what I mean? You've been frustrated."

The soldier just stood there, grinning down at her. Finally he said, "Well, gosh! Well, gosh! That's wonderful, Vicky!"

She nodded. "I think so, too. Now where would you like to go first, Jim? What would you like to see?"

Then she turned to the driver with elaborate mock apology. "Pardon me, Frustrated. I should say: Where would *you* like to go? What would *you* like to see?"

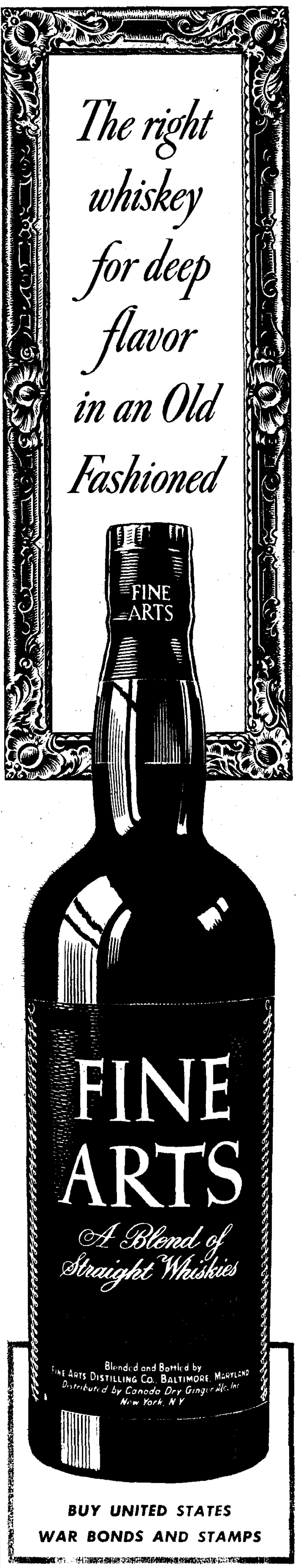
Then she looked at the soldier, and they both laughed so hard that it was fully two minutes before they could get back into the taxi.

THE END

Answers to Jogging Your Jargon (Page 50)

IV

1. The orchestra leader and the saxophone player wrote a melodious number, with vulgar lines, for the colored girl singer in the night club, and it delighted the customers, so it soon was recorded, with the vocalist singing two verses and playing another on the piano. (Swing music)
2. After stealing a ride under a boxcar for two days, the tramp and the boy whom he had trained to beg and steal started walking along the tracks, till a railroad policeman chased them, and they made a quick run to the nearest town where they begged on the street for money for food and a bed in a cheap hotel. (Hoboes)
3. This yes-man Henry was full of beer when he went out on the target range, and all he could score was a clean miss (indicated by a red flag). (U.S. Marines)
4. Even though he was a man who disregarded party loyalty and owed his election to an unfair rearrangement of his district, the legislator started a time-wasting debate to defeat the bill to benefit foreign countries at the expense of the U.S., and denounced its sponsor as worse than the Northerners who favored the South during the Civil War for masking his designs with confusing and unnecessary words. (U.S. politics)
5. After smoking opium for years, Lenny gave it up for marijuana, and now he's under its influence most of the time, as he gets a regular supply of marijuana cigarettes from a peddler. (Dope addicts)
6. The loggers got ugly when the superintendent told them to cut down the old tree that was taking away the light from young trees growing under it, and they'd have knocked him down and jumped on him with their calked boots, only that a caterpillar-tractor driver and a couple of sawmill workers interfered. (Lumber camps)
7. Harve had a tip from someone connected with the stable (or pretending to be) that the broken-winded horse was in condition to win the sixth race, so he put his money on it to take third place, and, thanks to another horse being withdrawn from the race, it came in second. (Race track)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WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

That New Black Magic

BY JIM MARSHALL

Jack DeMent, 23, published his first scientific work at 13. In American Men of Science his listing uses up as much space as Einstein's. The Army and Navy won't let him enlist because the work he's doing with "black light" is too vital. And with one arm he can raise a man heavier than himself over his head twenty-five times

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK DE MENT

No, gentlemen, "black light" can analyze a pretty girl's face with very uncomplimentary keenness: That purple around the roots of the girl's hair is powder. The gray light in her hair is dye; the yellow splotches around her eyes are a wash used to make them sparkle. The orange on her lips and cheeks is rouge, and the yellowish-red around her mouth is nicotine

THERE are three hard words in this piece. If you get past them you'll learn how something no one ever has seen is helping to win the war, saving soldiers' lives, trapping kidnapers, making operations safer, illuminating homes, aiding spies, convicting criminals, detecting fake antiques and doing a thousand other jobs.

Mixed up with all this black magic is a twenty-three-year-old kid who has been a research chemist for fourteen years, has no college degrees whatever—and is just about as proud of being a champion weight lifter as he is about being a top scientist in his branch. So don't get discouraged at the three words, which are luminescence, fluorescence and phosphorescence.

Luminescence is hot light, produced by burning something, from wood in a campfire to tungsten in a light bulb.

Fluorescence is a cold light, given out by thousands of different things from egg stains to ink, when these things are excited by light rays.

Phosphorescence is another cold light, usually produced by decay in animal or vegetable matter. Nobody knows much about fluorescence or phosphorescence, so don't ask.

Some things seem to be on a border line between fluorescence and phosphorescence and will glow for a while after being excited by light rays—some for half a second, some for six months. These things, while having no power to produce light, seem able to store it and emit it for varying periods.

Light, of course, is vibration. Our eyes respond to only a few vibrations, and so light rays slower or faster than we can detect are invisible to us. You've heard of them as infrared—the slow ones—and as ultraviolet, the speedy ones. These fast rays are often called "black light." Black light is like a hurricane. No one ever has seen either of them and no one ever will; each is known only because it produces effects that may be seen.

If this black light strikes a piece of rock, for example, the metal particles in this rock will glow brightly; by the color of the glow you may determine within limits what the metal is. Nowadays, instead of prospecting by daylight, ore seekers go out on dark, moonless nights with a portable black light outfit, which makes hidden metal flash brightly in the rock. A lot of badly needed war metals have been found by this method.

Before the war the Germans knew a great deal more about black light than we did. We have made a lot of progress, but whether we are ahead of the Germans no one knows. Judging by scientific journals from German researchers they're still working hard and discovering new uses for the mysterious rays.

In our country a lot of recent research work on black light has been done by a twenty-three-year-old chemist in Portland, Oregon. He is Jack Andrew DeMent, and he's been at it for fourteen years, ever since his father gave him a toy chemical set for his ninth birthday. This DeMent is a remarkable youngster and, although he would like to be in uniform, both Army and Navy insist on keeping him at work in a tiny laboratory in downtown Portland.

In the Biographical Directory of American Men of Science, Jack DeMent is listed at the same length as Einstein.

In Who's Who he is credited with inventing the science of fluorochemistry and "DeMent's laws of fluorescence," and with writing five learned books on the subject.

He is also included in a little known tome *titled Hoffman's Directory, which lists him* among the earth's four hundred physically strongest men. He got into Hoffman's by lifting a 190-pound man over his head wit one arm! DeMent weighs in around 132. Iron pill, or something.

The youngster, a pocket-sized Tarzan, is enshrined in weight-lifting annals as "the only man known to have put a weight in excess of his own weight overhead with one arm twenty-five times consecutively," and "one of the few men known to have put double his own weight overhead."

He did these feats when he was only eighteen and kind of puny and hadn't yet found the right kind of iron pills. What he could lift now he doesn't know—too busy with black light.

In the chemistry set his father gave him Jack found a small argon bulb. Argon gas lamps have the power to kick a little fluorescence out of many things. In three years the kid had found two hundred and fifty things he could make glow. In the next eleven years he found seven thousand, seven hundred and fifty more.

He started to publish his scientific discoveries when he was thirteen and a few months later was being talked about in science circles as "the author of DeMent's Law of Fluorescence." This may not mean much to you, but among the high domes the author of a scientific law is some punkins—more important even than a guy who can toss 190-pound men over his head with one arm.

DeMent's Law states, in the terms of a layman, that before a substance can glow in the dark it must first capture energy from another source. Scientists explain that a glowing object has to have "a radiation history"—in other words, nothing "glows by itself—you don't get something for nothing."

When the war started, Jack projected himself into the fray with the idea he might be useful in packing howitzers, medium torpedoes or block-busters. Instead, by request, he is working on fluorescent aircraft instruments, camouflage, secret signaling devices and other gadgets which are labeled secret but which he suspects the Germans know all

(Continued on page 74)

Report No. 6 on

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The Blue Envelope

Continued from page 20

he had not expected Mrs. Effingham's lady friend to be anything like this. A slight girl, all in black, with a pale, clear face, black hair, magnificent black eyes, an air of austere, rigidly controlled pride.

"Sit down, Mrs. Sylvestre," he said, and she took the chair opposite his desk. She had a wonderful face, narrow and fine, a stern and beautiful mouth; she had beautiful hands.

"You are a dressmaker, madam?"

"I know I am breaking the law by working," she said. "They told me when I came here that I was not allowed to work. But I have to."

"You're working here as a dressmaker?"

"No, sir, I am not a dressmaker. It was only that I didn't know what else to put down. I know how to embroider very well, and I have found some work like that to do."

"You have six weeks more to remain in San Fernago, señora. Where do you intend to go, at the end of that time?"

"I was going to Quebec to join my husband," she said. "But while I was on my way, he was executed there."

"This is a subject very painful to you, señora—"

"No, señor. Nothing is painful to me any longer. My husband was executed as a spy."

"You were aware of his activities?"

"No, señor. But I should have been. I should have known." She paused to reflect on her past. "I was very young, when our war came in Spain. My father was a man who loved our republic; he was shot by the Falangistas. My brother and I got out of Spain. In the small town where we went, we met with nothing but kindness. The family who took us in treated us like their own children. My brother and I will never forget, as long as we live, how much we owe to that family. And to France.

"There was a son in the family, a young composer, very talented. He was away in Germany, studying music; I did not see him for two years after we came to France. He believed, very sincerely, in that New Order for Europe, for France. I hated his ideas, but I loved him very much. He was young. I thought he would change when he had been home a little longer.

"When the danger of war came to his own country, he said that he had changed, and I believed him. We were married before the mobilization, and we went to Martinique. He said that the government sent him; perhaps that was true. But after we had been there a time, there were things that worried me, that frightened me. Only he denied everything—and I wanted very much to believe him. Then, after the fall of France, he arranged in some way—I don't know how—to be sent to Quebec. And that was the end."

"Señora, you have suffered very much. But you are young. Your life lies before you."

"I have lost my own country, and my second country, France," she said. "My brother was killed, fighting for France. I have nowhere to go. There is nothing before me, señor."

SHE meant that. She was, quite simply and obviously, that sort of girl. He had encountered that type before this, in Europe. It was not only grief that she felt, but shame; she felt herself irretrievably dishonored by her husband's treachery.

"I'd be obliged if you would answer a few more questions, señora. You were with Mrs. Effingham in the market yesterday. You were addressed by a man named Dulac, and you turned your back on him. Will you tell me why, señora?"

"I do not wish to speak to Germans, señor."

"Dulac is a Frenchman, señora."

"I disagree, señor."

"Why do you think he is a German?"

"I am quite sure I have seen him before, señor. In Martinique. He came to see my husband, he and another man, on a rainy night. They spoke German then. They were Germans, señor."

"If you believed that you recognized this man as a German, señora, why did you not come to me at once?"

"I thought you would order me to stop working, señor. I thought it would be better to put the idea into the head of the Mrs. Effingham."

Very well; she had put an idea into George Nevill's nimble brain. He was not at all impressed with the spy angle; he had met Dulac several times, he knew quite a lot about him, and all of it was favorable. But this girl's cool, proud resignation was intolerable. She was young and she was lovely; she had no business to be living in Mrs. Effingham's boardinghouse.

"Señora," he said, "it is possible that you might be of great assistance to us. You might be able to serve my country—and France."

"Señor, de que manera?"

"If we could arrange a way for you to observe this man carefully," he said, "so that you could be, not *quite* sure, but entirely sure about him?"

She was beautiful now, with her lips parted and her dark eyes brilliant.

ALMOST all the other Americans in San Fernago had been ordered home or had gladly gone home long ago, but Mrs. Jones was an exception. It was not only that she was an old resident, a property owner, a very wealthy woman. She was an exception to all rules because of her goodness.

It was a goodness that nobody could question. There were people who hated her, but they hated her because of that goodness. George Nevill was fonder of her than he wished to be. She often came to see him, meddling in matters that were none of her business, trying to do illegal, shocking things, trying to give people things they were not entitled to, trying to help people evade the proper consequences of having wrong papers. She would come lumbering into his office, stout and shapeless, in a flowered print dress, with a big hat on her untidy dark hair, and she would offer to post a bond for someone highly suspect, she would propose some outrageous way to let someone stay here who had no right to stay anywhere on earth.

Mrs. Jones lived in a sort of stone castle on a hilltop; very imposing, it was, with turrets and a long stone terrace and all the rooms opening upon a patio with a fountain. Inside, the furniture was a jumble of fine old mahogany and the modern items that had appealed to Mrs. Jones' taste. And the whole place was overrun with servants. She admitted that there were not only the servants she paid, but their friends and relations uncounted by her.

There was nothing to be done with that woman. She had certainly been beautiful once, and she had let that go; she had thrown that away. As she threw away her money and her illimitable love.

He drove up to the tawdry castle late that afternoon, and a saucy little colored parlor maid opened the door and led him into the patio where Mrs. Jones sat, with half a dozen friends, enjoying a special punch she liked to serve. It was, to George Nevill, a horrible drink, a tourist drink; but he accepted a glass to please her. And he got her apart from the others and told her the story of Elena Sylvestre, omitting the spy angle.

She listened, leaning back in a huge teakwood chair. She wore a blue and white flowered dress, with a green sash around such waist as she had, and her very shapelessness seemed somehow right and reassuring; she looked like some mother goddess, with her long, gentle dark eyes, her wide and candid brow.

"She must come here, George," she said. "I'll ask her to embroider things for me. I'll go tomorrow and see her."

"Could you spare Dulac to drive me home?" George asked. "I let Jolly take my car."

She was only too glad to do so, and in a few moments Dulac drove up in the car. He was a good-looking young fellow, broad-shouldered and muscular, with an olive skin and level black brows; you might have said he was a typical Latin, only George's years in Europe made him avoid such judgments. He had met Danes who looked like French-

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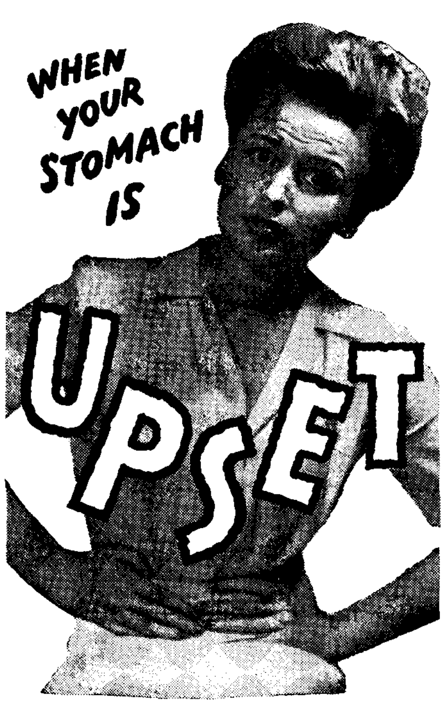

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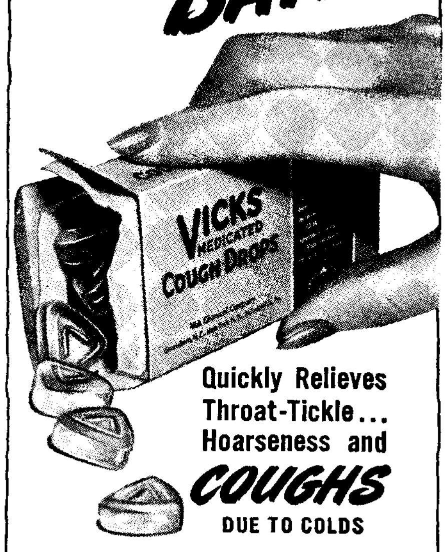
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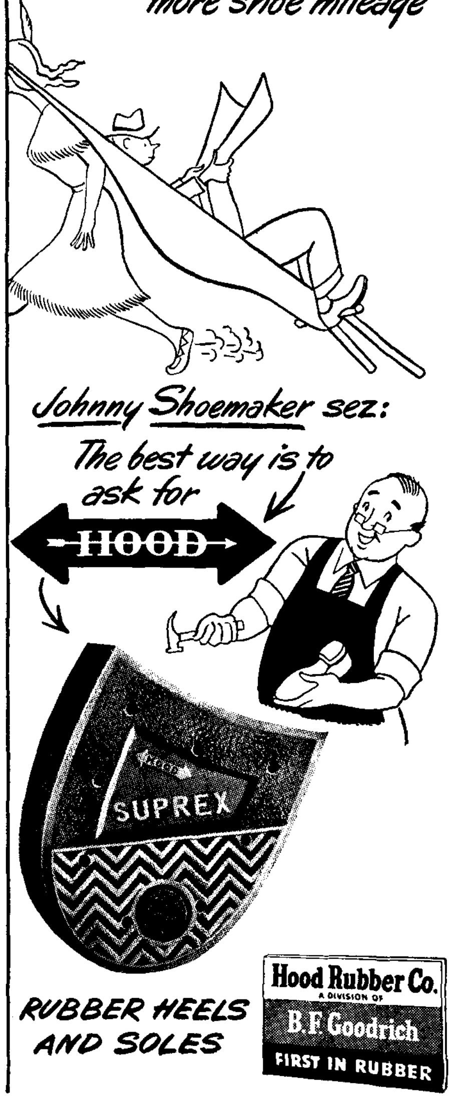
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men, and Frenchmen who looked like Tatars, and Germans who looked like Italians. Dulac spoke French like a Parisian, but speech was no infallible gauge.

Yes. He could look like a Frenchman and speak like one, and still be something else. But there was absolutely nothing against him. He had come here from Cuba some six months ago, with his papers all in order and a perfectly straightforward story. He had heard there was a dearth of good mechanics in San Fernago, and that was very true, and he was a very good mechanic. Mrs. Jones had snapped him up, but she lent him willingly; he had repaired the governor's launch, he had done jobs for the Department of Works.

He was curt and sullen and nobody liked him—except Mrs. Jones. But he was an excellent worker, he never drank even a glass of wine, he minded his own business. If he was a spy, he was a good one.

"I understand you had some trouble in the market square yesterday," said George.

"Oh, that?" said Dulac with a shrug. "I saw a girl, very pretty, and spoke to her. Why not? And that damned—" He used vivid words for Mrs. Effingham. "She interfered. She got in my way and I pushed her aside and went off. That's all."

"That's not the way one behaves here," said George. "We don't care for it, Dulac."

"*Alors . . .*" said Dulac with another shrug. "What harm has been done?"

"Don't do it again," said George.

MRS. JONES telephoned to George in his office.

"I know you're busy," she said, "but I just wanted to tell you that I've got Elena here staying with me. She's a lovely girl, George."

"Yes," he said. "I think so."

"But she's so sad, George! So aloof. I'm going to try to cheer her up. Rest and good food and friendliness, don't you think?"

He said yes, but he thought that "cheering up" Elena Sylvestre would take more, even, than Mrs. Jones' immeasurable kindness. He felt sure that Elena would make no least effort to be happy; she would think it shameless. She expected and wished to pay for her husband's crime. *El honor. La familia. La patria.*

A few days later the girl herself came to see him. She was as pale, as slight, as grave as before, but there was a change in her; the look of bleak resignation was gone; she was more alive; and more beautiful. For a moment he thought that perhaps Mrs. Jones had succeeded.

"Yesterday, when the ship came in with mail," she said, in English, "he got letters."

"Post office says no," said George, because that was something he had looked into.

"They could come addressed to somebody else," she said. "But he got letters, Señor Nevill. Two. He read them, and then he locked them in a drawer. I saw this. I came to ask you something, señor." She went on in Spanish. "Señor, the police have some little instrument for opening locks, no? If you will give me one of these, I will get the letters for you."

He explained, with all politeness, that this was impossible.

"Then, señor," she said, "if I telephone and tell you when this man is away from the house, will you send some policeman to open the drawer?"

"I'm sorry, señora, but we have nothing definite against this man. I'd have to get a search warrant to do as you ask, and I have no grounds for applying for one."

She was silent for a moment; then she raised her brilliant eyes to his face.

"I will get those letters, señor," she said.

"Señora," said George, "according to the law, it would be robbery for you to break open a drawer and take those letters."

"I will accept that responsibility, señor."

"Señora," he said, "do you find yourself well with Mrs. Jones?"

"But yes, señor! She is a saint, this friend of yours."

"I believe I can get you permission to stay here, señora, and permission to work. You can help in the hospital, perhaps. They need people badly. There are other things, many other ways to help."

"I am glad to do them, señor."

George Nevill had lived much among Spanish-speaking people, and when he spoke their noble and beautiful language he was a little transformed from his debonair and British self.

"Señora," he said, "live your life. Be useful. Be tranquil. And forget Dulac."

"Señor, I know that I have seen this man before. I know he is a German spy."

"Then, without doubt, something will reveal it. Leave it to fate, señora, or to God."

She rose.

"Thousand thanks, señor, for receiving me," she said. "When I have information, I shall ask the favor of another interview."

Nothing could deflect her, nothing could swerve her from her sole idea of atonement and vengeance.

THERE was a garden party at the Cricket Club, for some wartime charity, and George Nevill stopped in there; it was expected of him. And there, sitting at a table in a marquee, was Mrs. Jones.

He sat down in a canvas chair beside her and took off his helmet. He was hot and tired, and in a somber mood. He resented his fate. Everyone else was in the war, and he was kept here, like a watchdog. He did not know whether the company of Mrs. Jones was an irritation or a solace. She was serene, she was happy; in this world of anguish, she never lost her shining hope; there was always something she could do, some help she could offer. She was impossible, but he loved her.

"Drink your tea, George," she said. "I've got a *very* interesting bit of news for you. About Elena."

"D'you like her?" George asked.

"Very much," said Mrs. Jones. "She's the soul of honor. Only until lately I've been worried about her, George. She's been brooding so."

"And now she isn't brooding?"

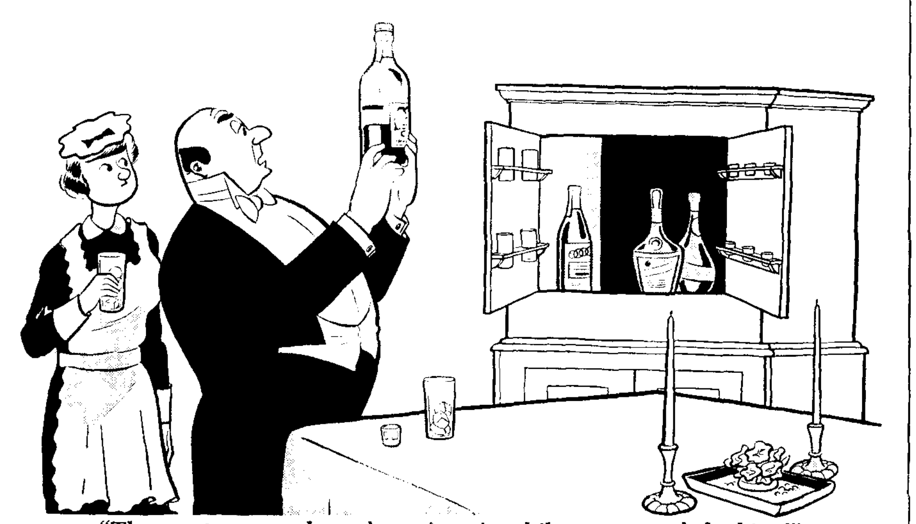
"She's fallen in love!" said Mrs. Jones.

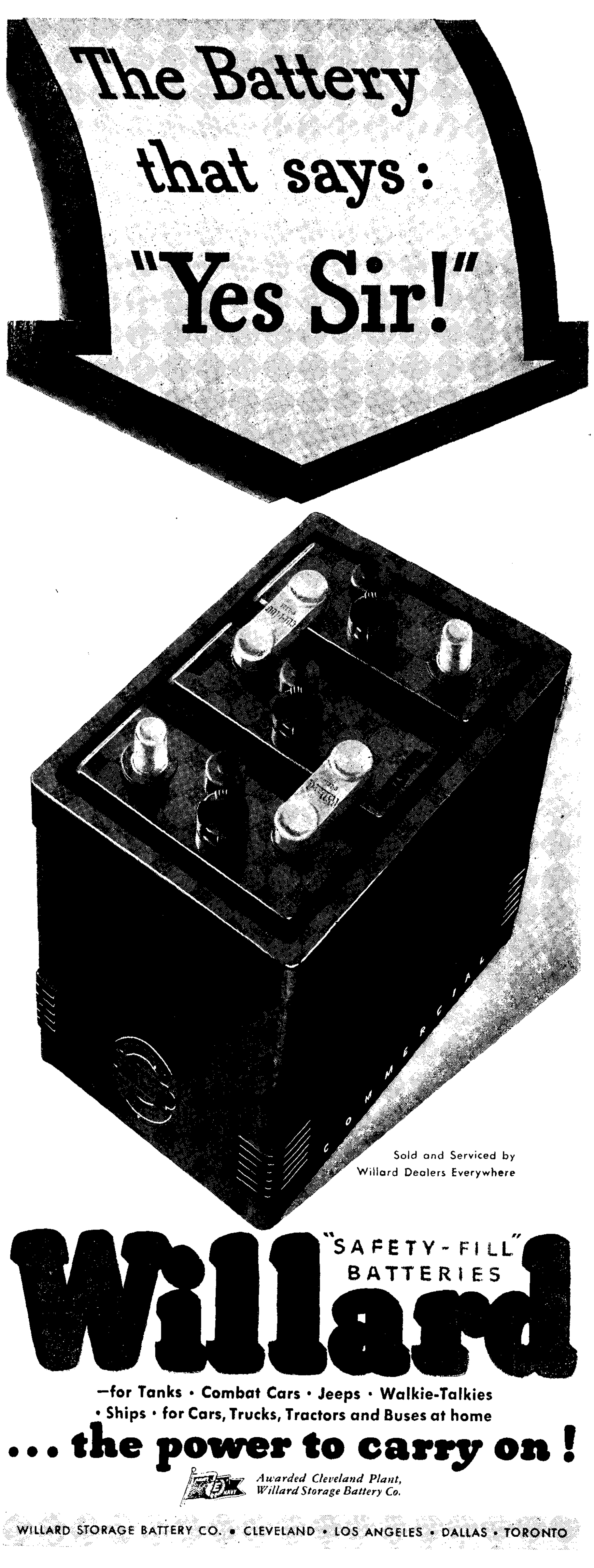
"No!" said George. "Who's the man?"

"Dulac!" said Mrs. Jones.

"Is it mutual?" he asked, after a moment.

"Oh, yes! They can't take their eyes off each other," said Mrs. Jones happily. "Of


"The master must have been into it while we weren't looking!"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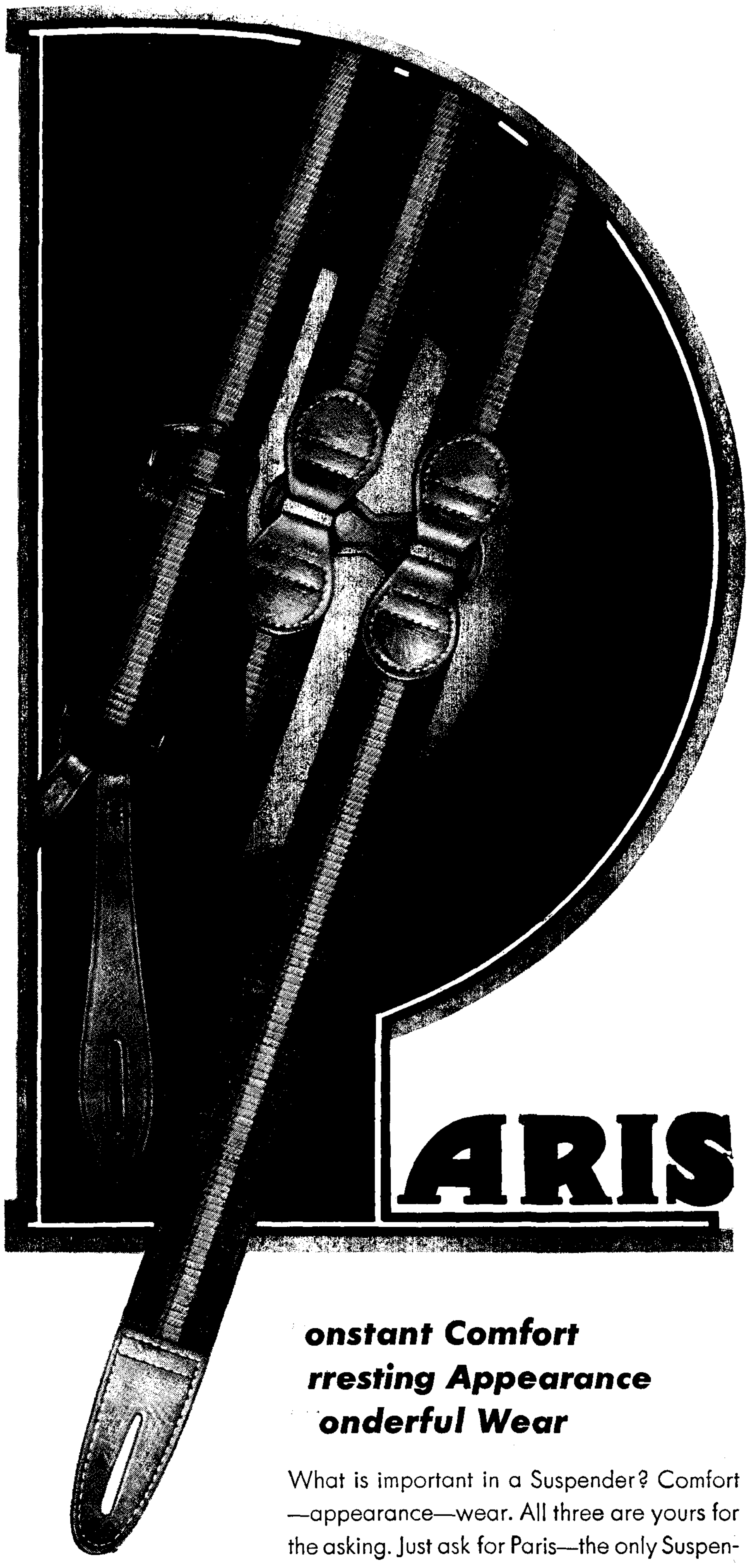

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course, he hasn't the education Elena has, or the little social graces. But he's such a fine, steady boy. He's so practical, and Elena's so idealistic. I wish you could see them, George."

"I'd like to," he said. "Could I come this evening?"

"I've got to stay till the end," she said. "But if you'll wait, I'll drive you back, George."

"They can't take their eyes off each other." He could not get that phrase out of his mind. He had a vision of Elena, in Mrs. Jones' vast baronial hall, with her magnificent dark eyes fixed upon Dulac, and it was enough to give him the shivers.

THAT was just how it was. They sat at dinner, in the vast hall, at a long refectory table with a lace cloth and blue candles in massive silver holders. There were seven for dinner, and Dulac was acting as butler; he poured the wine, he stood at the massive sideboard and gave low-voiced orders to the two colored maids; he was cool, efficient, alert in his white jacket.

And again and again Elena's dark eyes turned to him in his shadowy corner. She was all in black, as he had always seen her, but this was an evening dress, elegant, fitting beautifully to her fine thin body. George had never before seen her without a hat, and he was entranced by her hair, so thick, so smooth on her proud little head. She was beautiful, and she was terrible.

Just once did he get a good look at Dulac, as he leaned over to fill her glass. The look on his face was unmistakable; the hunger, the jealousy, the fury that is so often called by the name of love. And Elena, on her part, would like nothing better than to see him hanged by his strong young neck until he was dead. A touching little romance . . .

They went into the patio for coffee; they sat there under a sky glittering with stars, talking in polite, contented voices. George Nevill went to Elena's side.

"What are you doing?" he asked her in Spanish, speaking very low.

"I am going to trap this man for you," she said. "I cannot get any help from you, so I shall do it alone."

"Señora," he said, "you have lost all sense of proportion, all sense of—" He paused.

"Decency?" she suggested. "Very well, señor. I don't care at all what I do, as long as I can trap this man. This spy."

"Have you found one fact, señora, one smallest thing to prove him a spy?"

"I know his heart," she said. "He is altogether vile; cruel and false."

"Even if that is so, señora—"

"You can believe me, señor," she said. "I have taken this man as my lover, so that I can know."

Such anger filled him that he couldn't speak; he lighted a cigarette, standing beside her in the starlit dark.

"When I have trapped this man," she said, "I shall have paid my debt to the country my husband betrayed."

"Señora," he said, "you are destroying yourself."

"Señor, I don't care—if I can destroy him, too."

He threw down the cigarette and put his foot on it. "Good night, señora," he said.

He went to take leave of Mrs. Jones, and his great anger extended even to her, a little, because her goodness and her charity were lost and futile among these swift currents of hate and evil.

He did not want to go home. He went to the Yacht Club and played snooker until he was tired of it; then he had a drink and went to sit on the screened veranda overlooking the harbor; clouds were streaming across the sky, hiding the stars, and it was black as the pit. It was late, very late, but still George Nevill did not want to go home.

The sleepy steward came out, through the blackout curtain.

"Mr. Nevill, sah, Mis' Jones wish to speak to you, sah, on the telephone."

The light inside the club dazzled George; he closed his eyes as he took up the instrument.

"George," she said, "please come—at once."

"What's wrong? What's the matter?"

"It's Elena. I'm afraid—it's very bad. Please come, George."

He got into his car and drove off along the dark and empty roads; when he reached the fantastic castle, there was another car standing in the drive. He mounted the steps, and Dulac opened the door. The vast hall was softly lighted by shaded lamps; at one end of it, Mrs. Jones and another couple, the Wynnes, sat close together near a table on which playing cards were scattered. They all rose as he entered.

"Doctor Farrell is with her, George," Mrs. Jones said.

"Wait, please," he said. "All of you. Dulac, too."

He ran up the stairs; on the floor above, light showed under a door, and he knocked there. "It's Nevill," he said, and Farrell's voice said, "Come in."

She was lying on a big bed, straight and quiet, in an elaborate blue silk dressing gown, her thick shining black hair was pushed back from her forehead and spread out on the pillow; her face was grave and beautiful and very young.

"It's nearly over," said Farrell.

"Nothing to be done?" George asked.

"Nothing. I've sent for the ambulance, but it's too late. Barbituric poisoning. Suicide, I suppose. I found these under her pillow."

He handed George a little packet of letters with an elastic band around them. "Souvenirs, I suppose," he said. "Poor girl . . ."

George sat down by the lamp and looked through the letters. They were all addressed to *"lieber* Alphonse," all of them in German. Elena would not have been able to read them. Illiterate letters, from a forlorn refugee girl working at the hospital until they could find some place to send her. Love letters and nothing else. "I am sorry I cannot write to you in French," she said, in almost every one. "Maybe you won't understand what I write, *lieber* Alphonse, because you don't know German so good."

He put the rubber band around them again; these letters for which she had paid so monstrous a price. If they served any purpose at all, it was to confirm that Dulac was a Frenchman. He rose.

"I'm going down," he said. "Coming?"

"I'll wait here for the end," said Farrell. "She won't regain consciousness."

GEORGE went down the stairs, and again the three sitting there rose. Dulac stood in a corner with his arms folded.

"George," Mrs. Jones asked, "is she—"

"No," he answered.

"Can I go up to her, George?"

"I'm sorry. No. Sit down, please. You understand that I've got to ask some questions. Who found Mrs. Sylvestre in this condition?"

"I did," Mrs. Jones answered. "We were playing bridge, and I was dummy. I just went up to see how she was. She'd gone to bed very early . . ."

"Who was playing bridge, Mrs. Jones?"

"We three. And Dulac. He often makes a fourth with us," she said. To her there was nothing surprising in Dulac's coming to play cards with the guests he had recently waited upon in the dining room. "She looked—strange, and I couldn't wake her. So I came down and told Caroline. She's taken first aid and a home-nursing course. I asked her to go up, while I telephoned to Doctor Farrell."

Mrs. Jones was dry-eyed, and for all her immeasurable compassion, George Nevill had never seen her otherwise than quiet and steadfast. But young Mrs. Wynne was crying.

"Mrs. Wynne," he said, "will you describe exactly what you found when you went upstairs?"

She was a good little thing; she looked up at him through wet lashes.

"I could see—it was very serious," she said. "I couldn't feel any pulse. There was an empty medicine bottle there, but it was a prescription, and I couldn't tell what she'd taken. I didn't know what ought to be done for her. I felt sure it was suicide."

"Why, Mrs. Wynne?"

"The way she was lying there—with a blue envelope in her hand."

"Did you take this blue envelope, Mrs. Wynne?"

"Through as a fighter? - Not me!"

STAFF SGT.
ARTHUR HERBEY

Bismarck Sea—March 3—The B-25 roared in, mast high, over the Jap troop transport.

As it pulled up and away, the top turret gunner—Staff Sergeant Arthur Herbey—raked the decks of the enemy ship with his deadly .50 caliber guns. Then, Jap fighter planes jumped the B-25 and knocked out one engine. But the pilot nursed the limping bomber home.

Shortly after this mission—after 18 months of action in the South Pacific—Herbey's luck ran out. He was wounded by shrapnel from an enemy raider.

The Army Air Forces told him he was through as a fighter. But he disagreed.

With his honorable discharge, two Presidential Citations, and two Oak Leaf clusters, Herbey is still fighting today—fighting on the Packard production lines.

Side by side with 41,000 other war workers, he is helping to turn out Packard marine engines for PT boats, and Rolls-Royce aircraft engines for fighter planes and bombers.

More than 1000 of these Packard workers, like Arthur Herbey, are returned war veterans. They are working to hasten Victory so that former comrades will come home again, who otherwise would have died.

How anxious are *you* to help more of our boys come home again—alive? Are you doing *all* you possibly can so that they will?

LET'S DO MORE IN '44!

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PACKARD

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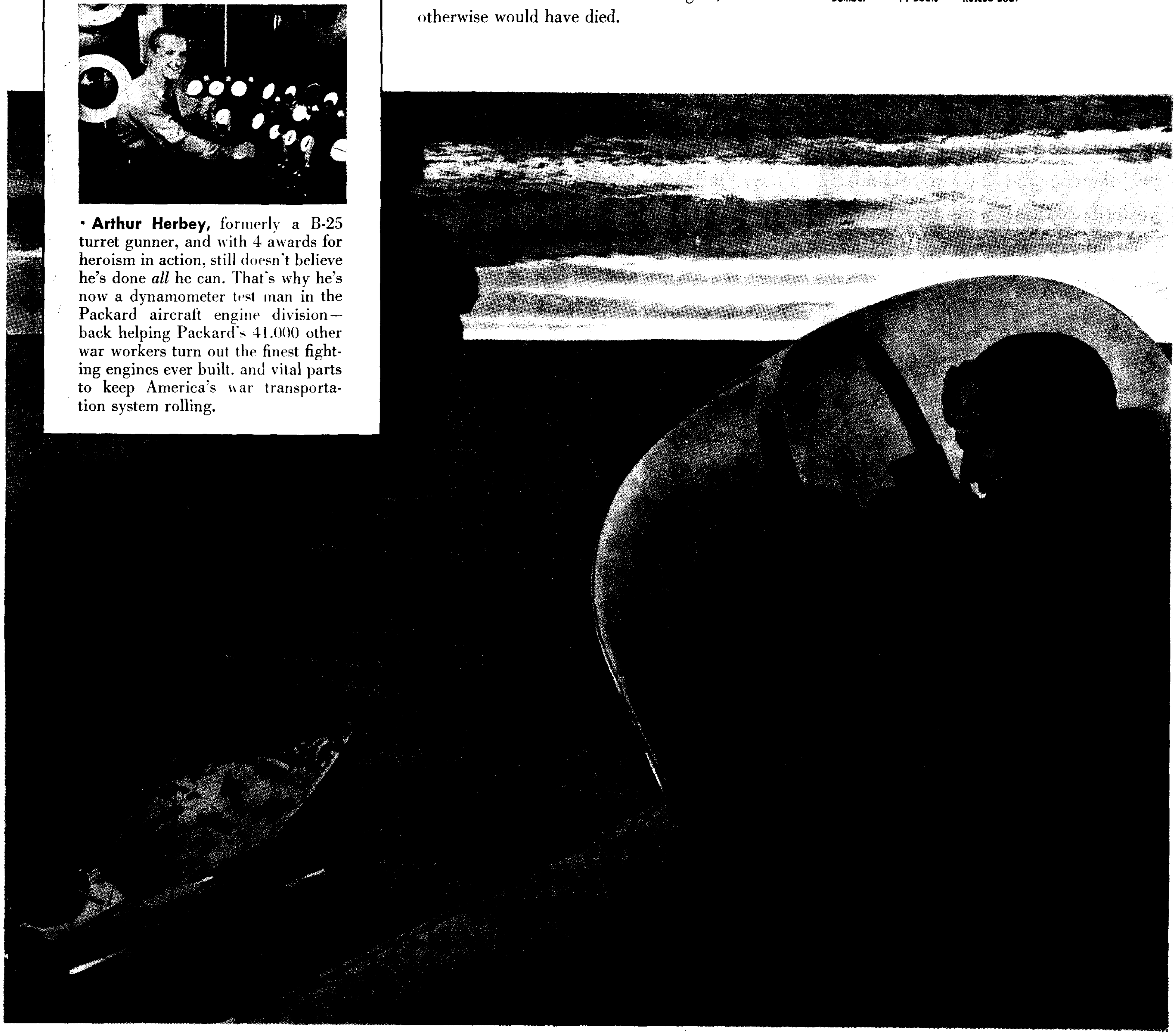
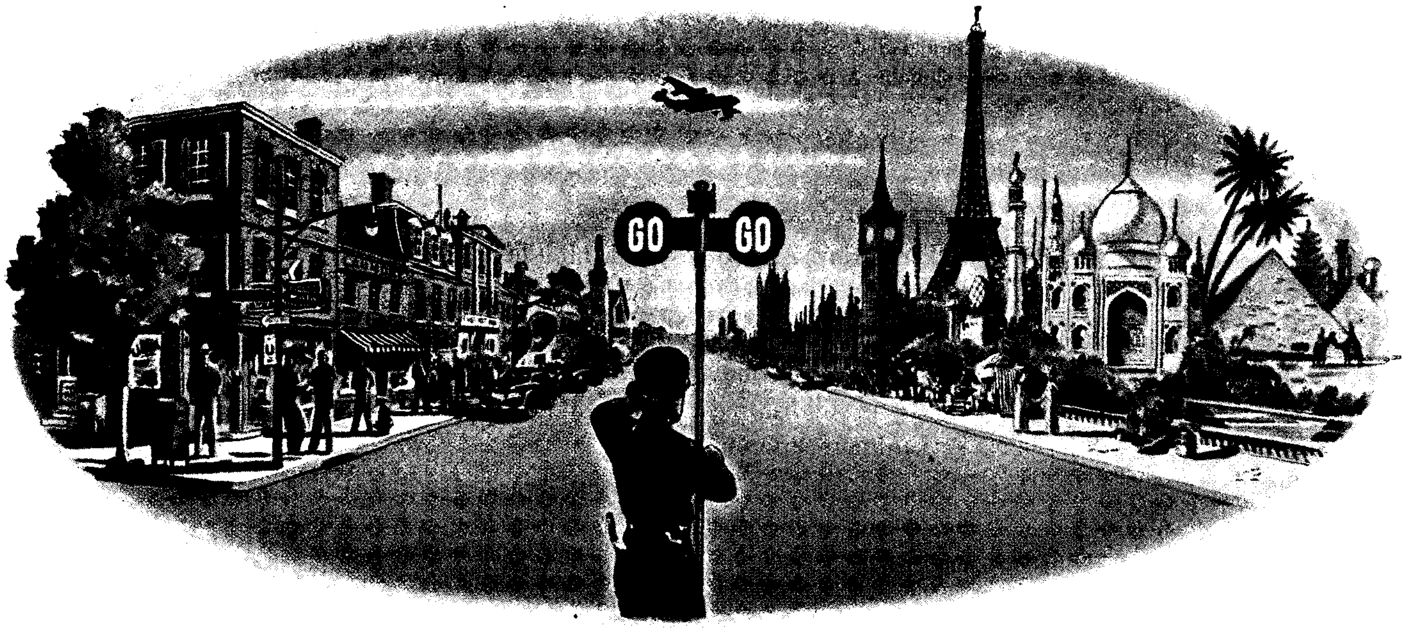
ASK THE
MAN WHO
OWNS ONE



• **Arthur Herbey,** formerly a B-25 turret gunner, and with 4 awards for heroism in action, still doesn't believe he's done *all* he can. That's why he's now a dynamometer test man in the Packard aircraft engine division—back helping Packard's 41,000 other war workers turn out the finest fighting engines ever built, and vital parts to keep America's war transportation system rolling.



Look what the *Martin Mars* ✩ ✩ ✩ ✩ ✩ has done to Main Street! ✩ ✩ ✩ ✩ ✩

PYRAMIDS and pagodas, the Tower of London and the Taj Mahal . . . yesterday, these were the dreams of armchair travellers. Today, they're just across the way!

To you, Mr. and Mrs. America, the giant Martin Mars means swift luxurious travel . . . an opportunity to see at last the distant lands of romance. To American business these great flying boats mean more. By speeding cargo to or from any spot on the globe in three days or less, Mars-type transports will assure fast delivery of U. S. products . . . quick availability of U. S. technical knowledge . . . reduced inventories for foreign distributors . . . and swift shipment of perishable items. All this at a fraction of present ton-mile costs!

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But the Mars is far more. She's the transport of tomorrow, flying today! In commercial versions of the Mars, postwar airline operators will have no visionary, untried design. Instead, they will have a successful type, thoroughly tested in overocean transportation. Production lines for Mars transports will, at war's end, be tooled and manned by experienced workers, eliminating conversion delays. If the aviation industry can set aside reserves for such postwar construction and employment, Main Street will encircle the globe, thanks to Martin Mars-type transports!

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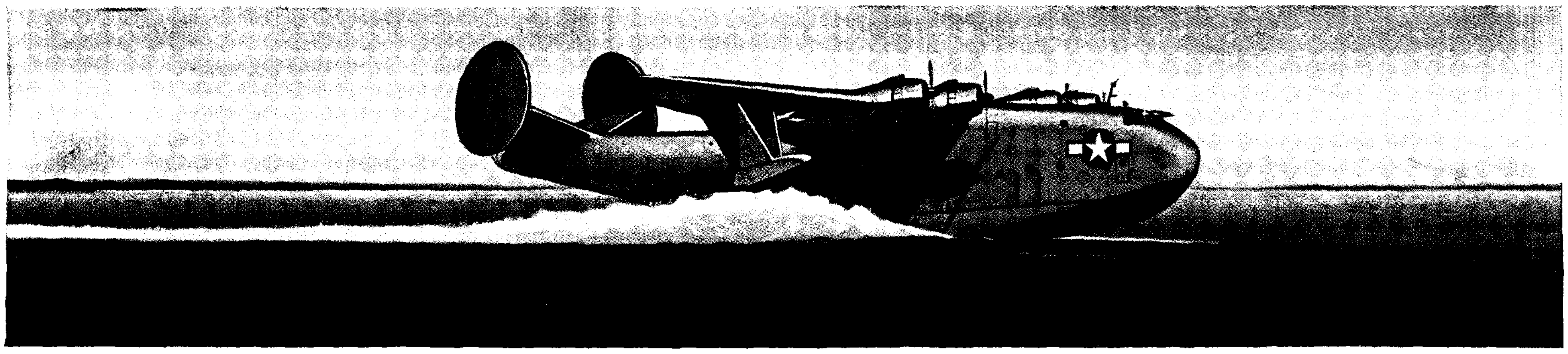


"Oh, no!" she said. "I didn't touch it."

Doctor Farrell was coming down the stairs now, slowly and heavily, and George waited for him.

"Doctor Farrell," said George, with a certain formality. "Did you find a blue envelope in the deceased's hand?"

"I did not," said Farrell. "Mrs. Jones, did you give this medicine of yours to Mrs. Sylvestre?"

"No," Mrs. Jones answered. "It had been in my bathroom cabinet for a long time—years. I'd only had one dose of it."

"Did you see this blue envelope, Mrs. Jones?" George asked.

"Why, yes," she answered, slowly. "I did pick up a blue envelope from the floor. But it was empty, and I threw it away."

"Where did you throw it, Mrs. Jones?"

"Why, I think I crumpled it up and threw it out the window," she said.

NOW he knew she was lying. And only one motive could make that candid woman lie. "There are screens in all the windows here, aren't there?" he asked, and when she did not answer: "Let me see your bag, please, Mrs. Jones."

She had an evening bag in her hand, a rather dreadful little article of scarlet silk ruffled to look like a rose. She drew it up defensively against the bosom of her white satin dress.

"Why, George . . ." she said. "No, really."

But when he came toward her, she handed it to him. It was hard for him to take it. He pulled the silken cord, and a delicate perfume came out. The blue envelope was in there, folded over; the address was typewritten. Mr. Alphonse Dulac, Post Office, San Fernago, General Delivery. Inside there were two sheets in fine German script.

Saboteur and spy, Dulac was, but not a very successful one. According to the letter's contents his superiors were not very well pleased with him.

George put the letter back into the envelope and looked at Mrs. Jones.

"George," said Mrs. Jones, "there must be some mistake—"

George did not answer. He was watching Dulac now. Dulac who was staring at Mrs. Jones with a look of intense loathing. Suddenly the muscles around his mouth gave way to exasperated rage.

"*No!*" cried Dulac.

They all turned to look at him and he moved forward, into a circle of light.

"I don't allow this!" he said, in English. "It's—disgusting."

"How's that?" George asked.

For a moment, Dulac was silent, his jaw set, his eyes brilliant. He was breathing fast, and there was sweat on his forehead.

"I don't allow this woman to accept any consequences for *me*," he said. "It's disgusting. What's the *matter* with her? She must be crazy. To ruin herself—to go to jail, to shield me? I don't allow it!"

"Dulac . . ." Mrs. Jones said faintly.

"Be quiet!" he said. "No more from you! I have lived here three months and I have never seen anything like it, never! You throw away your money—everything for this riffraff—this black trash—these dirty refugees that *we* kicked out. You give them everything. You have no pride; you have no honor. I despise you." He turned to George. "Arrest me! I killed that girl!"

"Dulac—" George began.

"Not Dulac," he said. He drew himself up rigidly and brought his heels together. "Lieutenant Grauhelm, of the German army."

He waited scornfully.

"Well?" he demanded. "Why don't you arrest me? I killed that girl. She stole letters from my room. I saw her. I knew then that she had been trying to make a fool of me, and *that* I don't allow, from any woman. But I didn't let her know that. I went to her room, with a fine glass of wine, full of this drug I took long ago from the bathroom."

He smiled, but his hands, straight at his sides, were trembling.

"Now everything is finished," he said. "I've had enough." His voice rose. "I've had enough of this island—and all you slovenly, stupid people. I despise all of you—everything! I despise this damned heat—day after day. Day after day . . ."

He drew the back of his hand across his forehead, and now his mouth was twitching.

"I was sent here to get information," he said. "Be sure I should have done so, very soon. All I needed was more time to be of real service to the Fatherland. They did not understand my problem here. I—I . . ." And he seemed to be searching for words to bolster his position in the eyes of the present gathering. "But now I refuse to go on! I refuse, absolutely, to owe my life—to this disgusting American woman. I prefer to die."

The sound of the ambulance siren came to them, and he started violently.

"This woman shall not shield me!" he shouted. "I will take nothing from her! Arrest me—and you shall see how a German officer can die!"

YOUNG Mrs. Wynne sat on the sofa beside Mrs. Jones, holding her hand; Wynne stood beside her; Farrell leaned back in a chair; George Nevill sat on the edge of a table.

The ambulance had taken away the mortal remains of Elena Sylvestre. Sergeant Welby and a Negro constable had taken away Lieutenant Grauhelm. It was very quiet here now.

"Will you—shoot him, George?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Not me," said George. "We'll turn him over to the military."

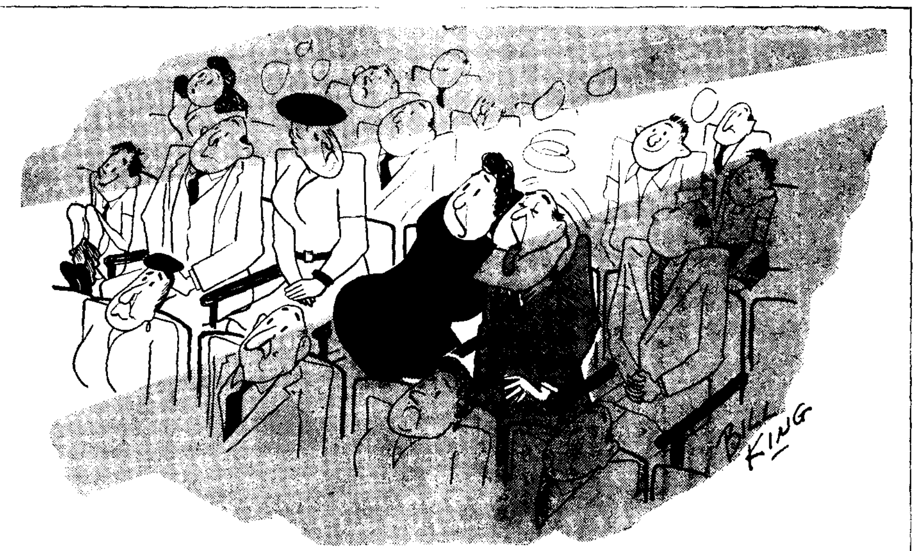
"I wasn't trying to shield him," she said. "I thought the poor child had tried to kill herself—and that's considered a crime, isn't it? I thought that if she got well, she'd be deported, or perhaps put in prison."

Mrs. Jones looked very tired; she looked sorrowful. But she had her own solace and her own unfailing hope.

"I never suspected Dulac," she said. "Never!"

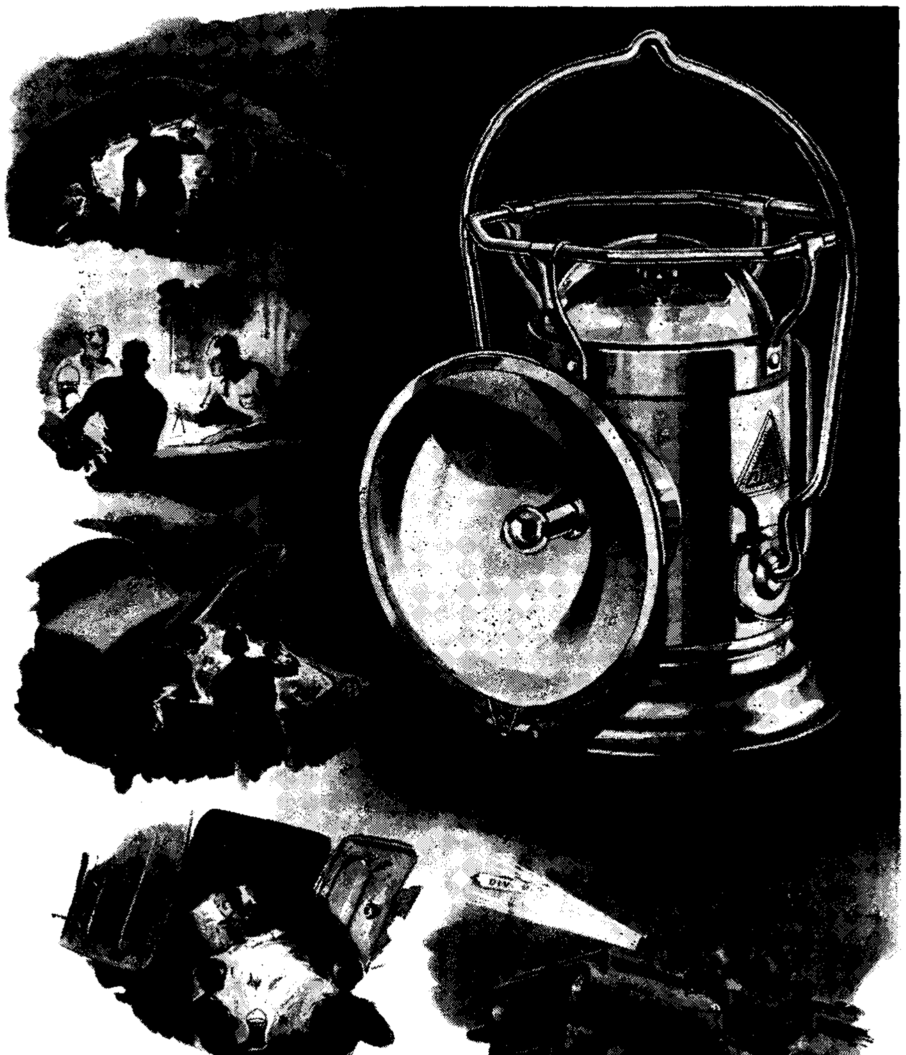
But you did him in, thought George Nevill. The girl who hated him couldn't get anything against him, couldn't break him down. But you did . . . with all your kindness and goodness.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Oh, Ed—he's choking her!" BILL KING

GIVE TO YOUR COMMUNITY WAR FUND



WARS DON'T STOP AT SUNSET!

War keeps moving through the night! Masses of men and trucks and troopships . . . fleets of planes and warships . . . miles-long lines of supplies and munitions. All keep moving through the night.

They dare not move in a blaze of light, but *enough light in the right place* is keeping this mighty surge of troops and material from bogging down at dark.

Putting the right amount of dependable light in the right place . . . is the job of more than a million battery operated Delta Powerlites. Picking out landmarks and road signs or lighting maps, providing light to care for the wounded, spotting light to fix truck, tank or command car . . . doing countless emergency jobs where proper light is indispensable.

The Delta Powerlite was ready for its wartime job because for years it lent a friendly helping hand to sportsmen and farmers, home owners and cottage owners, throughout America. Delta had the experience and the facilities, now concentrated on production of Powerlites and various other lighting devices for our armed forces. And Delta's wartime experiences will mean improved battery lights for peacetime . . . no, you can't buy a Powerlite yet, but when you can you'll find it once again America's Finest Electric Lantern.

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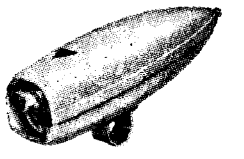
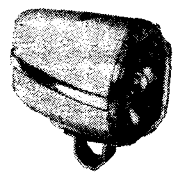
On the drawing board of a noted designer, right now, are being shaped the new peacetime Delta Electric Lanterns and Bicycle Lights . . . with modernized design added to their new war-learned utility.



The slender, streamlined Delta WINNER, bicycle headlight with white, enamel finish body, is available in limited quantities. Ask your dealer. Less batteries, price is 79c.



The Delta ROADLITER, a smartly designed, auto-styled bicycle headlight with fluted lens and white enamel finish body, is available in limited quantities. Less batteries, price is $1.39.

Delta

BATTERY OPERATED LANTERNS AND BICYCLE LIGHTS

That New Black Magic

Continued from page 66

about anyway. He has the scientist's respect for scientists, regardless of nationality.

With a partner, Dr. H. C. Dake, young DeMent has developed a thin fluorescent plastic that can be slipped over a military map. This plastic, if beamed on by a black-light lamp, illuminates the map so that it can be read in darkness. The same result may be obtained by dusting the map with fluorescent powder.

Another device helps save the lives of sailors or airmen afloat on rubber rafts. Each raft carries a flask of uranine. This, spilled on the sea, produces a brilliant yellow fluorescent spot, easily spotted by scouting aircraft. Trouble was, formerly, the uranine quickly diffused through the water and disappeared. DeMent solved this by developing an oil base which floats the uranine a long time and thus enhances the chance of its being spotted by rescuers.

Still another military use for black light is the detection of life in apparently dead men. There are many borderline cases in battle and air raids when it is almost impossible to say whether a victim is dead or alive, even with the aid of a stethoscope. A new and positive method is to inject a drop of fluorescent chemical back of the victim's ear and then play a ray of black light on his eyes and lips. If he's alive the eyes and lips will glow brightly green within twenty seconds.

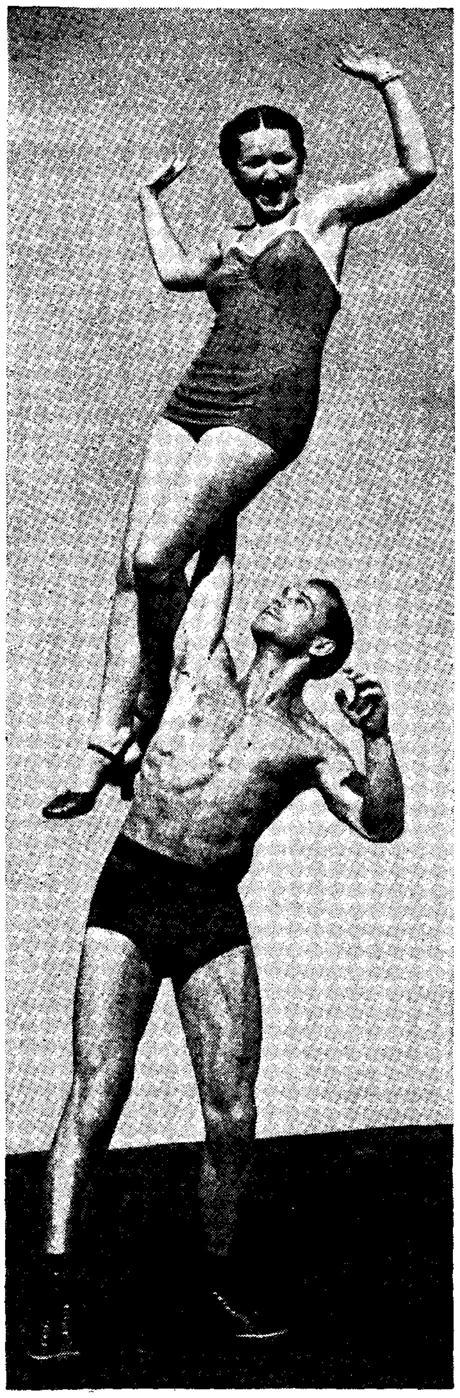
Over moderate distances black light makes possible a secret signaling system. You paint the lenses of field glasses with a transparent film of fluorescent material. Then you focus on the black-light source, which blinks out dot-and-dash that shows up as flashes on the field-glass lenses. There is no light, and no one except the field-glass man can possibly get the message.

Our spies and advance paratroops in enemy territory use fluorescent chemicals to paint direction signs or messages on rocks, roads or billboards. These messages come to life only in a beam of black light, which advancing troops can very easily carry with them.

Ultraviolet, or black, rays are germ and insect killers, and soldiers may be speedily deloused by exposing them to such rays. In former wars they had to go through long, complicated procedures which sometimes worked and often didn't. In military hospitals, black light also is used to sterilize the air over open wounds and so cut infection rates almost to nothing. The rays also are used to sterilize foodstuffs and so permit them to be stored at higher temperatures in drier atmosphere and so prevent molds that grow in damp, cold air.

Your next refrigerator probably will have a black-light sterilizing lamp in it. It won't heat up the box, because the light is almost cold.

In fact, after the war, fluorescent lighting is likely to supplant the present system. A tungsten bulb uses only two per cent of the electricity you put into it to make light; it squanders the other 98 per cent in heat. A fifteen-watt fluorescent tube producing cold light is more efficient than a hundred-watt bulb with tungsten filament.



It's a cinch for Jack DeMent, the wizard of "black light," to hoist Clare Hammel overhead. He weighs 132; once he did this trick to a 190-lb. man

Rooms probably will be illuminated by building the walls of fluorescent panels, against which black invisible light from hidden tubes will be beamed at night, making the panels glow clearly and softly in a diffused light that will be almost shadowless.

Many fabrics even now are printed in fluorescent colors which glow mildly in semidarkness and in dim spots show up comparatively brighter than in sunlight.

Nobody has figured out how many uses there may be for black light; in fact, it is being used a great deal more widely than most people imagine.

In one police case the bills used to pay off a kidnaper were overprinted with an invisible chemical. A bank teller, using black light, as many large banks do, found a $100 bill which flashed at him: Ransom Money, in green, fiery letters. The kidnaper was caught with more of them in his wallet.

Some large banks use black light to protect check-account clients. The client makes a secret mark with fluorescent ink on each check and if, under the black light at the teller's station, this mark doesn't show, the check is stopped. It also is possible to impregnate watermarks or thumbprints on checks, completely invisible until the black ray hits them.

On the production side of warfare, Jack DeMent has worked out a now-in-use method of locating new petroleum deposits. Black light flashed on water seepages will reveal as little as one part of oil in one hundred thousand parts of water, by causing a characteristic blue fluorescent glow. Almost incredibly small amounts of various minerals in water may be detected by the same method.

In zinc mines in Franklin, New Jersey, black light is used in dark tunnels to pick out ore veins. Up above, as the ore flows along on belts, black light indicates to sorters which pieces to retain and which to discard. The zinc shows up a bright green; worthless ore fluoresces other colors.

Detecting Phony Art

Collectors of old paintings, glass and such things use black light to test the genuineness of their purchases. Some pigments, for example, contain material unknown a century ago. If a painting fluoresces under black light to identify this pigment, obviously the painting is less than a century old. Often, too, the name of the original artist, though erased, can be read under black light, which fluoresces the traces of pigment left in the canvas.

Although black light has been known more or less for years, its development has been slow. Some of its possibilities were realized at the San Francisco Exposition in 1939 when the invisible rays "painted" apparently blank walls with colors and patterns at night.

After the war, Jack DeMent would like to go back to college for a spell. He's had only three years, and he wants a Doctor of Science degree. He'd like to be known as "Dr. DeMent."

Meanwhile, he's doing all right inventing new uses for the new black magic—and finding a little relaxation in lifting heavy friends on one arm above his head twenty-five times in a row. After this he turns black light on them and finds them fluorescing wildly like rainbows.

But what use this phenomenon might be to the world he hasn't figured out yet.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

ONE of our customers, Mr. Dole J. Blamford of Waco, Texas, has just quit worrying about the absence of domestic issues in this campaign. He has quit worrying because he has found one. He has sent it to both Mr. Roosevelt and Governor Dewey with his permission to tear it to pieces between them. "There is plenty of room for indignation, charges, countercharges and promises of reform in the operations of the Congressional Committee on the Disposition of Executive Papers. What becomes of these papers? What's in them? Why all this secrecy? What did such minor giants as Chester A. Arthur, Rutherford B. Hayes, Benjamin Harrison and such Presidents contribute to the record? I will bet you that Mr. Dewey can get some awfully good stuff out of an investigation into the papers of James Buchanan. That guy was a cool one, I will bet."

THE usual number of letters from ladies and gentlemen demanding in the name of their country and themselves individually that they be represented at the peace table. For the last time we'd like it understood that we are not setting the peace table. If you guys really want peace you'll stay away from that brawl. Here's a demand that Harold Ickes sit in. The writer of that letter is clearly a saboteur.

WE HAVE just been notified that we are a member of the League for the Suppression of Factory Whistles. That's all we know about it. The president, Colonel Dudley V. (Silent) Haddock of Tampa, Florida, has notified us of our latest honor. "The factory whistle is the greatest threat to the morale of our country," says Colonel Haddock. "If you have a job, it reminds you that you have to go to work. If you haven't a job, it reminds you that you haven't any work. In either case, it's damned demoralizing and must be abolished. Please send three dollars to . . ."

AND Mrs. Clyta Shaw of Monmouth, Illinois, is grateful. She sends us an ad from her local paper, the Review-Atlas: "Wanted—To correspond with a single lady, owner of a farm, who would like to hire a man with not a single bad habit of any kind. . . ." And says Mrs. Shaw: "Thank God, he doesn't belong to me!"...

W. D.

Does a busy day make an OLD MAN out of you?

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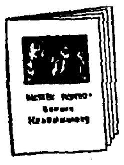

This free illustrated book tells you how men claim to have found new vigor...helped to banish quitting-time fatigue... how they *stay* fit and energetic all day long...every day. Send for your free copy today.

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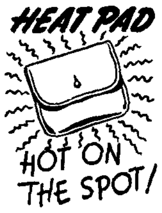
O-Cedar National Fall Housecleaning Sale

"Oh Lemuel—get the LIGHTNINGPAK!"

For comforting warmth in a hurry just add 2 tablespoons of water to Lightningpak. Stays hot 8 hours. Good for 100 hours' service. Handy at home—an ideal gift. At department, drug and hardware stores $1.
Refills 50c. Slightly higher in West
Lightningpak, Newton 58, Mass.

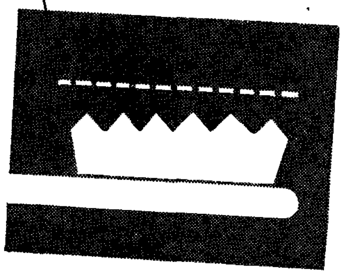


Are you using the right tooth brush?

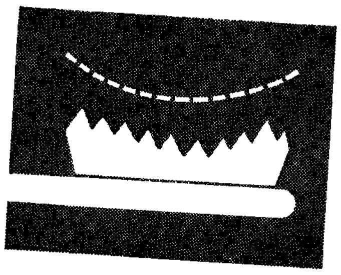
STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN CLEANS TEETH BEST SAY DENTISTS 2 to 1

How Dentists Voted on Brushing Surface Designs

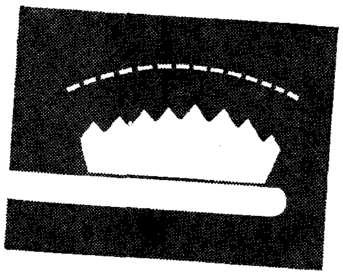
There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:



Straight Line Design
Tufts all set in a straight line



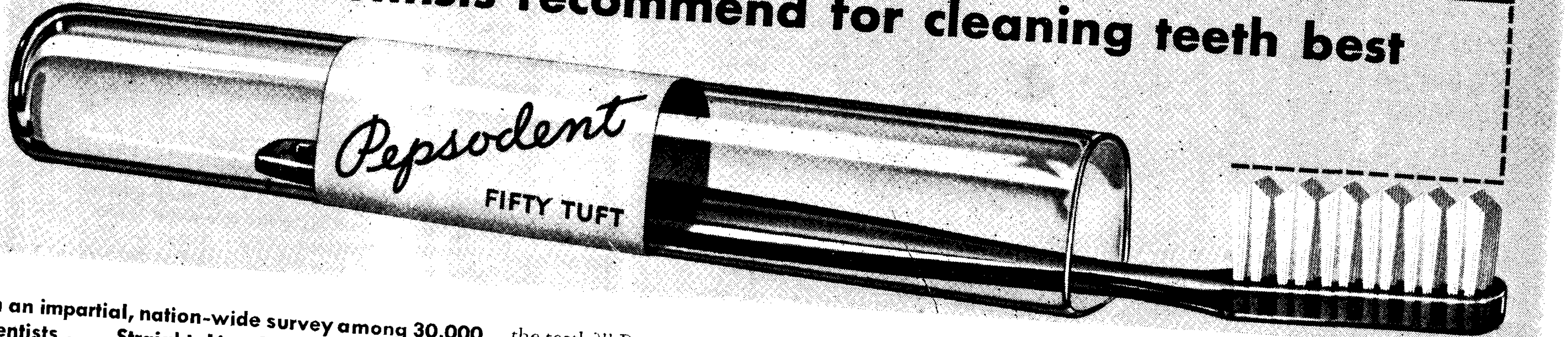
Concave Design
Tufted higher at ends, lower in middle



Convex Design
Tufted higher in middle, lower at ends

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

Every PEPSODENT Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend for cleaning teeth best



In an impartial, nation-wide survey among 30,000 dentists . . . Straight Line Design won over the other widely used types. 2 out of 3 dentists declared it most effective for cleaning teeth!

You no longer have to guess which tooth brush to buy . . . *which* design cleans teeth best. Now, for the first time—you have the opinions of thousands of dentists to guide you!

In a nation-wide survey, just completed, an independent research organization asked 30,000 dentists: "Which tooth brushing surface design, in your opinion, is most efficient for routine home brushing of the teeth?" By overwhelming odds, the answers were: "Straight Line Design!" And that's the design you get in every Pepsodent Tooth Brush! 2 out of 3 dentists declared Straight Line Design *cleaned teeth best!* Dentists preferred it 2 to 1 over the other two designs combined!

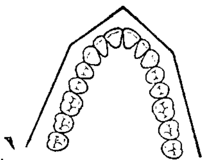
Moreover—Pepsodent's brush head is small and compact, easy to use. Feels comfortable even *far back* in the mouth, where teeth are hardest to get at.

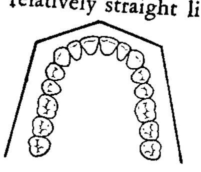
In choosing your next tooth brush—get the design most dentists recommend. Remember, 2 out of 3 dentists chose Straight Line Design as the design that cleans teeth best!

GET A PEPSODENT TOOTH BRUSH TODAY! **In Sanitary Glass Vial**

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, it is a fact most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines.

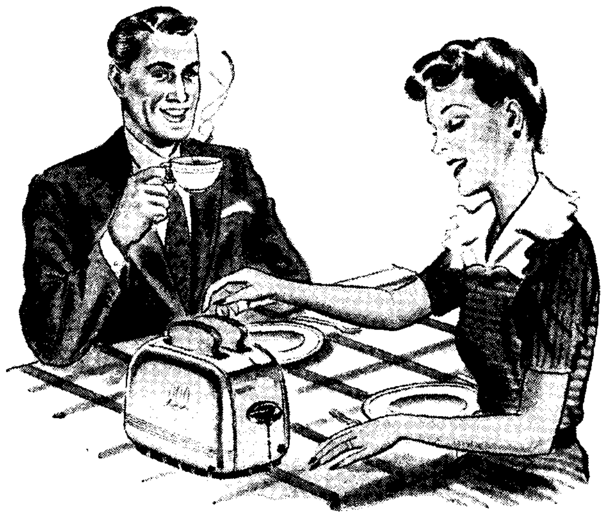




These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs. Actually, Pepsodent's Straight Line Design cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

"First on my list is ending this!"

"Bob keeps writing me... about all the *marvelous* new things we'll have when it's over. *I* say we mustn't go too fast... we'll let most of our War Bonds *grow*, for our dream house, and sending the baby to college. *But* . . .



"...we *are* going to have a *Toastmaster* toaster... soon as ever we can! We *need* it... for heartier, happier breakfasts."

You will want the wonderful toaster that a *million* or so young couples are looking forward to owning... that *sheaves* of War Bonds are being ticketed for, *now*. The toaster of preeminent performance and prestige. The fully automatic *Toastmaster* toaster, which pops up perfect toast every time... with no watching, turning, or burning!

ARMY E NAVY

Toastmaster workers have won the Army-Navy "E," and an added star, for an outstanding war-production record... for *precision* work, right in their line. Their skill, when peacetime *Toastmaster** products can be made once more, will be working for *you*... to give you, as always, the finest.

TOASTMASTER *Toasters*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Precipice in the Sky

Continued from page 23

Hitler and Tojo had the world by the throat, however, and the war wouldn't wait for research. In midsummer of 1942, the first group of P-38s had landed in England. With them went the giant gremlin. Within a few weeks, one pilot was killed by it and two narrowly escaped death—one of the latter being perhaps the only individual who has ever bailed out at these speeds and lived. It was after this that Lieutenant Colonel Cass Hough made his dive in a P-38, over an English airfield on September 29, 1942.

"The purpose of this dive," he wrote, "was, if possible, to ease the minds of P-38 pilots in the United Kingdom . . . also to obtain data for operating instructions."

He started from 41,000 feet. His speed built up in a few seconds, and the buffeting was so violent he could hardly keep his hands on the control column, but he kept noting altitude and air speed. He took a cautious turn or two on the trim tabs, as he had planned, but nothing happened; he was still roaring downward to the earth like a cannonball.

With death seeming a matter of seconds away, he kept on trying to make observations, but through the calm words of his report appear the human reactions of a very brave man. He could not read the small figures on the trim-tab scale, "because of the buffeting, and also because I was beginning to be afraid the plane would not recover."

But at 15,000 feet it started to ease out, and at 12,000 it was flying level—and Hough had handled the trim tabs so skillfully that he didn't even black out. Four months later he made a similar dive in a Thunderbolt. His D.F.C. citation said that "he knowingly entered into unknown regions of compressibility and furnished invaluable technical data covering the entire range of dive phenomena."

Until a better answer could be found, the AAF recommended pulling out with trim tabs. They also posted charts in the cockpit giving safe limits for dive speeds at various altitudes.

Plane Possessed by Demons

Most pilots will admit that compressibility "scared hell out of them." This is a natural reaction, for the whole experience is so weird that the airplane seems to become possessed by demons, and the normal responses of the pilot only make matters worse. One time the controls will become impossibly mushy; at another they will be reversed, and on the third try they may freeze altogether.

"When the nose starts to pitch down, you think 'Gosh, this is it,'" as one pilot explained, "and you're likely to yank back on the stick to lift it. But if you do that, you will only send it in. If you throttle back to cut the speed, as you would do in an ordinary dive, you will start to nose under, in the beginning of an outside loop."

There have been pilots caught in the panic of that dread descent who wound up their trim tabs too tight and came out of the dive within two hundred feet of the ground, at nobody knows what miles per hour. But then they zoomed on around in a loop and went in, there not being enough time to return the ship. At other times, guardian angels have ridden in the cockpit with the innocent and unwary.

There was a case at Wright Field, when the P-47 had just been accepted by the Army and was being given its service test. A baker's dozen of the newborn Thunderbolts were to be taken up for tryouts by the kind of 200-hour youngsters who would fly them in combat. Republic's Joe Parker was on hand to give instructions. One of the youngsters "got into trouble," and from five miles up went roaring downward toward what looked like certain death. At 10,000 feet, the miracle occurred: He pulled out. Afterward, veteran pilots themselves still weak in the knees, asked him how he had felt.

"Oh," said the fledgling, "I wasn't worried. Mr. Parker said it might do that, but he said if it did, it would come out."

The mysterious, devilish and uncertain threat has been pretty well taken care of by now. For pilots in airfields all across the country, in patient, accurate, endlessly repeated tests, have mapped the edges of the invisible precipice over which disaster lies. They talk about "the edge" as though it were real, and so it is, in a sense, because the "edge" is constant for each individual type of airplane and comes, usually, at around 85 per cent of the speed of sound.

Army and civilian experts sat up nights sweating and arguing over the problem. Most of them believed that the P-38, the first airplane to meet this strange law of physics face to face, had merely a bad case of tail flutter. C. L. (Kelly) Johnson, Lockheed's chief research engineer, insisted stubbornly that it was not tail flutter but something new, and eventually this was borne out by tests in the 600-mile-an-hour wind tunnel of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, where the compressibility phenomenon showed up at once and proved that the wing was the instigator of the trouble.

"It was obvious from the tests," Kelly Johnson recalls, "that the bottom surface of the wing was causing the majority of the trouble. Until that time we had thought it was due to the upper surface. Then we came to the conclusion that a 'dam' built at the proper place on the lower surface of the wing would so control the pressure that the lift on the wing could be controlled at very high speeds. We also found the position of this so-called dive flap to be very critical, that you could put it in the wrong place and do a great deal of harm. But this small, hinged dive flap was a very simple and effective way of restoring the balance of forces on the airplane.

Lower Education

Schoolteachers fail in Third Grade tests.
—News Item

Don't chide little Wilmer
Or feel that he's dumb
If he adds two and two
And gets five as the sum,
Or likes to spell cat
With a capital K.
Teacher has probably
Taught him that way.

He still may be President—
Anyway Senator—
If he can't tell you
His country's progenitor.
Don't give him up
As a dull-witted elf:
Yesterday Teacher
Flunked that one herself.

—Ethel Jacobson

"This theory proved to be right in wind-tunnel and flight tests, and the dive problem was licked. We can now fly at any practical speed and are able to pull out easily, quickly and smoothly. We can dive from 35,000 feet—in fact, both Army and Lockheed test pilots have done it scores of times since the flap was discovered."

Ward W. Beman, chief of Lookheed's Aeronautical Research, is credited by his boss, Vice-President and Chief Engineer Hall L. Hibbard, with suggesting the dive flap. It is in no sense an air brake. It is lowered and retracted by a button on the control column and is simple enough to be installed on P-38s in the field. It is now standard equipment on all new Lightnings and Thunderbolts.

As to the men who fly into those regions for science, it was one of the calm, cold engineers who said of them, "I don't know anything that takes more guts than to go up there and deliberately point your nose down."

THE END

After Germany's Surrender

Continued from page 13

in the minds of the peacemakers. Russian, British and American leaders agreed that premature publication of these plans would serve no helpful purpose and would, in fact, conceivably, provide ammunition for the propaganda artillery of Doctor Goebbels, who might, by his usual clever distortive tactics, encourage the Germans to a stronger last-ditch stand. That is why the public was told little of what happened behind the closed doors at the Dumbarton Oaks conference.

Speculation as to what would happen when we started marching into the heart of Germany was, however, another thing, and the whole subject was so fascinating that it long has been almost impossible to keep from considering it and talking about it. To begin with, it seemed apparent all along that no such fiasco as followed the last war would be tolerated by the very practical men who will be in charge of rebuilding world relations and of enforcing a collective security when this war is finished.

Woodrow Wilson made a point of taking no "practical men" with him to Versailles in 1919. Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt are eminently practical men. The Dumbarton Oaks conference was attended only by technicians—not dreamers. Hardheaded foreign-affairs experts, practical economists, military men, security-minded, made up the group which met in the rambling house outside Washington—not idealists who insisted that the world conform to their high-minded but perhaps unattainable conception of a world brotherhood.

Policemen of the Peace

Whether we like it or not, it looks as if Russia, Britain and ourselves would police Germany for some time after the war. Plans for this policing have long since been made, and several thousand specially trained men are now waiting in England for assignments which will come to them only if we move into Germany. Germany may be divided into three zones, with Russia, Britain and ourselves each handling a zone. Major General John H. Hilldring, chief of Civil Affairs Division of the American section of AMG (Allied Military Government), smilingly parries all questions as to the details of that policing but he admits that his department is ready down to the last detail.

"We learned a lot in Sicily and in Italy when we had to take over," he says. "We hope the lessons we learned there will prevent us making too many mistakes."

The first phase of occupation is in the hands of AMG. They actually landed with the assault troops at Salerno, in Normandy, and on the Riviera. The well-trained technicians take over a town as soon as the troops have captured it. Engineers belonging to AMG immediately get the local light and power plants (invariably destroyed by Germans when they retreat) rebuilt and then if possible get the civilians who formerly ran them to return and take them over. An administrator immediately assigns men to supervise the gathering of wheat, grain, vegetables from the surrounding country, so that the local population will not starve.

Contrary to popular belief, we do not feed liberated or conquered territories with our Army rations unless the emergency is a severe one. The administrator, who in civilian life may have been a corporation head, a mayor, a police chief, a college professor or an Army officer, then gets the local population to clear the streets of debris and to repair town halls, schools, hospitals and other buildings that are needed immediately. The record of every man in the local jails is investigated and anti-Fascists are released. This is AMG as it worked in Sicily and as John Hersey so well explained it in A Bell for Adano.

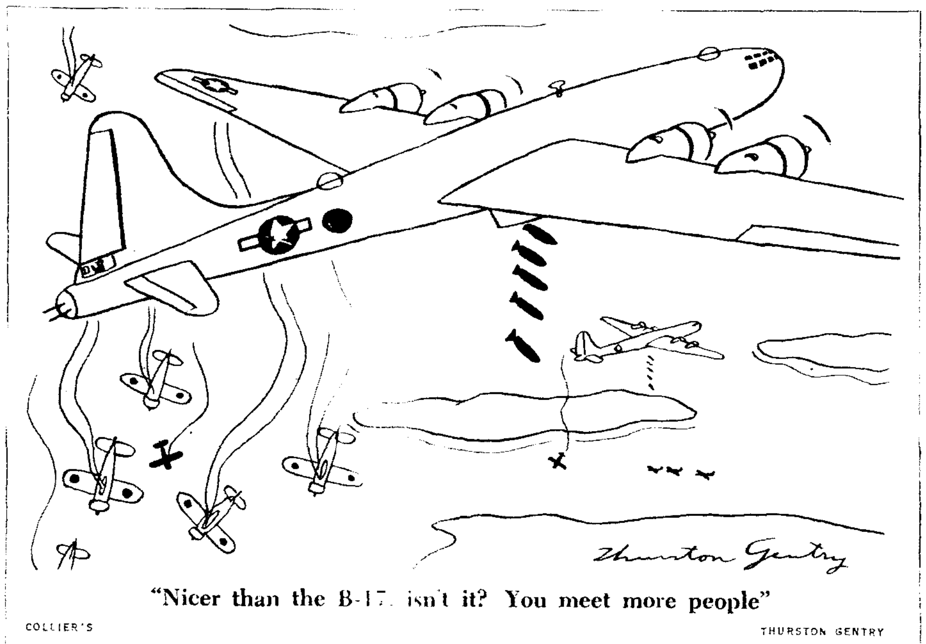
AMG Brings Order from Chaos

Going in right behind the troops, AMG also has the difficult job of maintaining all lines of communication.

The importance to the Army of AMG was shown strikingly in Sicily. When General Patton landed at Licata, he did not bring his AMG men. The port was a shambles, and after two days even the redoubtable Patton threw up his hands and yelled for AMG, and within three days the streets were cleared, things were running smoothly, and civilians were unloading supplies for Patton's army.

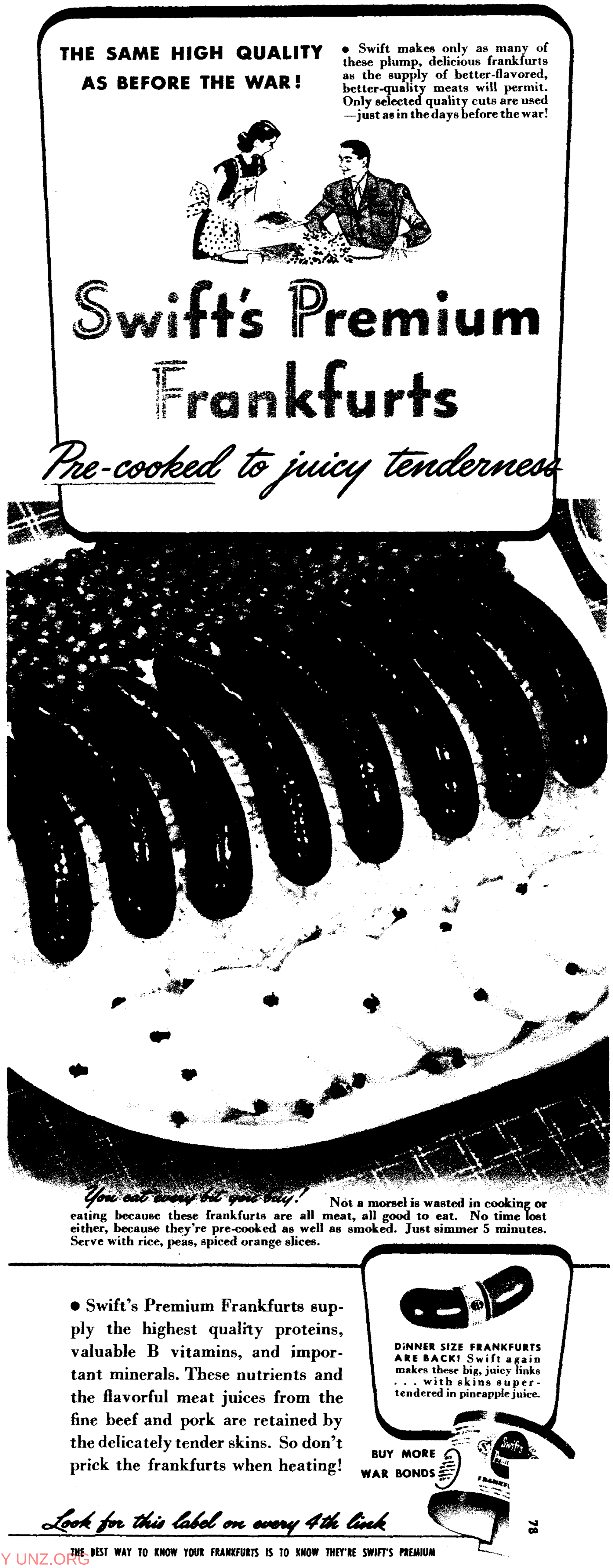
The first stages of German occupation must be along those lines. We have never expected from the German civilians the co-operation we received in Sicily or Italy, which is why we have several thousand instead of several hundred trained men waiting for the call. The great proportion of these men have come out of the Army; they can shoot a carbine as well as they can fix a ruined sewer system, and they'll stand for no nonsense from any German who has ideas about being a hero. In Germany every house and barn will first be searched for arms, and anyone who has concealed guns or ammunition will find himself right in the clink. In this initial stage of occupation, the needs of the military are absolutely pre-eminent.

As city after city falls into our hands, the larger policies as formulated by the technicians will be put into effect. From now on, the European Advisory Commission with headquarters in London will be in control. The real occupation of Germany will be in charge of this commission. John Winant and George F. Kennan (one of the State Department's ablest men) represent the United States; Fedor Gousev, Soviet ambassador to Britain, represents Russia; and Sir William Strang, Assistant Undersecretary of State in



"Nicer than the B-17, isn't it? You meet more people"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY


THE SAME HIGH QUALITY AS BEFORE THE WAR!
Swift's Premium Frankfurts
Pre-cooked to juicy tenderness
You eat every bit you buy!
Look for this label on every 4th link

• Swift makes only as many of these plump, delicious frankfurts as the supply of better-flavored, better-quality meats will permit. Only selected quality cuts are used —just as in the days before the war!

Not a morsel is wasted in cooking or eating because these frankfurts are all meat, all good to eat. No time lost either, because they're pre-cooked as well as smoked. Just simmer 5 minutes. Serve with rice, peas, spiced orange slices.

• Swift's Premium Frankfurts supply the highest quality proteins, valuable B vitamins, and important minerals. These nutrients and the flavorful meat juices from the fine beef and pork are retained by the delicately tender skins. So don't prick the frankfurts when heating!

DINNER SIZE FRANKFURTS ARE BACK! Swift again makes these big, juicy links . . . with skins super-tendered in pineapple juice.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

THE BEST WAY TO KNOW YOUR FRANKFURTS IS TO KNOW THEY'RE SWIFT'S PREMIUM

the Foreign Office, represents Great Britain.

These men, happily, know something which Woodrow Wilson missed. They know that peace will not make gentle creatures out of Himmler and his terrorizing SS men; peace will not bring heartfelt repentance to the despoilers of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland and the other overrun nations. Wilson used to speak of the new longing that had come into the hearts of men. One does not have to be cynical to realize how wrong he was.

The makers of the new peace know that no sudden metamorphosis will come over the German people; happily, they are realists who, in looking forward, will keep a very wary eye on the crimes of the past.

I have talked to a great many of these men in Moscow and London and Washington, and not one of them differentiates between the "Hitler government" and the "German people." Talk of treating the leaders harshly and the people leniently only inspires them to looks of amusement at such naïveté. They remind you that 44 per cent of the German voters gave their ballots to Hitler in 1933. This was no two-party election, but there were a dozen parties in Germany then. The Nazi Party received twice as many votes as did the runner-up, the Socialists—and the people were voting for war then and in no uncertain terms.

It is, of course, easy for us to second-guess the Treaty of Versailles, but the men who will decide the peace terms have the duty of second-guessing it and avoiding mistakes made by the quarterbacks of the 1919 team. Those I have spoken to agree that the present war would have been averted if the treaty had not allowed Germany a standing army of 100,000 men. It is doubtful whether the next treaty will be so naïve. Give a country an army of 100,000 men (we had only 180,000 in 1940), and she can make that a nucleus of an army of millions. Give a country an army of absolutely no men, and she will have considerable trouble making it grow.

If we demilitarized Germany—that is, forbade her to make any weapons at all for the next fifty years—we would have a guarantee that she would not be able to commit a third great crime in the same century. For internal policing purposes, she could import small arms from other countries. I've talked to plenty of United Nations statesmen who are going to raise very strong voices if anything other than that is done at the peace table. The same restrictions will undoubtedly be put in force concerning aircraft. In 1934, I visited Warnemünde, a lovely German seaside resort on the Baltic. I was amazed to see dozens of planes in the air during all the daylight hours.

"Just little sport planes," a local resident told me. "The youngsters fly them for sport."

Peacetime Training for War

Those same youngsters have been flying Messerschmitt 109s and Focke-Wulf 190s during the past five years. The basic training you get in "a small sport plane" is a fine springboard from which to leap into a just as small but heavy-engined, heavily-armed fighter plane. The blueprint makers have not forgotten that. Nor will these provisions be typewritten prettily into a treaty, tied up in red ribbon, sealed nicely with wax and then forgotten.

The blueprint makers also remember the impotence of the Inter-Allied Control Commission set up in 1919 to enforce the disarmament of Germany. It consisted of 337 observers—unarmed. The Germans must have laughed heartily at such stupidity.

The United Nations peacemakers will undoubtedly do things a bit differently. The Russians have already publicly suggested a three-power air force to be used as the police force of the future. That idea is being considered—for the distant future. A good guess for the immediate future would be that we'll move some 300,000 troops into Germany and keep them there. Russia, Britain and ourselves could each contribute a third of that number.

It isn't pleasant to visualize American youngsters spending part of their youth policing a foreign country, but the men could be replaced at fairly short intervals. It isn't pleasant, but we're all after a permanent peace (something the world has never had) and, to attain it, we will have to pay a high price. But not nearly so high a price as paid by us to date in this war: our casualties at this writing are over 300,000.

There are those who think that if we chopped Germany up into a dozen or more smaller states all of our worries would end. This bit of wishful thinking vanishes when we remind ourselves that the tendency of Germany for more than a hundred years has been to unify, to centralize. The lines separating these smaller states would have as much effect as our own states lines have of keeping us from having a great sense of national consciousness.

Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, representing a group of British Parliament members, recently suggested that the Rhineland, Westphalia, Hesse, Hannover, Schleswig-Holstein and the old Hanseatic towns be liberated from Prussian rule and established as autonomous states—a status to be shared by Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Saxony and Baden. Thus, this group argues, Prussia would hold sway over only 13 million instead of more than 39 million people as at present.

This proposition is founded on the premise that Prussia began the whole thing and that if we make Prussia impotent we guarantee a peaceful-minded Germany. But Prussia was not primarily responsible for the rise of the Nazi Party, Pan Germanism and the master-race idea. Hitler is an Austrian; Goebbels, Goering and Himmler are Bavarians, Hess was born in Egypt, and Rosenberg in Estonia. They had the fanaticism; Prussia had the sword, and the fanatics made use of it. Partition of Germany might help but only if the garrison we put into Germany would be big enough to watch a dozen small states instead of one big state.

Lord Vansittart of England, who has made virtually a lifetime study of the German nation, has been emphasizing the danger of believing that partition will make Germany a country of leaderless sheep. So has Leopold Schwarzschild, one-time editor of *Das Tagebuch* in Berlin. A great liberal German and archfoe of the Nazi Party from the beginning, Schwarzschild in his magnificent book, Primer of the Coming World, pleads with the United Nations not to think that partition will mean that Germany will be made militaristically impotent.

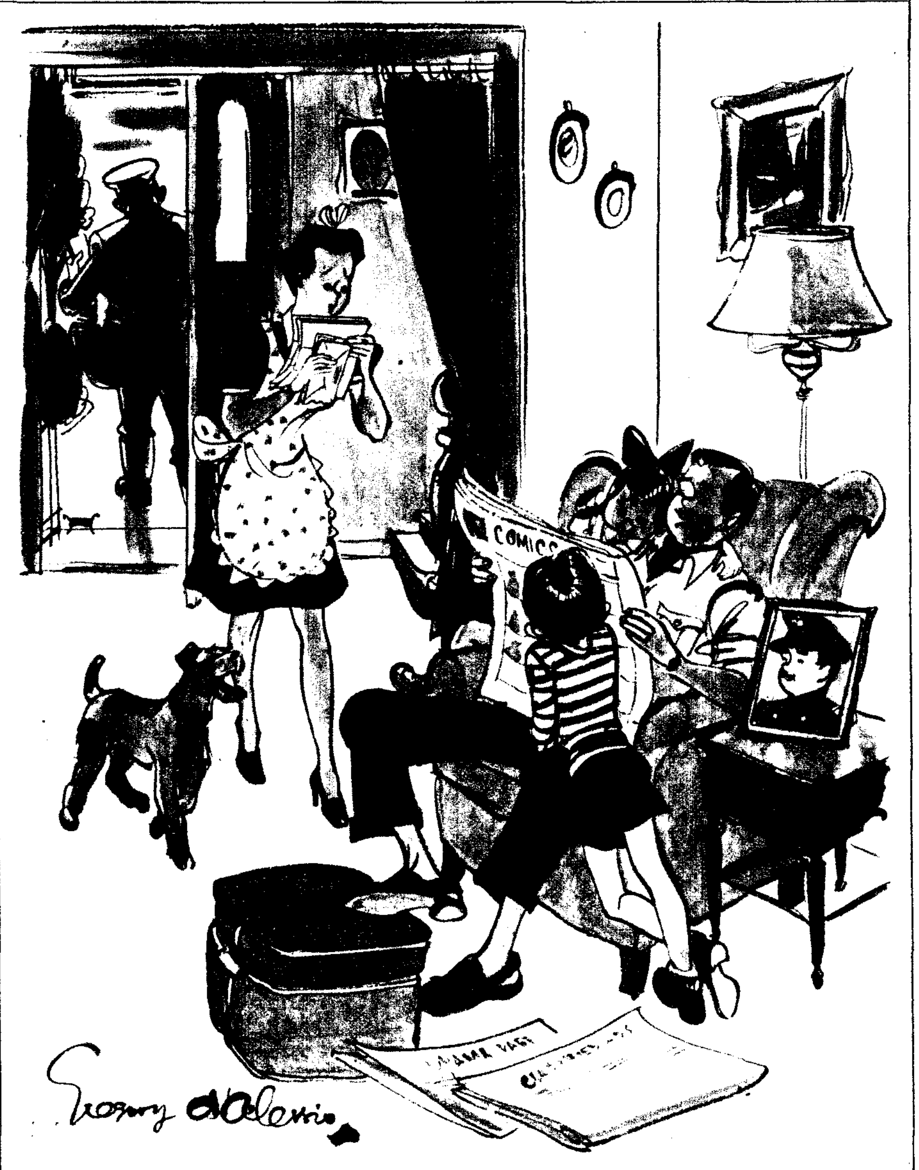
In short, our peacemakers (I hope) are thinking of a postwar Germany which has no army, no navy, no air force, and no military, naval or air attachés stationed abroad. These latter in the past have been nothing but organizers of high-class spy rings and subversive organizations.

The Control of War Materials

We must also (if you approach the problem realistically) make Germany surrender not only all her arms but all her war potential: that is, the machinery for making arms, explosives, machine tools, aircraft. Her chemical industry—the excellence of which probably prolonged the war a year—must be rigidly controlled, and such materials of war as iron, steel, copper, synthetic rubber and gasoline, chrome, tungsten, sulphur, nickel and others must be strictly rationed and allowed to German manufacturers only when the evidence is conclusive that they are to be used for the making of peacetime commodities.

Anyone who has ever had close contact with the young Nazis knows that the end of the war does not mean the end of their dreams. In 1938, after the killing of Ernst vom Rath in Paris, these young idealists, using that incident as an excuse, stormed through the shopping center of Berlin (the *Kurfürstendamm*), smashing every Jewish-owned shop they could find, firing synagogues, committing unspeakable outrages on Jews of any age and of both sexes. This I saw, and on that sad day I never saw one hand raised against the thousands of young Nazi fanatics, or one sympathetic look from the bystanders.

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Well, there's no mail for you, but here are several from you—'Somewhere in England,' 'Somewhere in Italy,' 'Somewhere in France' . . ."

COLLIER'S

Those youngsters are grown men now. They will be bitter and sullen. They will not take our new order in good part. There is no doubt that they will go underground, and our forces of occupation will have to root them out like moles. It is true that you can't kill a philosophy with an ax. Force won't change their Nazi convictions; force will and must make them harmless.

There is a school of thought in Britain, expressed in recent articles in the authoritative Economist, which warns that our first aim should be to restore Germany to her feet economically. There will be a large number of Americans with the same thought. They argue that we need a strong economic Germany to restore prosperity to all of Europe and they add usually that we also need Germany as a market. I think that the parents of our own 300,000 casualties will agree that, first and foremost, we must do everything in our power to keep the Germans from preparing for another war, and all economic considerations must be subordinate to that aim.

Stringent and if necessary harsh supervision over Germany for the next fifty years or so is not a gesture of revenge. It is merely a matter of security. War is an obscene, horrible business at best. We who have conquered the air and the sea and who have harnessed even the most destructive forces of nature to our advantage should be intelligent enough to draw up a formula that will completely outlaw war.

In this short article I've been able to present only a few of the problems our peacemakers are up against. I haven't even mentioned the question of reparations or the problems of transplanting the millions of Russians, Poles, Czechs, Dutch, French, etc., from Germany back to their native lands. This lies within the province of UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration).

I haven't mentioned the tremendous problem of transportation after the war. Germany took over all the rolling stock of France, Belgium and Holland. Our Air Force has liquidated thousands of locomotives during the past year. Where are new locomotives coming from for these countries as well as for Germany?

What about food in Germany? Our kind of civilization permits none to die of starvation. For five years, Germany has been withdrawing food from the whole breadbasket of Europe. Every conquered country has had to give—or else. Peace will put a stop to that. But how, then, will Germany feed herself until her agriculture is able to revive? What of education? Shall we supervise the education of the young and attempt to bring them back to the teachings of Martin Luther and Pastor Niemoeller? Shall we bring up the next generation? These are just a few of the questions the big boys are worrying about now. They're all $64 questions and tough to answer, but they must be answered.

There Can Be No Compromise!

Hitler once said, "It is only when two world theories are wrestling on even terms that brute force, persistent and ruthless, can bring a decision by arms in favor of the side that it supports. Political parties are always willing to compromise. World theories never are."

Well, we've had to overcome Hitler's world theory with brute force, persistent and ruthless. Hitler and the German people have told us that there can never be a compromise between their theory and ours. We must adopt the only course that will insure collective security for ourselves and our well-meaning neighbors. Reluctantly but firmly we must move into Germany carrying a club and we must say grimly, "Brother, you asked for it."

Then afterward perhaps we can "talk about those horses."

THE END

In 1/50 of a second it stops stock-still

When a plane pilot presses the button to adjust control flaps, he wants just so much motion and no more.

But electric motors take time to stop. They overrun.

So while electric controls were desirable because they were less vulnerable and didn't freeze up, they had the disadvantage of overcontrolling.

What you see in the picture is the Lear solution. It is the Fastop Clutch.

With this clutch, controls stop instantly. For it stops stock-still in about 1/50 of a second.

There is nothing else like this Fastop Clutch. It is built right into the Lear electric motor as a unit.

As with all aircraft equipment, this unit had to meet unusual and rigid requirements of space and weight. It had to have rare power for its size. In fact the requirements were so severe, old-timers said it couldn't be done.

There will be many new conveniences and devices in the coming days of peace. Perhaps you are already planning one.

And perhaps you would welcome a motor like this and the Fastop Clutch — or some of the other 250 Lear products.

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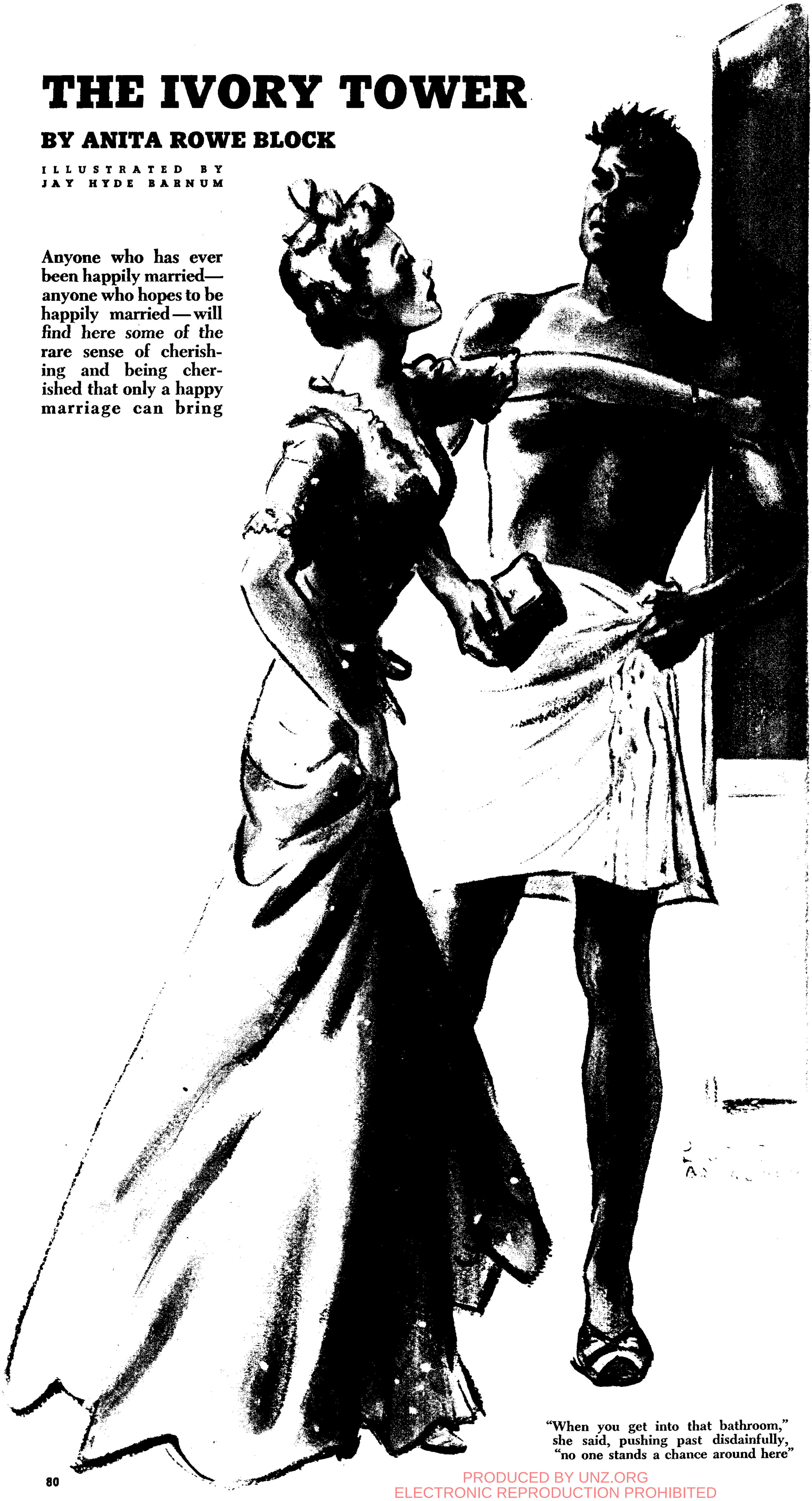
LEAR AVIA INC.
PIQUA · OHIO

THE IVORY TOWER

BY ANITA ROWE BLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

Anyone who has ever been happily married—anyone who hopes to be happily married—will find here *some* of the rare sense of cherishing and being cherished that only a happy marriage can bring



"When you get into that bathroom," she said, pushing past disdainfully, "no one stands a chance around here"

JEFF made his way down the path from the house. He rested his hand on the gray tin letter box with "Jeffrey Turner, Jr." in black letters on it, and looked at the rolling hillside. His eyes focused on the figure of Martha and he smiled. She was walking easily, Dody swinging haphazardly across her arm. She carried Dody the way some fashionable women carried expensive fur pieces. Dody's fat little arms swung, as did her head, easily, her body resting against Martha's hipbone.

Miss Angela, Dody's efficient nurse, had found numerous reasons why Martha's way of carrying a two-year-old child was wrong—with "the blood rushes to the head" one in the lead—but the fact still remained that Dody adored it. She could hang more limply than even Dick, her four-year-old brother, now walking decorously by Martha's side, and her interests in what she saw were different from Dick's. He had shouted "a caterpillar" (enunciating wonderfully for his age), or "an ant," or "a very big bee." Not Dody! She'd say wistfully "Santa Claus" or "ice cream," "a teensy cloud" or "an ephelant." Dody, the dreamer, saw mystic, strange and unusual things in the prosaic Connecticut countryside—looking at it while hanging from her mother's arm.

Jeff lifted his hands, cupped his mouth and shouted, "Hey, there." And Martha, now close to the edge of the fields, waved her free hand. Dick began to run.

It was a beautiful scene, Jeff thought: the spring countryside—Martha and the two children.

Dick puffed up to him and immediately grabbed his father's legs in a tackle. From his close-to-the-ground stance, he yelled, "You're early. Mommie said we'd get the tea things ready and surprise you." And then he sat down on the ground and accused solemnly, "Now it won't be a surprise."

Jeff thought it over. "No, but it doesn't matter. I like tea parties even when they aren't surprises."

Dick shook his head. "Mommie won't like it," and immediately began the run back to Martha.

SHE was close enough now to smile at Jeff. She was wearing the skirt of last year's tweed suit and the pink cashmere sweater he had brought her from Canada. She had a gay scarf tied loosely around her neck and her eyes seemed to pick up the light blue-green color in the scarf. Her hair was mostly golden today, shunning the reddish glints it assumed in the winter. Even with Dody on her arm she had a free, easy swing to her stride. Jeff walked slowly toward her. She faked a curtsy as he came to her and Dody's hands scraped the grass. "Mr. Shakespeare?" Her eyes raised questioningly.

He took Dody from her and threw her over his shoulder, "fireman's carry" way. Dody sighed blissfully.

Martha tucked her hand into Jeff's. "Darling, do you think that maybe Dody will grow up to be lazy or in some way affected by all this carrying? Most children *like* to walk."

He held Dody's ankles firmly and smiled down at Martha. "Dody's just smarter than most children. She'll have to walk all her life so now she's taking advantage of her age."

Dick, dodging in and out, across and in front of them, said disgustedly, "She's a baby."

Martha sidestepped him and said, "Dick, I'll bet you can't run up to the house and tell Katie we'll have a tea party by the time I count to twenty."

His answer was a condescending look and the sound of running feet.

Jeff grinned, "That's a dirty trick."

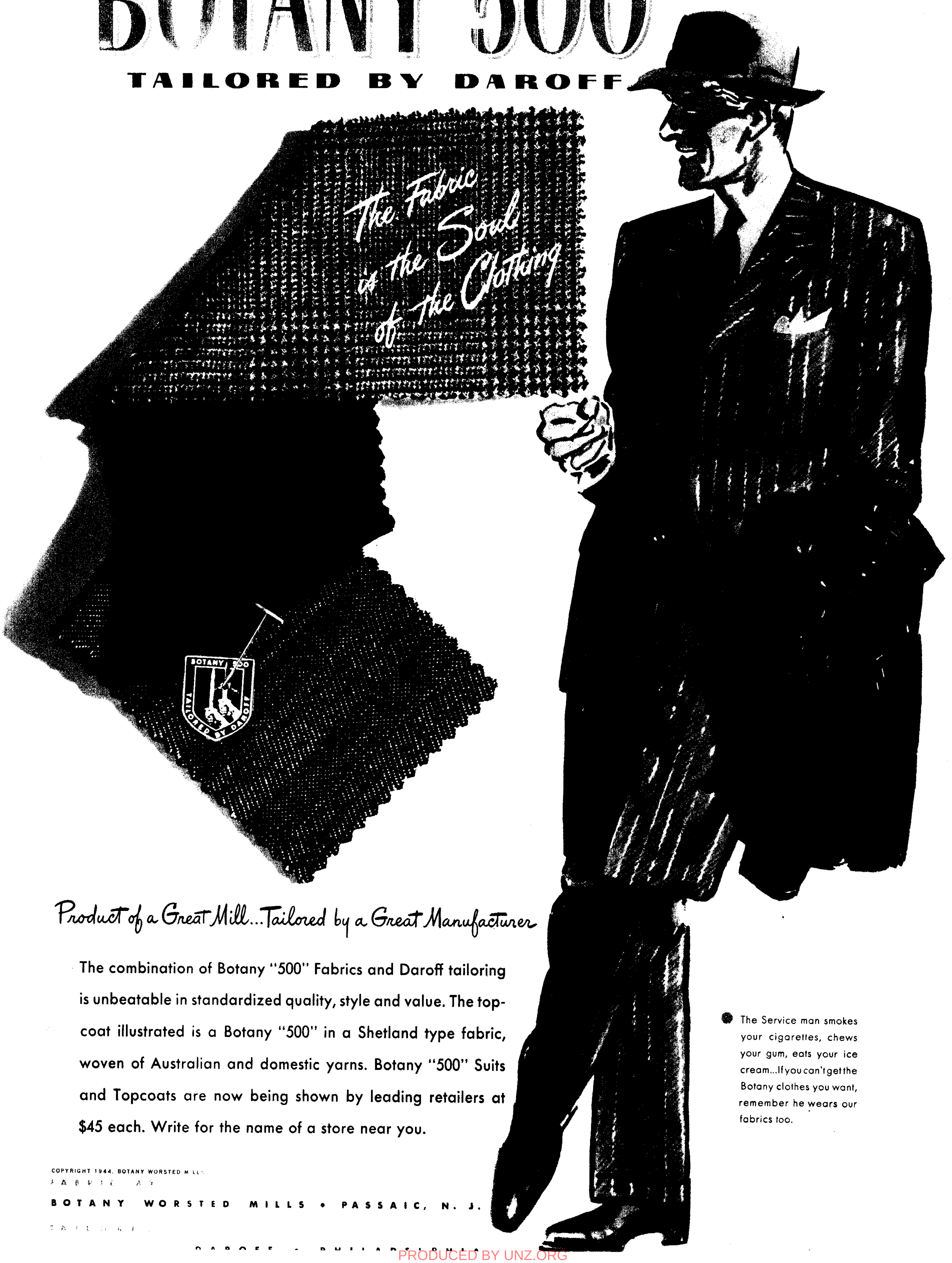
"Mm, but so useful."

They strolled in silence, Dody's faint gurgling warm between them. At the gate they stopped and looked at the low white house in front of them. "If I could only draw," Martha murmured, squinting her eyes to get perspective. "It should be put on canvas just like it is now, with the garage needing a painting and Katie's dish towels on the line and the silly little sprigs around the hedge, that may or may not turn out to be tulips."

(Continued on page 89)

BOTANY "500"

TAILORED BY DAROFF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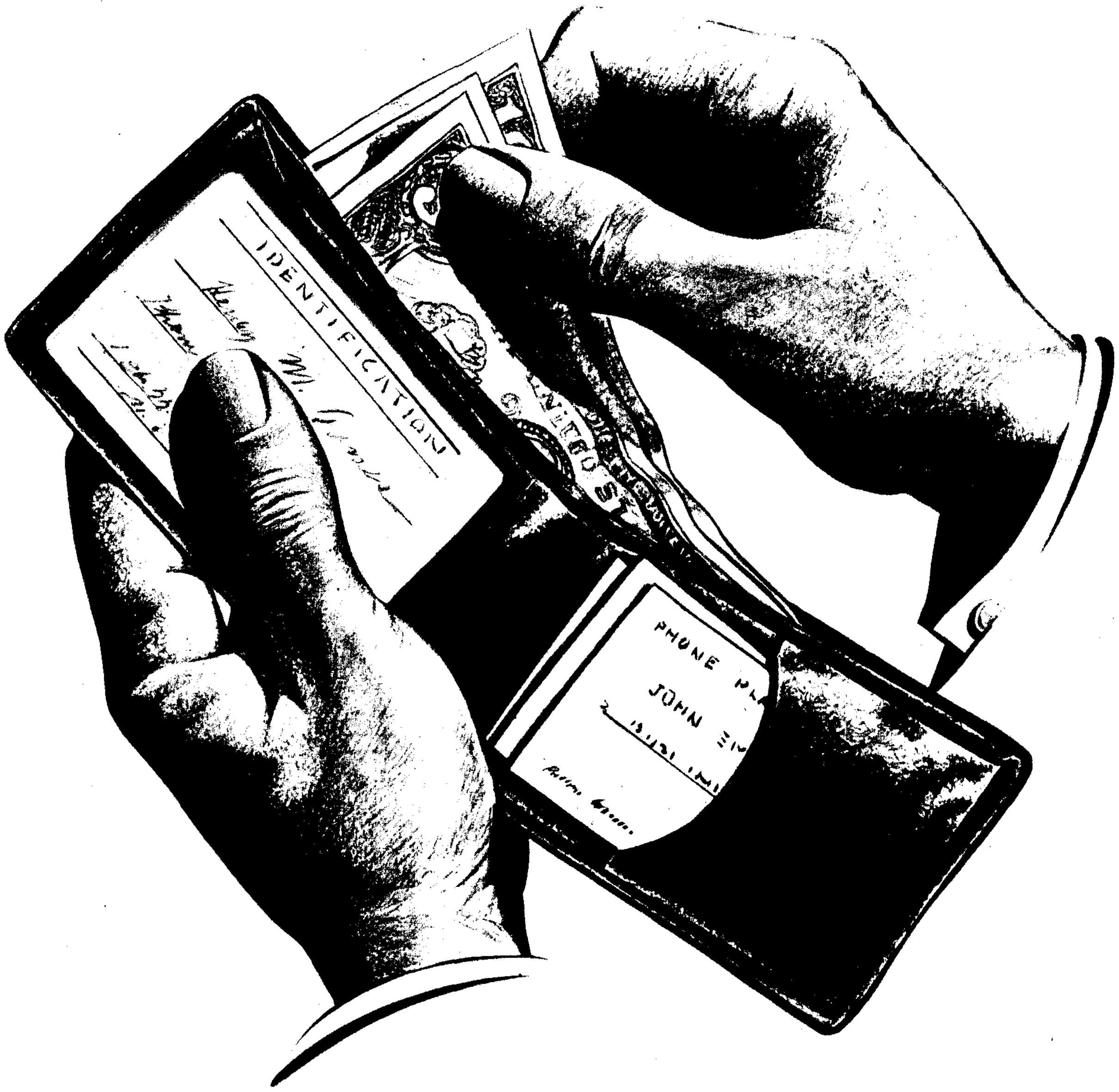
How to prevent inflation in one easy lesson



Put that money back in your pocket!

When a lot of people want the same thing, its price goes up.

Americans have more money today—much more—than there are things to buy with it.

So every big or little thing you buy—that you can possibly do without—cuts supplies and bids prices up on what is left.

Rising prices spell inflation. And every inflation has been followed by a cruel and bitter depression . . . men out of work, homes lost, families suffering.

We don't want inflation: we don't want another depression.

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. *Don't* buy a thing you can do without.

2. *Never* pay more than the ceiling price. Always give stamps for rationed goods.

3. *Don't* take advantage of war conditions to fight for more money for yourself or goods you sell.

4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

Battle for Paris

Continued from page 11

I started to return to regimental headquarters with this information, but after driving a short way down the road back to Maintenon I decided it would be better to return and get the Frenchmen, so they themselves could be interrogated and give fuller information. When I reached the outpost again, I found two cars full of French guerrilla fighters, most of whom were naked to the waist. They were armed with pistols and two Sten guns they had received by parachute. They had just come from Rambouillet and their story of the German withdrawal tallied with the information other French had given.

Private Pelkey and I conducted them back to the regimental command post, driving ahead of the two cars in our jeep, where I translated their information on the town and the state of the road to the proper authorities.

We then returned to the outpost to wait for a mine-clearing detail and a reconnaissance troop that were to join us there. After waiting some time and none coming up, the French guerrilla fighters became very impatient. The obvious thing seemed to be to proceed to the first mine field and establish a guard to prevent any American vehicle which might advance from running into it.

The Discipline of Example

We were proceeding toward Rambouillet when we were joined by Lieutenant Irving Krieger of East Orange, New Jersey, from the antitank company of the infantry regiment. Lieutenant Krieger was short, stocky, exceedingly tough and very cheerful. I could see the guerrillas were very favorably impressed with him and, as soon as they saw him at work finding and clearing the mines, they had complete confidence in him. When working with irregular troops you have no real discipline except that of example. As long as they believe in you they will fight if they are good elements. The minute they cease to believe in you, or in the mission to be accomplished, they disappear.

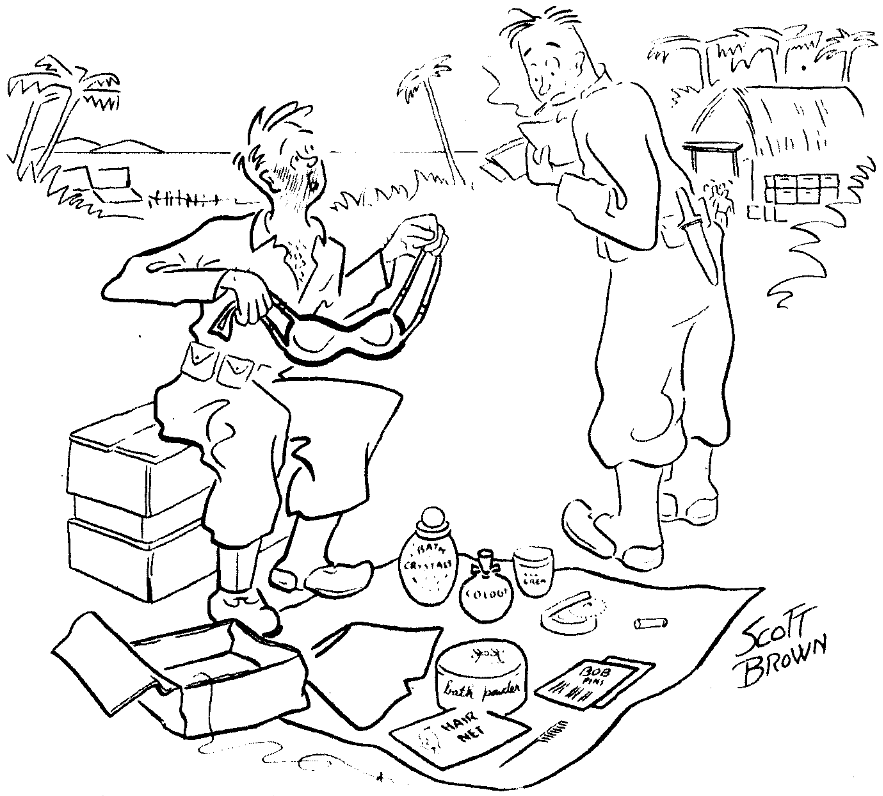
War correspondents are forbidden to command troops, and I had simply conducted these guerrilla fighters to the infantry regiment command post in order that they might give information. Anyway, it was a beautiful day that day and when we came down the smooth black road toward Rambouillet, with the big plane trees on either side and the wall of the park on our left, we saw the road block ahead.

First, there was a smashed jeep on our left. Then there were two German miniature tanks that they used as self-propelled antitank weapons. One was in the road pointing straight up the hill that we were coming down toward the felled trees of the road block. The other was on the right side of the shoulder of the road. Each one had two hundred pounds of TNT in it, and they were controlled by wires that ran back to behind the road block. If an armored column came down the road, one of these doodlebug tanks could be sent straight up the road at it. If the vehicles swerved to the right, as they would have to because of the wall on the left, the other miniature tank would be released to hit them on their flank. They looked like ugly toads squatting on the road. There was another smashed jeep just this side of the road block, and a big truck, also smashed.

Lieutenant Krieger dived into the mine field, which was laid in and around two big trees that had been felled across the road, like a boy looking for his name on the packages under a Christmas tree. Under his direction, Archie Pelkey and the guerrillas carried mines on the wall of a culvert. We learned from the French that the Germans had shot up an American reconnaissance patrol at this point. They had let the armored car, which was leading, pass the crossroads into Rambouillet, and then they opened on the truck and the two jeeps with antitank and machine-gun fire and killed seven men. The Germans then took the American mines out of the truck and laid this field.

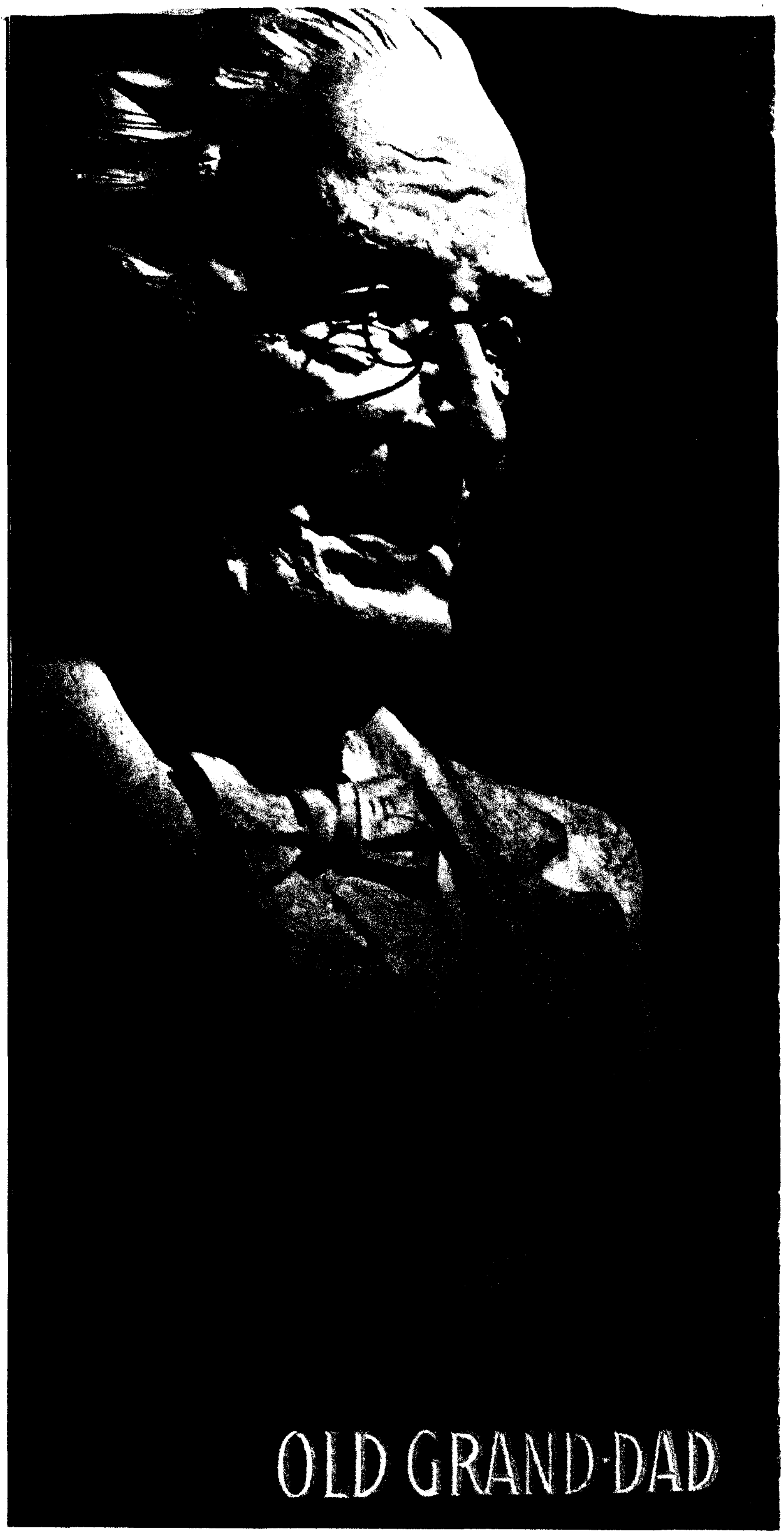
The French had buried the Americans in the field beside the road where they had been ambushed, and while we were clearing the mine field, French women came out and put flowers on the graves and prayed over them. No reconnaissance outfit had come up yet, but Lieutenant Krieger's men had arrived and he was now in communication with the regiment by radio.

I went into the town with a patrol of French guerrillas, and we found out to what point the Germans had withdrawn and in what force they were. I gave this information to Lieutenant Krieger and, since we knew there was no screen of any kind between us and the Germans, who had, we found later, at least ten tanks beyond the town, it was decided to relay the mine field and establish a proper guard over it to bar the road in case the Germans should return. Fortunately, at this time, a reconnaissance troop, commanded by Lieutenant Peterson of



"Mom sure is absent-minded—I've got a sister in the Waves"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN



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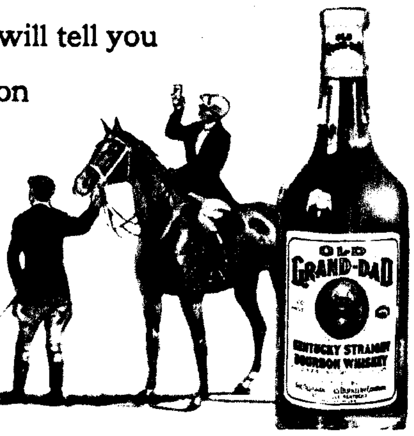

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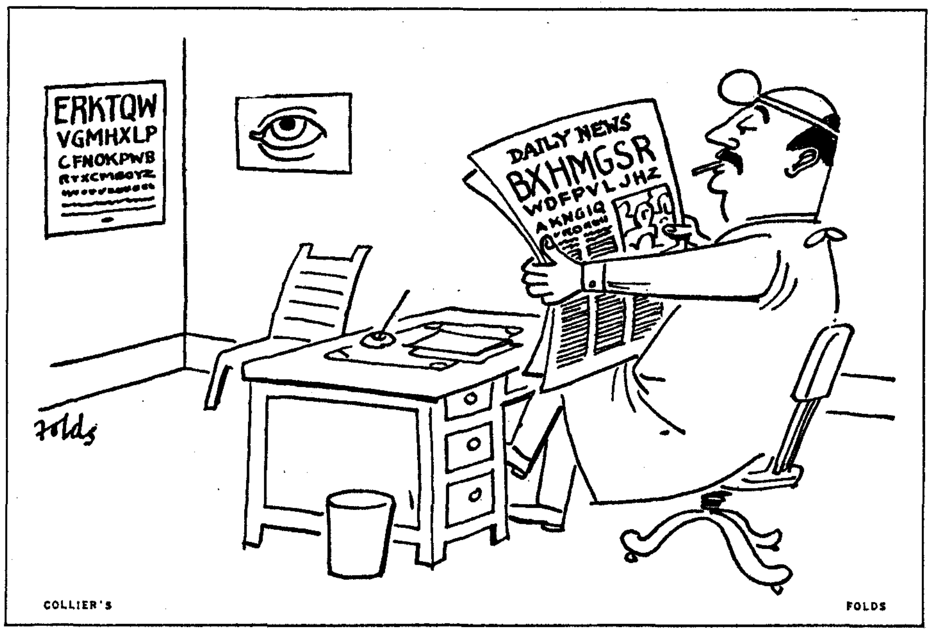


Cleveland, Ohio, came up, and our worries were over for the moment.

That night our French guerrillas ran out patrols on the main roads out from Rambouillet to screen Lieutenant Peterson's reconnaissance force, which held the center of town. It rained very hard during the night, and the French guerrillas were wet and tired in the morning. The previous afternoon they had been clothed with fatigue uniforms abandoned in the truck in which the members of the recon outfit had been killed in the ambush.

The first time we had entered the town all but two were naked from the waist up, and the populace did not greet us with any degree of fervor. The second time I went in with them, everyone was uniformed and we were cheered considerably. The third time we went through the town the men were all helmeted and we were cheered wildly, kissed extensively and heavily champagned, and we made our headquarters in the Hotel du Grand Veneur, which had an excellent wine cellar.

On the morning of the second day I returned to the infantry regiment command post to give an account of the situation in Rambouillet and the nature of the German force which was operating between Rambouillet and Versailles. Members of the French *gendarmerie* and guerrillas in gendarme uniforms had been in and out of Versailles, and reports were coming in hourly from members of the French resistance groups. We had accurate information on German tank movements, gun positions, and antiaircraft emplacements, the strength of German troops and their disposition.

This information was continually kept up to date and made more complete. The colonel commanding the infantry regiment asked me to go to divisional headquarters, where I gave an account of what was happening in Rambouillet and beyond, and more arms were obtained for the French resistance forces from stocks of captured German matériel in Chartres.

Bulwark Against the Enemy

I returned to Rambouillet to find that Lieutenant Peterson had pushed his reconnaissance troop up the Versailles road a ways, and that an armored cavalry outfit had arrived in his support. It was very cheerful to see troops in town and to know that there was something between us and the Germans, since we now knew that there were three Tiger tanks among the fifteen tanks the Germans were operating in the area north of Rambouillet.

During the afternoon a great many people arrived in town. Intelligence officers, British and American, returned from missions or waiting to go on them, some newspaper correspondents, a colonel from New York who was the ranking U.S. officer present and Lieutenant Commander Lester Armor, U.S.N.R., were all in the town when the two armored reconnaissance units received orders that all missions were canceled, and told the point to which they should withdraw.

This withdrawal left the town with no troops of any kind between it and the Germans. By this time we knew the exact force of the Germans and their tactics. They were moving their tanks out in an area between Trappes and Neauphe le Vieux and blocking the road to Versailles from Houdon. They would run their tanks onto the main road between Rambouillet and Versailles, at various points, using side roads, and they patrolled the area to the east around Chevreuse and St. Remy les Chevreuses with light tanks and cyclists.

On that night, after the U.S. Army reconnaissance units were withdrawn, the force defending Rambouillet was composed of mixed patrols of regulars and guerrillas, armed with antitank grenades and small arms. It rained hard during the night and there was a part of the night, between 2 and 6 A.M., that was the loneliest I ever spent. I do not know if you understand what it means to have troops out ahead of you and then have them withdrawn and be left with a town, a large and beautiful town, completely undamaged and full of fine people, on your hands. There was nothing in the book issued to correspondents for their guidance through the intricacies of military affairs which dealt with this situation; so it was decided to screen the town as well as possible and, if the Germans, observing the withdrawal of the American force, advanced to make contact, to provide them with the necessary contact. This was done.

During the next days the German tanks roamed around the roads ahead of us. They took hostages in the various villages. They picked up men of the French resistance forces and shot them. They went where they pleased. But all of this time they were followed and kept track of by French guerrillas on bicycles, who came back with accurate information on their movements.

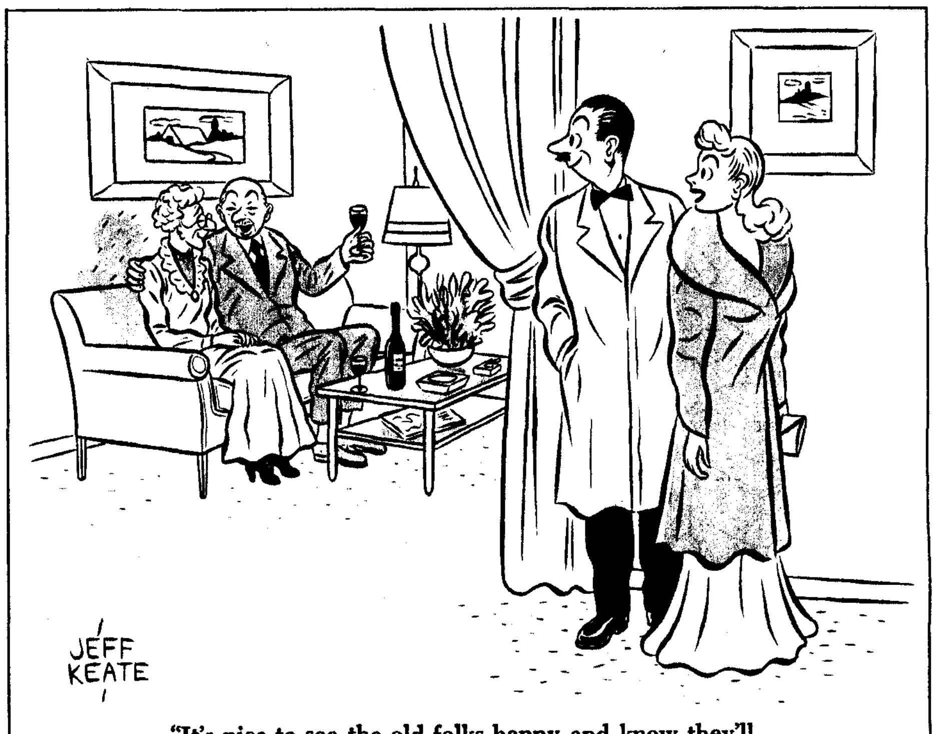
The same man could only work through the same country once unless he had a legitimate reason for moving back and forth. Otherwise the Germans would suspect him and shoot him. People who knew in what a small force we were, who had accomplished missions, were kept under arrest in order that, returning into German-held territory, they might not be forced to talk by the Germans if they were captured.

A very young Pole deserted from the German tank unit ahead of us. He buried his uniform and his submachine gun and filtered through the lines in his underwear and a pair of trousers he had found in a shelled house He brought good information and was put to work in the kitchen of the hotel. Security was at that time in a very primitive state, since everyone who was armed was running patrols, but I can remember the colonel being considerably shocked when the cook came into the dining room which was serving as a command post and asked permission to send the prisoner out by himself to get bread from the baker. The colonel was obliged to refuse this request. Later the prisoner asked me to send him under guard to dig up his uniform and his gun so he could fight with the outfit. This request was also regretfully refused.

Nazis Fight by the Book

During this period of unorthodox warfare a German tank took a side road and came down to within three miles of town and killed a very nice policeman, who was out on patrol, and one of our local guerrillas. Everyone present at this episode dived into the ditch and commenced firing on the tank, which, having established contact, withdrew. The Germans at this period exhibited a lamentable tendency to fight entirely by the book. If they had thrown the book away they could have moved into town and been drinking the excellent wines of the Hotel du Grand Veneur and even gone so far as to take their Pole out of the kitchen and either shot him or got him back into uniform.

It was quite a strange life in the Hotel du Grand Veneur in those days. An old man you had seen a week before during the taking of Chartres, and who had ridden in the jeep as far as Epernon, had come in the last time you had seen him and said he believed there was very interesting information to be discovered in the forest of Rambouillet. This, as a correspondent, was none of your damned business. Now you picked him up on a road six miles north of town and he had complete information on a mine field and antitank emplacement on the road just past



"It's nice to see the old folks happy and know they'll always be taken care of. They sold their cars!"

• •

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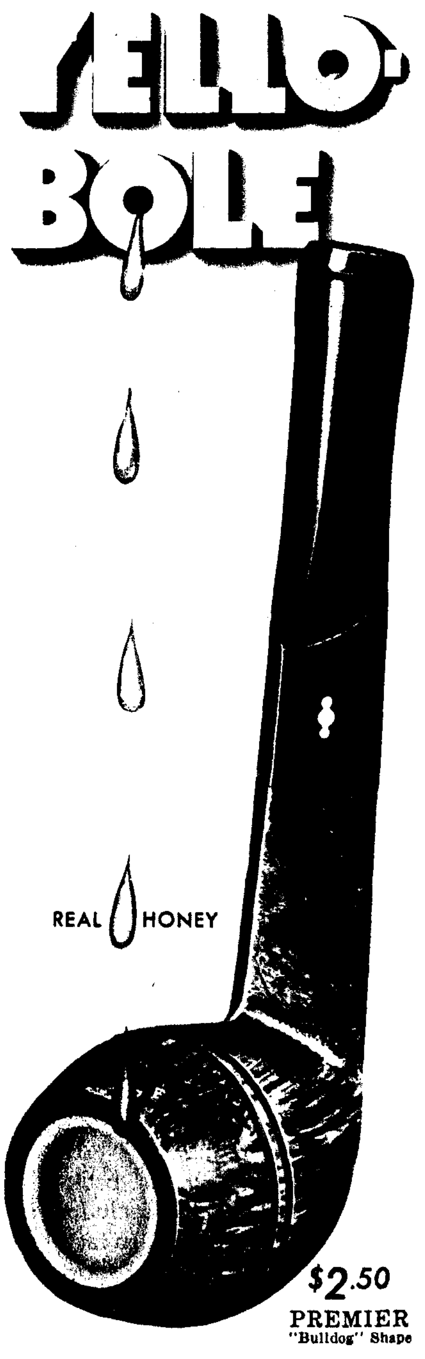

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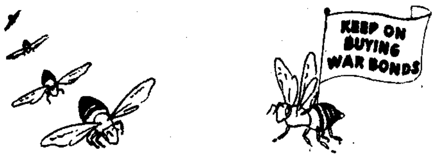

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE—AND WHEN YOU COME HOME

Trappes. You sent out and verified the information. It was then necessary to hold the old man under guard since he wished to go out for more information and he knew too much about our present situation to risk his being captured by the Germans. So he joined the Polish child in protective custody.

All of this should have been handled by the Counter Intelligence Corps. But we did not have any, nor did we have any Civil Affairs. I remember the colonel saying, "Ernie, if we just had some CIC or just a little Civil Affairs. Just refer all that to the French." Everything was referred to the French. Usually, though not always, it was promptly referred back to us.

During this epoch I was addressed by the guerrilla force as "Captain." This is a very low rank to have at the age of forty-five years, and so, in the presence of strangers, they would address me, usually, as "Colonel." But they were a little upset and worried by my very low rank, and one of them, whose trade for the past year had been receiving mines and blowing up German ammunition trucks and staff cars, asked confidentially, "My Captain, how is it that with your age and your undoubted long years of service and your obvious wounds (caused by hitting a static water tank in London) you are still a captain?"

"Young man," I told him, "I have not been able to advance in rank due to the fact that I cannot read or write."

Eventually another American Army reconnaissance outfit arrived and took up position on the road to Versailles. The town was then screened and we were able to devote all of our time to running patrols into German-held territory and checking exactly on the German defensive dispositions in order that, whenever an advance on Paris should be made, the force which would make it would have accurate information to operate on.

The main high lights of this period that I remember, outside of being scared a number of times, are not publishable at this time. Sometime I would like to be able to write an account of the actions of the colonel both by day and by night. But you cannot write it yet.

This is what the alleged front was like at that time: You come down a slope of highway to a village with a gas station and a café. Ahead is a small village with a church spire on the road opposite the café. From this point you can see a long slope of highway to your rear and a long stretch of highway ahead. Two men are standing in the road with field glasses. One watches the road to the north and the other to the south.

This is necessary since the Germans are both ahead of us and behind us. Two girls are walking down the road toward the town, which is held by the Germans. They are good-looking girls, wearing red-heeled shoes. A guerrilla comes up and says, "Those girls were sleeping with the Germans when they were here. Now they are going toward the German lines and can give them information."

"Hold them," someone says.

Just then comes a shout, "A car! A car!"

"Theirs or ours?"

"Theirs!"

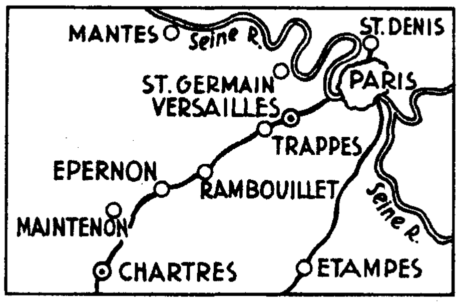
At this everyone scatters with rifles or submachine guns behind the café and the filling station, and several prudent citizens take refuge in the fields.

Battle at the Filling Station

A tiny German jeep comes up the road opposite the filling station, commences firing a 20-millimeter gun. Everyone shoots at it and it wheels around and goes back up the road. It is shot at, as it disappears, by the more prudent citizens, who become very brave as it retreats. Total casualties: Two enthusiasts who have fallen with their wineglasses in their hands in the café and have slight cuts.

The two girls, who, it turns out, speak German as well as having allegedly been fond of the Germans, are picked up out of a ditch and put in a secure location to be returned to town. One of them says that all she did was go swimming with the Germans.

"In the nude?" asks a guerrilla.



"No, Monsieur," she answers. "They were always correct." They have in their handbags many German addresses and other articles which do not endear them to the local population, and they are sent back to Rambouillet. There is no hysteria and no beating or haircutting by the local population. The Germans are much too close for that.

Two miles off to the left a German tank comes into a village where they find three guerrillas who have been checking on their movements and who are recognized by the tankmen who have seen them too many times.

One of these is a man who, when I asked him if he had actually seen the tank himself, said, "Captain, I touched it." They are shot by the Germans and their bodies are left alongside the road. An hour later a guerrilla who was in the town brings us the news. This produces a certain amount of head-shaking and makes it more difficult to send the Germans, who are being continually picked up in the woods from the units which escaped from Chartres, back to be interrogated.

An old man appears and says that his wife is covering five Germans with a pistol. This pistol had been given him the night before, when, he said, Germans were coming into his place from the forest to eat. These are not the Germans who are organized and fighting ahead but are from scattered units which are dispersed through the forest. Some of them are trying to rejoin the main German body to continue fighting. Others are anxious to surrender if they know how they can do it without being killed.

A car is sent out to pick up the five Germans the old woman is holding. "Can we kill them?" one of the patrol asks.

"Only if they are SS," a guerrilla says.

"Bring them in here, so they can be questioned and passed on to Division," I say, and the car pulls out.

The Polish kid, who had the face of Jackie Cooper when Jackie Cooper was still young, is polishing glasses in the hotel dining room, and the old man is smoking his pipe and wondering when he can be released to go on another mission.

"My Captain," the old man says, "why cannot I be allowed to perform some useful function instead of resting here in the garden of this hotel while Paris is at stake?"

Guarding Our Information

"You know too much to let the Germans get hold of you," I tell him.

"The little Pole and I could make a useful mission, and I would kill him if he attempted to escape."

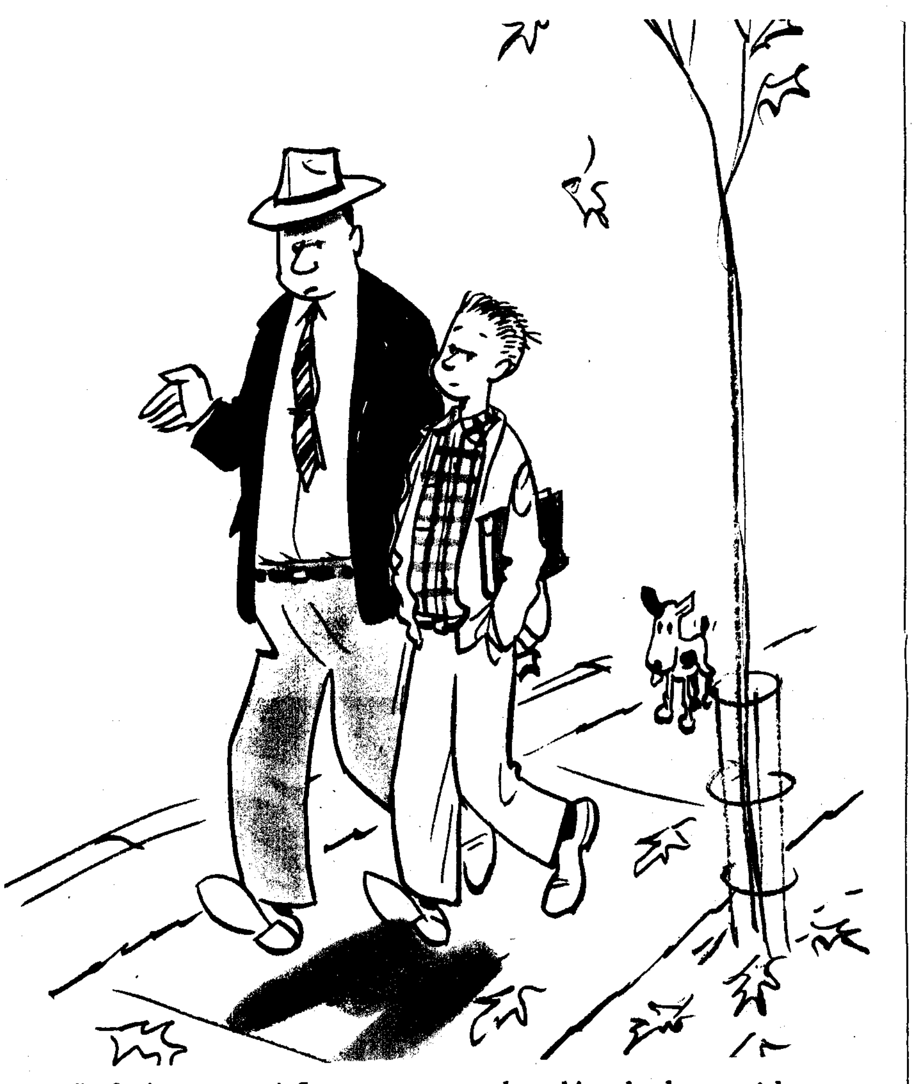
"He cannot make a useful mission," I said; "he can only be sent with troops."

"He says he will return in uniform and get any information that is needed."

"Let's stop the fairy stories," I said to the old man, "and since there is no one here to guard the little Pole you are responsible for him."

At this point a large amount of information came in which had to be evaluated and typed out, and it was necessary for me to leave on a patrol to St. Remy les Chevreuses. There was a report that General Le Clerc's Second French Armored Division was approaching Rambouillet on the road to Paris, and we wanted to have ready all the information on the German dispositions.

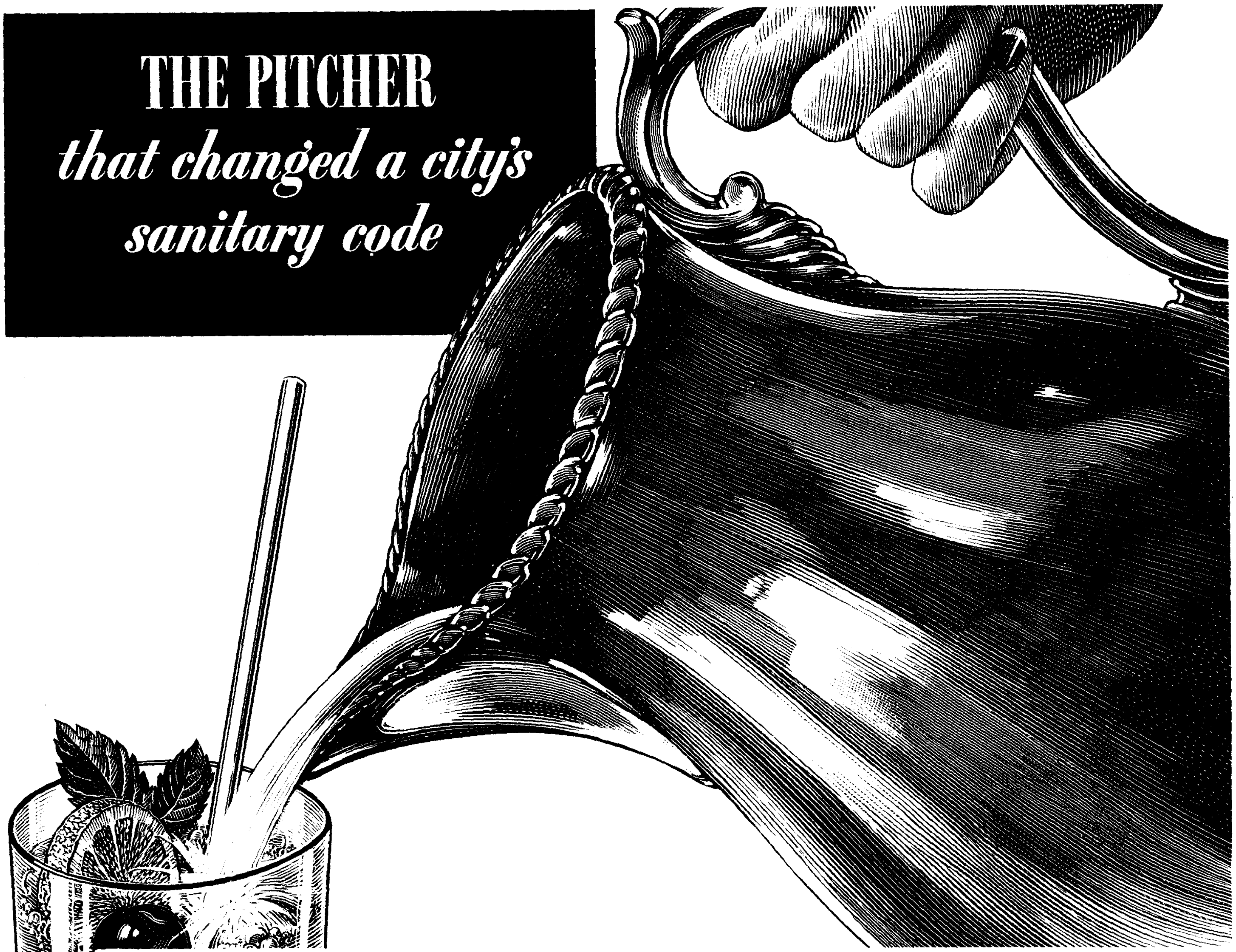
(Mr. Hemingway will continue his story of the liberation of France in future dispatches from the battle front.)



"I don't want to influence you, son, but this school-paper job—well, you're apt to become a reporter; then the next thing you'll want to own a country paper; then you'll probably run for Congress, and then—well, you see what an innocent beginning can lead to"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

THE PITCHER *that changed a city's sanitary code*



IT was a hot July afternoon and the hostess thought her guests would appreciate a glass of refreshing iced tea. So she squeezed the juice of three lemons into a metal pitcher, dropped in a few tea balls and steeped the mixture in boiling water. Ice cubes were added after the tea had cooled a bit.

Ten minutes after the guests had drunk the first glass, all of them suffered a violent attack of cramps.

The local health officer, called in to investigate the possible cause of food poisoning, made an interesting discovery. The action of the lemon juice on the cadmium plating of the pitcher had released a minute quantity of cadmium into the beverage!

Running down this clue, the health department noted in several similar instances of mysterious digestive upsets the same combination of cadmium plated utensils and citric acid. Investigation confirmed the suspicion that citric acid coming in contact with cadmium would release enough of the cadmium into a beverage, ice cube or frozen dessert to cause violent stomach disturbance.

The sanitary code of the city now prohibits the use of cadmium for plating articles used in the preparation of food and drink, such as pitchers, ice cube trays and bulk containers.

* * *

The duties of our local health officers, and the fields of investigation into which they may lead, are indeed difficult to define. Even in many of the small details of our daily lives, we are dependent for our good health and safety upon the constant vigilance of these quietly efficient guardians. They need and deserve all the encouragement and support we can give them in their work.

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Milk is one of man's most valuable foods. To safeguard its purity from dairy to table, many health officials now require—and many public-spirited dairies provide—sealed protection of the pouring lip of the milk bottle. That is why, today in every state, in Hawaii and in many Central and South American countries, progressive dairies use sterile-clean, tamper-proof, Sealright sanitary hoods.

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"I thought you said they *were* tulips."

"That's what the catalogue said but it's way past the tulip season and they aren't out yet. Anyway," Martha said happily. "I like the garage when it needs to be painted."

"You're crazy," Jeff pronounced and walked to the house. He pushed the door open and dumped Dody unceremoniously on the floor.

Martha, coming up behind, leaned against him and watched Dody crawl off. "I paid five dollars for that romper suit, just so she could crawl on the floor in it."

He turned around suddenly and caught her in his arms, holding her tightly against him, pressing her bright head against his chest. Dick raced in and shouted, "Katie said she'll have cocoa in a few minutes. She's first got to put Dody in her play pen 'cause she's licking the kitchen floor, and Katie just waxed it." He circled them twice and made for the kitchen.

Martha wriggled a bit and murmured something. Jeff bent his dark head and asked gently, "What is it, darling?"

She pushed her hair back and smiled at him. "I said I'm smothering."

They looked at each other and he said seriously, "I love you."

For a moment the world rocked dizzily for her and then settled back to its orbit again. "Dead or alive?"

They moved to the couch and he sat down. She picked up the mound of papers from the floor and straightened them, her slender, lithe body enchantingly curved. Then she dropped to the couch beside him. "How did it go?"

He stretched his legs. "All right."

Martha closed her eyes and the picture of him bent over his typewriter upstairs came to her. "You stopped early today."

"I finished the story."

"Jeff!" There was excitement in her voice.

He smiled. "I think it's good," he said.

"Of course it's good," she said loyally, the lump catching in her throat, as always.

KATIE stamped into the room. "I thought I'd set up the bridge table right here," she volunteered, her round Slavic face flushed.

Jeff spoke lazily. "Tea, Katie, and buttered toast and thin little sandwiches."

Martha kept her eyes closed. It wasn't necessary to open them to see the scowl settle on Katie's face.

"Cocoa," Katie said evenly, "and ginger bread and fig bars." With Miss Angela on a two-weeks vacation, Katie had enough to do what with all the cooking and cleaning and keeping her eye on the children.

Jeff ignored her, and for a moment Katie stood there indecisively. It wasn't much satisfaction winning a point from Mr. Turner, he ignored her triumphs disdainfully. She looked to Mrs. Turner, but Martha was ostensibly napping, her feet curled beneath her, her head a bright spot on the back of the couch.

Katie said, "Cocoa," loudly and clopped to the guest closet beneath the stairs. She took out the bridge table and scraped it along the rug. Then she opened each leg and set it up in front of the fireplace, avoiding Mr. Turner's amused eye.

Dick fought an imaginary enemy, pushing the battle line clear around the dining-room table and came to a victorious end beside Katie. "I want cocoa," he said thunderously.

Martha's eyes fluttered open. This indeed presented a problem for Katie. She felt Jeff's delicate pinch on her upper arm and she frowned warningly at him.

Katie made a big business of opening a clean bridge cloth and draping it over the table while Dick called shrilly, "Cocoa for the Commandos. I'm a Commando and I jist killed a hunret and thirty million Japs."

Katie looked at him severely, "We're having tea—and that's that! I can't make twenty different things. You're going to have tea with milk and sugar in it—and thin bread-and-butter sandwiches or you'll have nothing." And she clutched her dignity to her and returned to the kitchen.

Jeff put his hand out to Dick and said solemnly, "Thanks, old man," while Martha grabbed his resisting four-year-old body in her lap and covered his face with kisses.

The Ivory Tower

Continued from page 80

"Stop it!" Dick screamed. "What kind of a soljer do you think I am—always being kissed?"

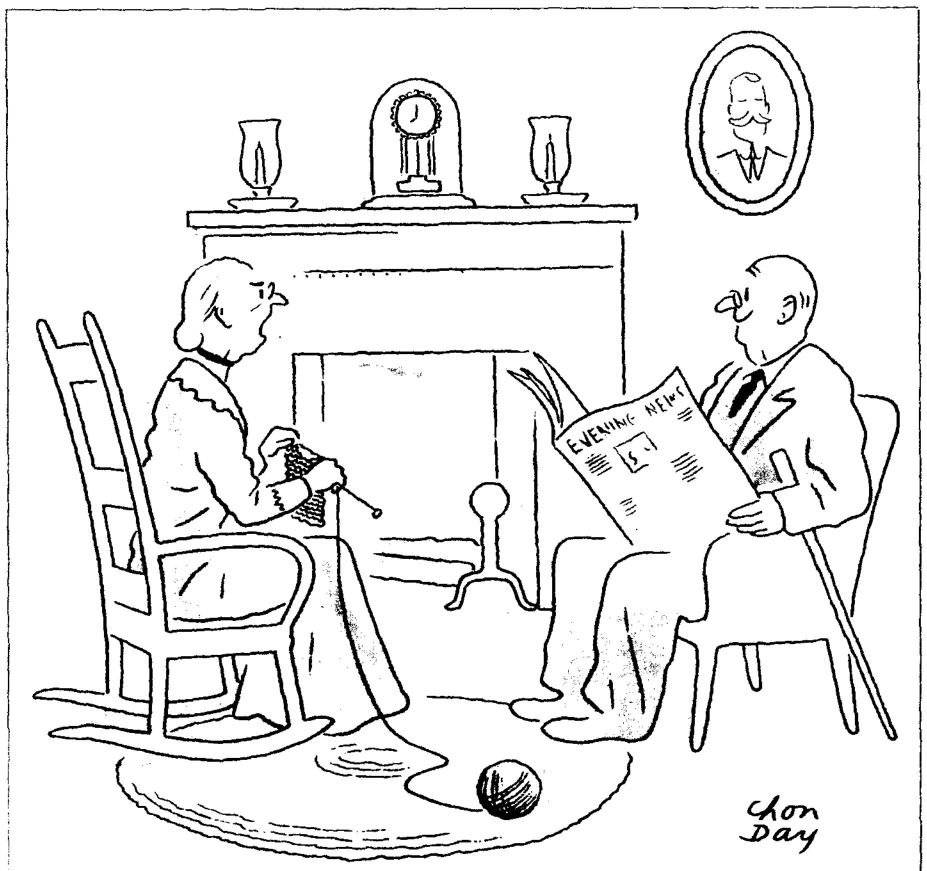
Martha held him firmly. "Of course, I could spank you if you think that's better. Yes, that's what I think this soljer needs," and aided by Jeff's iron arm she pushed the strong little body over her lap and paddled its rear.

Dick escaped finally with his sweater rolled up across his chest, his hair on end, and glared at her balefully from in front of the wing chair. "You're a meanie—a—a Jap," he announced wildly and followed Katie to the kitchen. The house became quiet.

"I think he likes us," Martha said dreamily, her head burrowed deep in Jeff's neck.

"Well, that's fair enough. We like him, too."

She bobbed her head against his shoulder in agreement. Jeff's understatements made it easier for her to live, to calm the engulfing waves of love that swept over her when she looked at Dick's Jeff-like face, at Dody with her plumpness and goldenness and at Jeff—ah—at Jeff. Only about the house itself could she fake a semblance of sanity and that, she reflected, was only because it didn't have a little upturned nose that ran copiously, nor smell of tobacco and always have warm feet no matter how cold the night or icy the bed. And the house didn't run around shrieking like a cowboy or moaning like a wounded soldier or diving like a dive bomber. It had no soft plump spots to squeeze, unless you counted the faded overstuffed couch in Jeff's study.



COLLIER'S "Edward! Don't be silly!" CHON DAY

OF COURSE, it did have a divine Adam fireplace, a ground floor on two levels and her French Provincial bedroom. It also represented twenty-two short stories, three novels, a year in a furnished room, having Dick in the semiprivate ward in the hospital—and three solid years of happiness.

Katie broke into her thoughts with her steps that sounded like a thundering herd—and tea began. Dody was brought in and Dick was allowed to put his own sugar in his own tea and the day moved on. After tea was the hectic time when children and husband became intertwined in a bedlam of noise and games. Martha withdrew to one side and watched the roughhouse, loathe to leave, drooping with weariness.

Jeff's voice commanded, "Off with you, Princess, to your Ivory Tower before I shall become angry." And he added softly, "And stay there until I come and rescue you."

She picked her way over the three prostrate figures and up the stairs. In her own room she folded back the spread and flung herself down on the bed. For a few minutes she lay very quiet, one hand curled up on Jeff's side of the bed—and then her mind went deliciously blank, where only the muffled sounds from downstairs permeated like the background music in a moving picture.

It was very dark in the room when Jeff awakened her. He sat on the bed next to her, and when she woke up, startled, drugged from the sleep, his arms went around her. She drew away, and he answered her unspoken questions. "Dody's bathed and in bed. We did it in shifts. Katie undressed her, Dick sloshed her around in the bathtub, and I dried her. She is now eating disgusting-looking cereal and loving it. Dick assured me he was as clean as a newborn babe and needed no bath and is now stalking the enemy beneath his bed, waiting for Katie to bring him his supper."

"He lies," Martha said. "He's filthy."

"Naturally. But no one can see the dirt beneath his pajamas." He switched on the bed lamp, and she blinked in its sudden brightness. With a hastily aimed kiss for her nose, he got up, "Dinner in a half-hour."

Over the roast turkey, Martha smoothed the folds of her hostess gown placidly. "Do you think I'm the negligee type?"

It was perhaps not the right moment to bring up the subject, for Katie was serving the salad and she sniffed disdainfully.

But Jeff nodded amiably. "Definitely. You look like Dody playing Mamma."

Martha, chagrined, said, "Not at *all* seductive?"

Jeff studied her thoughtfully, caught Katie's shocked look and said boldly, "It's hard to tell—over dinner."

The remark caused Katie's hand to shake indignantly and she spilled a drop of French dressing on his sweater and she was hardly mollified when Martha said, "We'll have coffee in the living room, Katie. You get it ready, and Mr. Turner and I will tuck the children in."

Dody, contentedly stuffing the fluff from her blanket up her nose, was rudely disturbed, given a lecture plus Mommie's satin comforter in place of the too-handy blanket; and Dick had to be told a lengthy story, a combination of Superman, Smiling Jack and Dick Tracy in the form of Jeff's immortal Cactus Joe, before the windows were opened and the lights out. Then Martha and Jeff went down to their coffee.

It was Monday night, Information Please night, and Martha commented for the hundredth time, "*You* should be on the program. You know more answers than John Kieran."

Jeff teased, "Of course. The trouble is no one appreciates me."

Martha sat silent and suddenly he leaned forward. "Martha!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Martha, you wouldn't dare! You wouldn't!"

She flushed a little. "I did—two years ago."

He sat in stricken silence, and she said, "Don't get excited. I didn't mention your name in the letter. I just said I had a husband who was a writer and that every week he answered the questions better than Adams and Kieran."

"Go on."

"That's all. I said I didn't think I could persuade my husband to go on the program, but if they were interested, I would try."

"And?"

"And nothing. They answered and thanked me and said that sometime they would get in touch with me."

Jeff sat and stared at her in amazement. Then he laughed. He laughed so hard that the coffee cups on the low table rattled. Martha smiled at him timidly, and he said, "I should murder you, but it's too late I suppose."

Katie came in and carried the coffee cups away, and Martha said, "You can go to the movies, Katie. We're staying home."

WHILE Martha went up to see if the children were covered, Jeff sketched rapidly on a piece of paper and, when she came down, he showed it to her.

"It's a cinch. We put the addition on here—right at the back of the dining room and it makes an L-shaped room. We could even widen the dining room a foot or two."

She leaned over his shoulder and said, as usual, "But why? We don't need it." It was a conscience question. She wanted reassurance that this was not luxury, wanton extravagance.

"Because with the children growing up, we'll need a sort of playroom or den."

And then they began planning. One corner of the room for a tennis table, one corner for a standing bridge setup. There had to be a couch—

"It'll be a hodgepodge," she said comfortably, "not a bit smart. Jeff, it isn't fish nor fowl."

He was making a bay window on the paper. "What's the difference?"

"We could take that armchair out of your study and re-cover it," she suggested.

It went on; a grass rug, a closet for games. They talked like that until they tired of the subject and then he took his manuscript from the desk and read the just-completed story to her. She lay on the couch, her eyes closed. Except for his voice, there was not a sound in the house.

When he had finished, she was crying, soft tears sliding down her cheeks. He looked at her, and she said, "I loved it, Jeff. It's—it's good."

He grinned at her. "Of course."

She laughed shakily. "Egotist." She rubbed at her eyes impatiently. "You did it so quickly, darling. Two weeks. That's a record, isn't it?"

He was clipping the pages together, putting them in a large brown envelope. "Sort of—but it's only fifteen thousand words." He sealed the envelope and propped it up against the lamp. "That's to remind you to mail it tomorrow. That and the string I'm going to tie around your finger, and the note beside your bed and Katie telling you; and then you'll forget it."

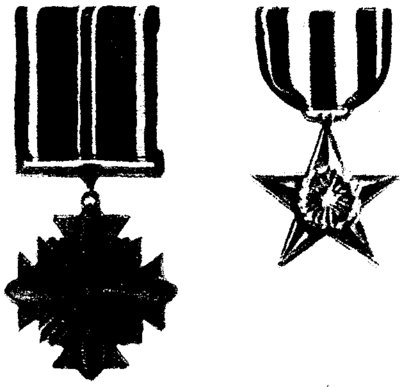
She looked at him loftily. "If you've finished insulting me, I'd like to go to bed."

They walked upstairs arm in arm. . . .

The sun cut across Martha's bed diago-

5 ZEKES

a D.F.C. and a SILVER STAR



THEY were a cocky crew. They were good and they knew it. They'd lived together, trained together, worked together, fought together. And they'd named their B-24 the *Double Trouble* because they meant to make plenty for the Japs.

This morning, flying "recco" along the New Guinea coast, they had caught a lone Nip supply ship and were about to let her have it . . . when suddenly from the top-turret: "Zekes at eleven o'clock . . . two of 'em . . . high!"

The pilot kept to his bombing run. The crew watched the pair of Japs and braced themselves. And then, without warning, Zekes started to rain from all over the sky.

"Two Zekes at six o'clock!"

"More fighters! Two at nine o'clock . . . three at eleven . . . two more at ten!"

A dozen Zekes dived in for the kill . . . screaming down . . . filling the sky with a 4th-of-July display of exploding shells and tracers.

The *Double Trouble's* crew fought back with every gun on the ship. And when the big plane lifted at the bombs' release, the pilot put her into evasive action.

The nose-gunner got the first one . . . blew him into a flaming torch. Top-turret caught another in his red-hot tracer streams. Two more went down like falling leaves, trailing wakes of smoke into the sea.

The *Double Trouble* was peppered with bullet holes. Her left wing was riddled. Her tail was badly mauled. But the crew had its fighting blood up.

Zeke number five came in high . . . took a solid burst from the waist-gun, fell into a slow spin, and all at once disintegrated.

Five up and five down! That was enough for the Nips. The rest got homesick.

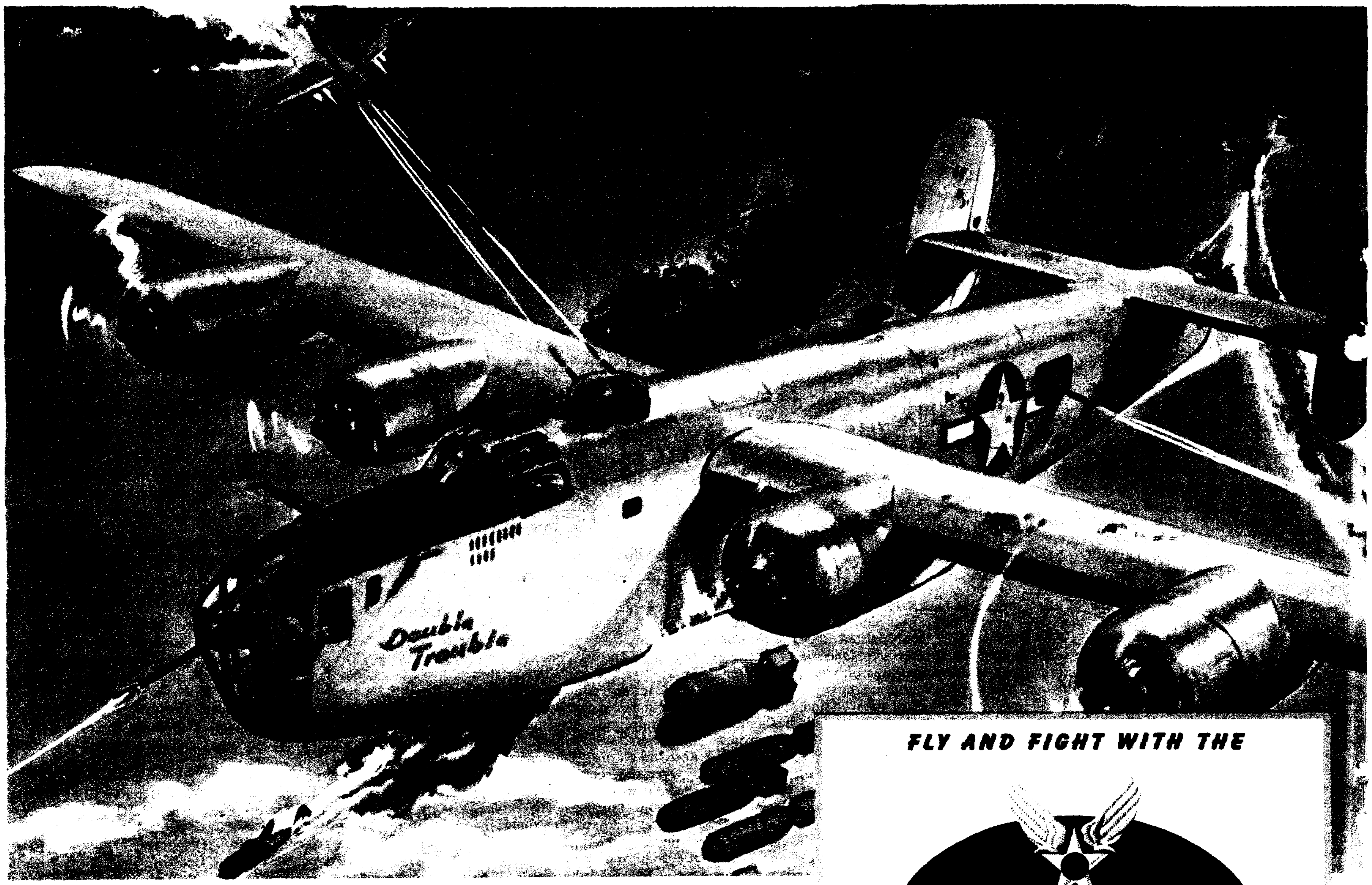
Then the boys let go their guns and relaxed . . . and told each other how good they were.

They didn't talk about the months of training that prepared them for today's fight . . . or the spirit of teamwork drilled into every AAF flier . . . or the will-to-win that makes the AAF the "greatest team in the world."

They didn't put it into words, but they understood it. Right then, it added up to five Zekes.

But to the Commanding General it added up to far more than that . . . to him it meant heroism and gallantry in action. That's why, the next afternoon, he pinned a Distinguished Flying Cross on every man, and a Silver Star on the skipper.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE



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For pre-aviation training, see your local Civil Air Patrol officers. Also see your High School principal or adviser about recommended courses in the Air Service Division of the High School Victory Corps. Ask about the opportunities for college training through the Army Specialized Training Reserve Program.

For information on Naval Aviation Training, apply at nearest Office of Naval Officer Procurement . . . This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

nally, and its warmth rested on her right upper arm. She stirred, awoke, and then sat up in bed. Jeff's side of the bed was empty but she could hear him splashing in the bathroom. She hopped out of bed, into mules and a robe, and knocked loudly on the bathroom door. After a few minutes, Jeff came out, a wet towel wrapped around him. He looked ridiculously young with his hair mussed and drops of water on his forehead and nose.

The wave of love was threatening to overwhelm her again, and she said crossly, "Honestly, when you get into that bathroom, no one stands a chance around here," and she pushed past him disdainfully.

It was a rather hectic breakfast, for Katie was in one of her cantankerous moods, and Dody, usually so amiable, took exception when Dick closed the top of the high chair on her finger.

Through it all, Jeff read his paper absentmindedly, spilled coffee on his robe, and Martha felt the first faint beginnings of a headache. Gratefully, she watched Dick and Dody wander out of doors, Jeff go upstairs to dress, and she sat an extra few minutes in the dining room over a second cup of coffee. Then she went to the kitchen and planned the menu with Katie. By that time it was almost nine-thirty.

SHE went upstairs. Jeff was dressed, his hair smoothed down, his face clean-shaven and smelling deliciously of after-shave lotion. She stood just a fraction of a second admiring him and then she flew into her clothes; the brown skirt today and the chartreuse blouse, the cuff links that had been Jeff's and which she had stolen from him years ago. She hated to rush, and her hand was unsteady as she ran a comb through her shining hair, touched her nose with powder. It took a minute to strip the beds, open the windows wide. Katie was a gem, but unstripped beds were such a temptation to *any* maid—just made it so much easier for them to pull up the covers and tuck them in.

Jeff was watching Martha, a quizzical, amused smile on his face. She made a slight face at him and said, "Come on, let's go."

He reached past her and shut the door, banged it. He said, "I have to tell you now, in this room, in this house." He held her away, looking hard at her. "It's been perfect, darling, just the way I wanted it, what I have always dreamed of, what I will always dream about." He kissed her gently, softly, and she felt the ivory tower open up like a dungeon and press her down, down into its bottomless hole. And then his hands dropped from her.

They went out into the clean spring air, past Katie's red face, past Dick on his bike and Dody creeping on the grass. The car spurted familiarly as it was backed out of the garage, and Martha said, "It needs a checkup again."

At the station she dropped him, watching his lean figure get out, holding the picture in her mind, in her eyes. He smiled once, "It's worth anything," he said and was gone, swinging easily in his officer's khaki uniform, the close-cropped back of his head dearly familiar beneath his cap.

After the train pulled out, she opened the door of the car, took the brown envelope from the seat and went into the station.

The stationmaster greeted her: "Good morning, Mrs. Turner. Wasn't that Captain Turner I saw getting on the ten-five?"

Martha licked stamps and pasted them on the envelope. "Yes," she said brightly, sliding the envelope through the slit in the window. "He's just going back. He was on leave—fourteen days."

The stationmaster looked at her with sympathy. "Fourteen days. Must have been strange having him home again—after so long."

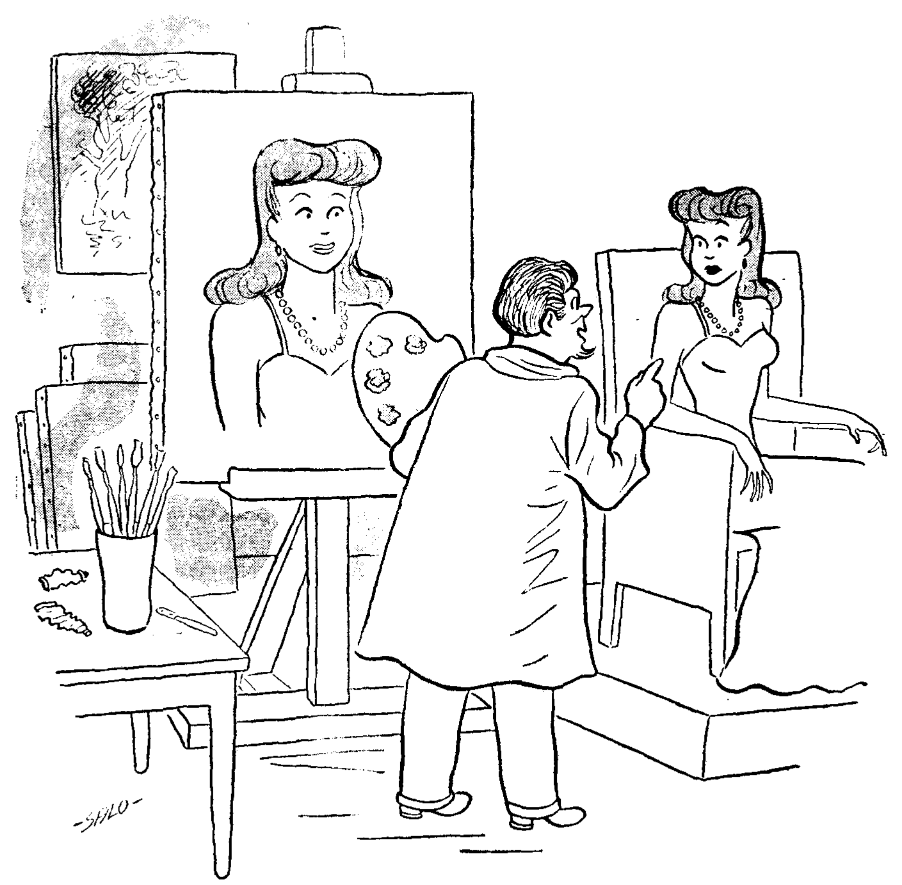
Her voice was very clear in the small room. "Strange? Why no, not at all," and she smiled her goodby.

In the car she sat a moment, planning. She would drop the car at the service station and have it checked over while she did her marketing. Then on the way back she would pick up Miss Angela. Things were slipping into a routine; Miss Angela to take over with the children, her own job that took her to town from early morning to late afternoon. The wheels of life, of a wartime world, ground again after fourteen days of peace.

It didn't matter. Those two weeks only proved that anything was worth while, even the lonely, endless year and a half. There had been a touch of the old life to remind her that it would come again—to remind Jeff what it was he was fighting for. Perhaps this next time it would be for good, for keeps. Perhaps the plane that had brought him from that faraway land would next time bring him back forever.

She dabbed one last time at her eyes. She'd stop by and speak to Mr. Sanders about those tulip bulbs. After all, the catalogue *had* said they were tulips.

THE END



"And now, if you'll let me have your lipstick for a moment . . ."

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Richard Decker

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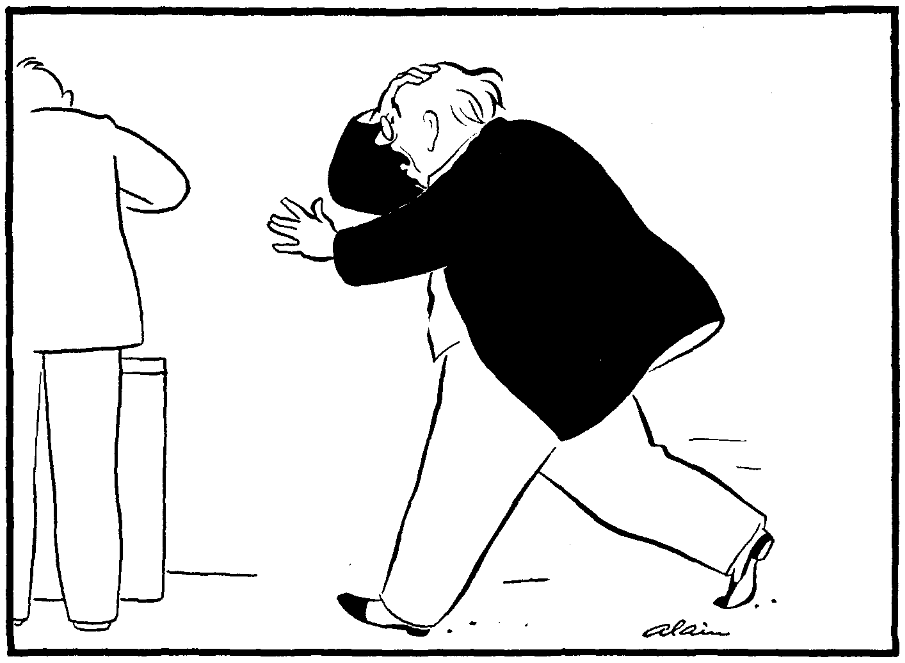

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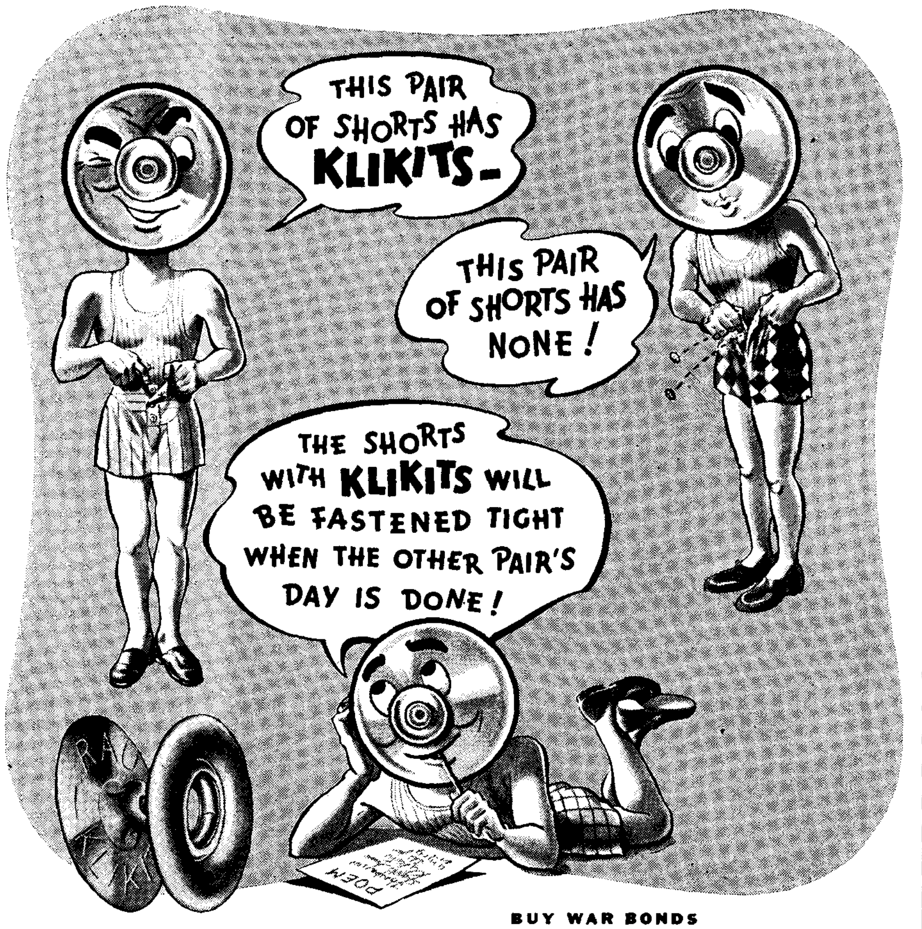
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THIS PAIR OF SHORTS HAS NONE!
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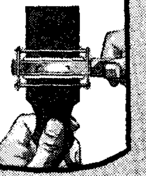


Use a Durham Duplex Safety Razor and Strop

The Week's Work

Ruth Lyons

IF RUTH LYONS, author of The Little Ride, p. 12, didn't know shorthand, her writing career probably wouldn't be coming along as nicely as it is. Miss Lyons likes to work at night, sometimes straight through till morning, but she found that her New York apartment neighbors didn't care for the sound of early-morning typing. To keep the peace, she tried writing in shorthand, and now does all her work that way.

"I can sit in an easy chair equipped with my stenographer's notebook and pencil," she says, "and suffer the pangs of authorship without disturbing anybody's sleep. Besides, I can think faster with shorthand."

She transcribes her shorthand notes on the typewriter during the daytime hours.

Miss Lyons' first job after high school in Bridgeport, Connecticut, was as a stenographer in a pulp publishing house. She moved on to editorial work, and then resigned to join her mother and three sisters in establishing a beauty parlor.

"We made money all right, but the beauty business is hard work," she says. "I was the artiste of the firm, I guess you'd call it. I invented coiffures. But my feet got tired."

The firm was dissolved some three years later, as one sister after another got married, and Ruth went back to editorial work.

"One day I got tired of correcting other people's copy, and I just decided that if other people could write, so could I, and I did. It seemed a cinch at first, because somebody bought the first thing I wrote—a very bad book. My conceit over that sale soon evaporated, and I now regard the art of writing with humble respect."

Irene Kittle

POLICE DEPT.
BUS STOP
NO PARKING

IN THIS issue four outstanding war co spondents give you four views of the sw moving battle of Europe. Ernest Heming writes from a famous luxury hotel in Pa The Ritz (p. 11), Frank Gervasi from a s in southern France where our engineers constructing a new airfield with method haste (p. 34), Martha Gellhorn tells o sight-seeing trip through the shattered lo liness of Florence (p. 22), and Quentin Re olds gives you an analysis of what Germans may expect from us after s render (p. 13).

Thus Collier's continues its policy of h ing experienced writers on the spot wh great events take place, writers who are a to understand and interpret the confus barrage of day-to-day happenings.

THESE are the days when a useful n can't retire if he wants to. Willia Haynes, distinguished chemical expert (I tle of Synthetics, p. 21), went through r motions five years ago. He sold his p ing business—he owned a number o nical magazines—and retreated to his 2 year-old Stonington, Connecticut, homest with the intention, he says, of "playing my hobbies: writing a complete history the American chemical industry, dabb in the early history of this corner of Conn icut, taking color photographs, breeding showing smooth fox terriers."

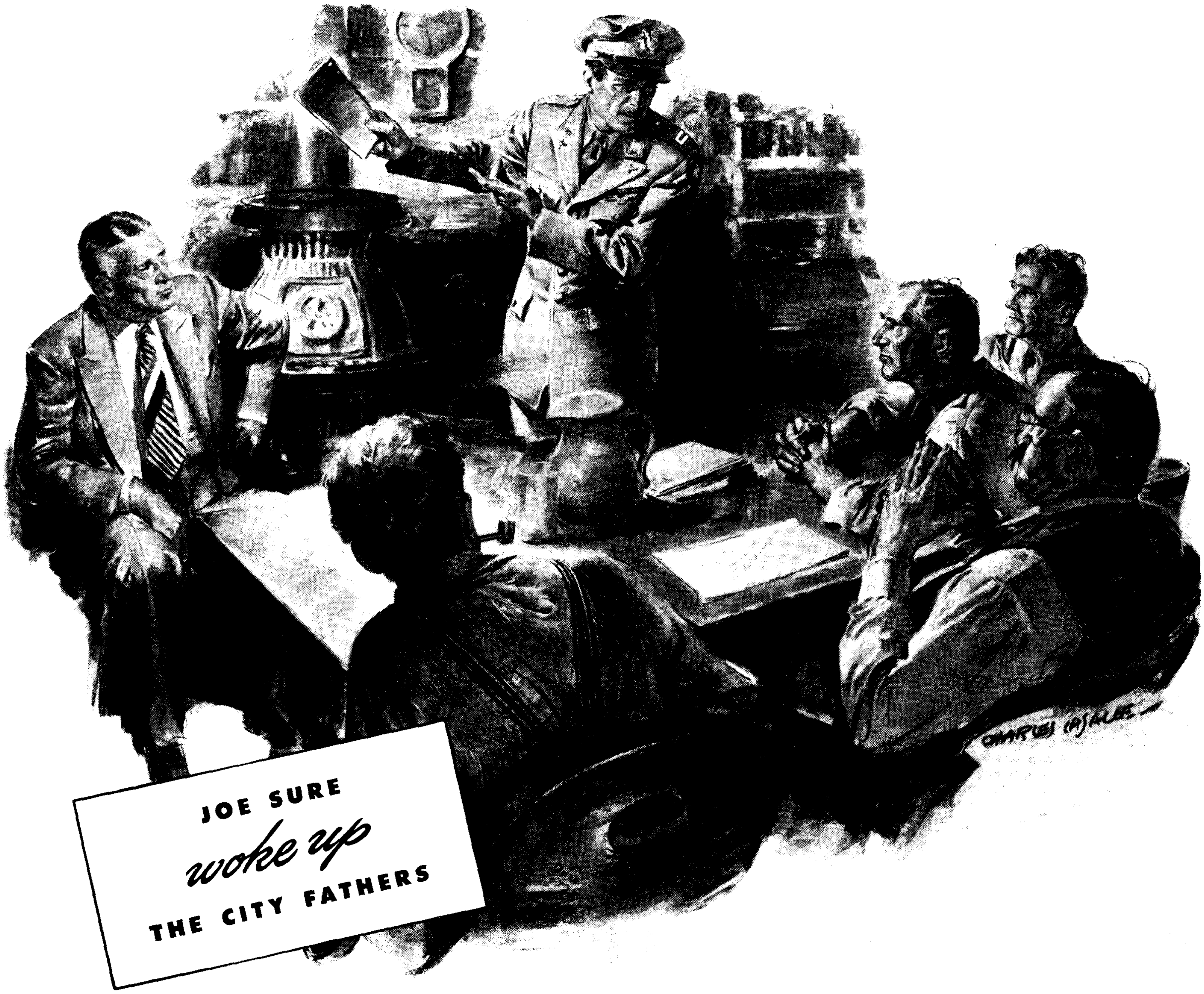
Instead, he has been forced into the gr est activity of his life. He is chemical c sultant to three makers of war muniti and a frequent adviser to governmental thorities. He is writing his fifth book, even more ambitious undertaking than last one, The Chemical Front, which is c sidered the most authoritative work on part chemistry plays in this war.

His daily writing shifts are from 8 to A.M. and from 9 P.M. until he gets sle say 2 or 3 A.M. He still is puzzled by the that after the Army offered him a lieuter colonelcy in the Chemical Warfare Serv they turned him down "for a physical fla didn't know I had, and which doesn't se to interfere with three hours of real work afternoons, including building st walls and cutting wood for our six c fireplaces."

A NEWCOMER to Collier's (with What You're Listening For, p. Irene Kittle is in a happy glow over this, first fiction sale.

"This is the fourth short short I've wri with Collier's as my goal," she tells us, goes on with shameless flattery, "I've b reading Collier's since I was twelve, grov up through H. C. Witwer and people that, each year finding me with a new lier's writer as my hero. At present I'd Harry Sylvester has the edge on last ye loves, Ernest Haycox and Vereen though more stories by John McNulty m change that situation.

"It is a great relief to sell this story if because it will discourage my grandmo from giving me tips on how to write, wl she culls from radio programs.". . . A



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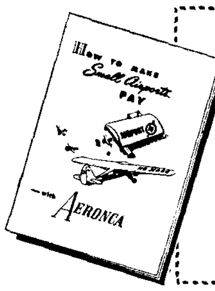

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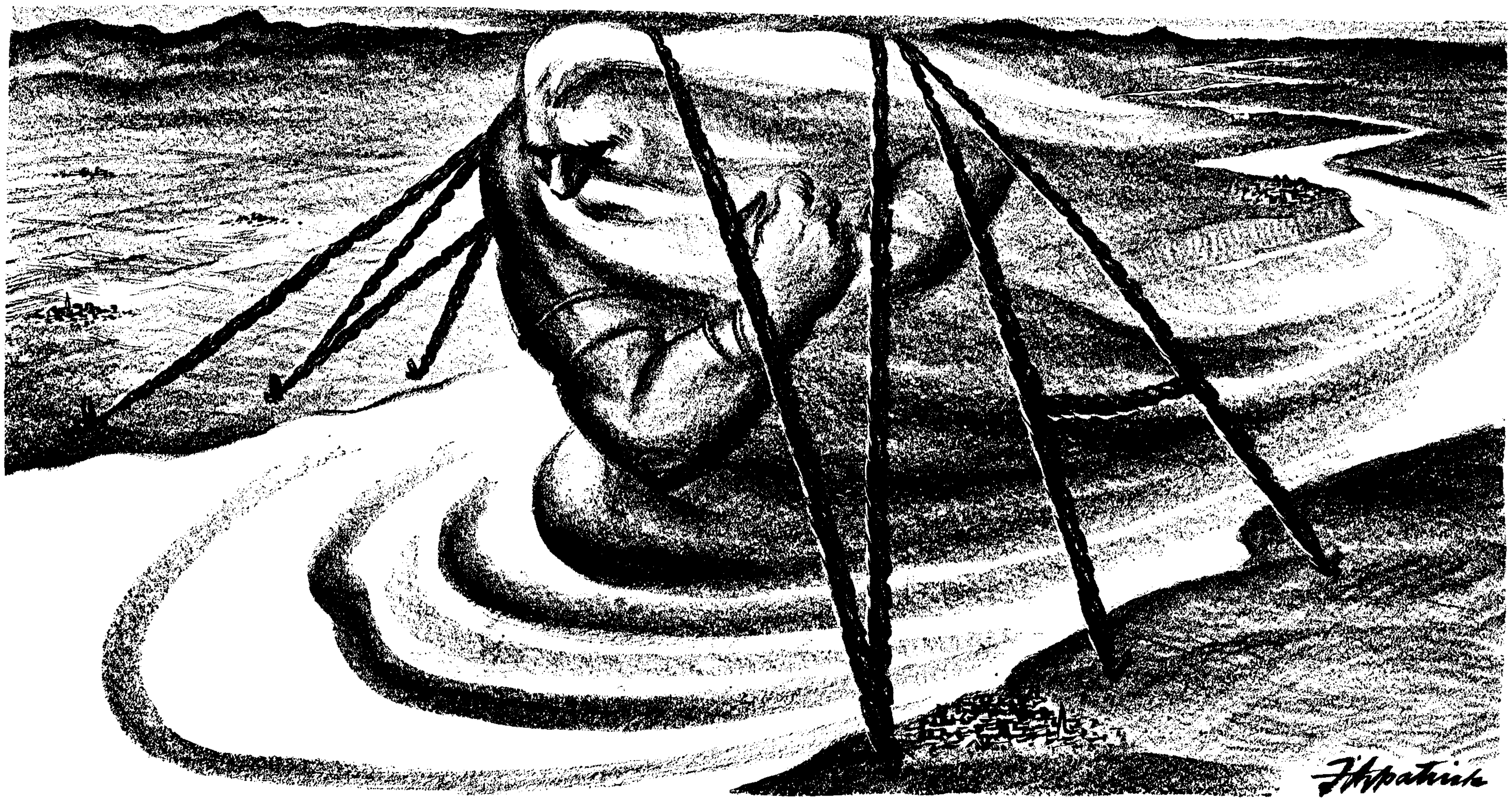

Let's try an MVA

FOR all the just complaints that have been leveled at some phases of its operation and management, we think it is fair to say that the Tennessee Valley Authority has proved its worth to the nation.

This giant flood-control, erosion-prevention and power- and nitrate-production project, owned and operated by the federal government, has delivered the goods, by and large, and goes on doing so. The area in which it functions is happier and more prosperous than before TVA; and the change couldn't have been wrought by private enterprise or by a single state government. For those who fear TVA as a Socialist enterprise (which it is), it can at least be pointed out that TVA's cheap electric power has created a big demand in the TVA area for household electrical appliances made by private enterprise.

All of which is leading up to the statement that we are much interested in Senator James E. Murray's (Dem., Mont.) bill for a Missouri Valley Authority—an MVA—to undertake the management of the great Missouri River along TVA principles.

The Missouri is the Mississippi's biggest tributary. It starts far back in southwest Montana and doesn't stop till it gets to St. Louis, where it empties into the Mississippi. It presents flood, erosion and drought problems just as did the Tennessee before the Tennessee was harnessed. A beginning at Missouri River control ha been made in the shape of the giant earthen dam Fort Peck, Montana; but that is only a beginning.

Senator Murray's MVA bill (backed by many influential and forward-looking Middle West and Northwest persons and organizations) calls for a government corporation to put this giant river to work for the whole region through which it flows, to curb its more riotous instincts and to make it a consistent producer of various kinds of real wealth.

On the strength of TVA's record to date, we'd say the MVA experiment looks well worth trying, and that the proposal merits Congress' serious consideration.

CIRCUIT COURTS OF THE WORLD

A COMMITTEE of the American Bar Association proposes that the World Court be strengthened after this war, and that it be supplemented by a system of international circuit courts. One of these courts would sit in each world capital and would handle disputes between nations or between citizens of different nations.

It looks like a good scheme to us, and a great deal better one than the extraterritorial courts which various powers used to maintain in China for trial of cases involving those powers' own people.

And the proposed system of world circuit courts is copied from our own system of federal courts. The United States Supreme Court is the most famous of these, but it is buttressed by a series of lower courts—the circuit courts of appeals and the federal district courts. The whole system makes up an indispensable group of tribunals for disposal of disputes between citizens of different states, cases involving federal constitutional questions, offenses against federal statutes, etc.

In the postwar world, whether it is federated, organized or disorganized, it is a lead-pipe cinch that more people than ever before in peacetime are going to be circulating internationally. The airplane makes that a safe bet, what with astonishingly low fares in prospect for long hops by plane or dirigible.

That means there will be more arguments than ever before among persons of different nationalities. Many of these arguments will be what the lawyers call justiciable, meaning that they can't be settled properly unless they are worked over in some court or courts. Lacking courts in which all concerned can have full confidence, such arguments can rub up a lot of friction of the kind that sometimes produces wars.

Altogether, these world circuit courts look lik something which would not impair any essential sovereignties and which would facilitate justice between nations and their nationals. We think the architects of th peace had better build on the idea.

SUICIDES ON SAIPAN

SAIPAN ISLAND in the Marianas, as we all know, was the first old-time, orthodox Jap territory our forces have taken in this war. One of the stories to come, rather belatedly, out of that hard-won island is both gruesome and thought-provoking.

The story is that a lot of Jap soldiers committed suicide on Saipan when they saw their case to be hopeless, but so did a lot of Saipan's 20,000 Jap civilians. Marines saw hundreds of these episodes—whole families walking calmly off cliffs into space, or deliberately walking into the surf and drowning themselves, and so on.

It was a ghastly business; but beyond that, what significance did it have for our war in the Pacific?

One guess is that it means the entire Japanese nation, with only a handful of exceptions, will choose to die rather than surrender; that we shall have virtually to exterminate the Japs before we can consider them really defeated.

Another guess is that these civilian suicides were propaganda to make the extermination theory seem sound—that these civilians killed themselves on instructions from their military rulers in the hope of persuading the white man that the conquest of Japan will entail horrors which he, with his ingrained compassion and sportsmanship, cannot stomach to the end.

The truth of the matter will probably unfold as our forces work closer to the heart of Japanese power.

Already, though, we know one truth about the Japs: that they are deadly and remorseless as enemies, and that they hate us with their instincts, their hearts and their blood. We'd be foolish to steam up a similar hate for them. But we'd be inviting our own destruction as a nation—making suicide gestures of our own—if we should ease up on these people before we are sure that their power to make war has been blown to bits.